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I have sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.
— Thomas Jefferson

WILL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY SPLIT?

YES, says Mr. Stanley Frost. The Democratic party has come to include two mutually antagonistic groups, the stand-pat, native farmer in the South and West, and the immigrant city dweller in the North. They can not now agree on any minor issue, and the first national issue will see Senator Heflin of Alabama and Governor Smith of New York part political company.

NO, says Mr. Roland S. Morris. The Democratic party was never stronger than now. It is held together by the oldest tradition of political thought and the strongest habit of cooperation at the polls. That Senator Heflin and Governor Smith would both think and vote Democratic in their sleep is a fact of greater weight than their differences of opinion on minor issues.

I — THE STUFFED DONKEY

STANLEY FROST

ONCE upon a time certain men inherited a mule. For a while they fed him well and he did good service. But discord arose between them and they became unable to agree what the animal should do, beyond carrying them on occasion to the pie foundry and the plum orchard. So no other work was asked of him. Moreover, poverty and their dispute as to what provender was suitable brought them to cut his feed gradually to nothing. Instead, they set before him beautiful pictures of the food on which he had previously thriven and worked. When

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last heard from, the owners were busy assuring him and all the world that this diet was better than the old, and was at least good for one more trip after pie and plums. But the neighbors were placing bets as to the exact hour of the animal's demise.

For "mule" in this story read "Democratic Party", for "food" substitute "live political purposes", for "work" use "constructive politics", and for "beautiful pictures" say "traditions", — and we have forthwith a fair portrait of the present plight of the Democratic Party. The simile is too simple to illustrate all the complexities of the situation and must not be pushed too far. But it does depict the fundamental fact that the Democratic Party can not live long without some vital issue to live on and for; that without it, the party can accomplish nothing useful to the country or to its own rank and file, as distinct from its pie hunters. It will collapse like the "one-hoss shay" the moment any strain is put on it toward the accomplishment of an object out of the routine workings of party machinery. That will be the moment a great public question arises.

The word "issue" has recently led so loose a life that it is probably past reform. It has fallen to a flabbiness which quite fits the present political doldrums; for the current "issues", — with all due respect to the worthy few who manage to grow excited over them, — are so pallid that they yield easily in interest to golf, fall plowing, or even a current magazine, whenever they demand so much labor as the marking of a ballot. They have no power to move us.

There have been issues that moved us, and there will be again, — issues with a mien frightful to some and angelic to others; issues armed with conviction, irritating to the pocket nerve, releasing volcanic emotions; issues that start street fights and poll almost a hundred per cent vote. It will be some such issue that will play the villain in the tragedy, — "The Death Dealt to Democracy," — which is now in rehearsal. The weakness of our hero, however, makes needless any such godlike majesty in the death-dealing issue; any of several half-gods now whimpering among us for something more than perfunctory attention may almost any day develop a feeble strength equal to the fatal thrust.

Such issues are undoubtedly rare, but they are the milestones of civil history; and we happen to have gone nearly a political mile since the last one. Federalism, slavery, and cheap money are the outstanding ones of the last century. Tariff, conservation,

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prohibition never quite qualify. Administrative economy, efficiency, civil service, official dereliction, and corruption are not issues at all, since no one disagrees about them once the facts are established.

A very cursory glance at political history shows that all parties have been born of the cowardice of the older ones in the face of some great issue. They have prospered after triumph according as they have managed to substitute second-rate purposes during the ensuing lethargy. Then the next great question has forced them into new form and purpose, if not to a new name, — or else, since they usually try to evade it, into disruption. Considering this cycle, we may say, therefore, that a political party, to remain in good health and reasonable expectation of life, must be a body of men and women united by common principles or interests, and working together for mutual political ends.

Thus, the Republican Party arose out of the slavery question, shifted to promotion of industrial prosperity, and more recently to avoidance of rocking the boat. This will be almost eternally ample if the materialistic theory of history is true; and it will do very well anyhow, if it can be applied to the rising farm problem. The Democratic Party arose in opposition to federalism, won that fight but took the wrong side on the slavery issue, and suffered an almost fatal defeat resulting in an almost complete loss of spunk. It was given a similitude of life and temporarily transmogrified by an injection of Populism; but that stimulant has gradually lost its effect and the party has returned to its old lethargy. To-day the Democratic Party has no visible purpose that could possibly be translated into constructive political action. To avoid misunderstanding, it should be recalled that, although the national platform looks toward some such purpose, — such as joining the League of Nations, — there is enough opposition to each platform proposal within the party to enable the Republicans to prevent the adoption of any.

It would not be quite fair to say that the Democratic Party is held to a nominal unity by appetite only, — for appetite is common to all politicians, — Republicans as well as Democrats, — and results in as many divisions as the available spoils permit. But one may state fearlessly that the chief cohesive force of the Democratic Party has become nothing more than an agreement that its various appetites can be gratified only by such cohesion. Its fatal weakness is not so much that it lacks issues, — since

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at the moment there are no important issues, — but that it could not possibly unite for action on any issue which might arise. The first real issue that confronts the American people will see the Democratic Party, — because of its internal rifts, — straddle until it splits.

Parties, to be sure, have certain adventitious strengths, apart from issues, which keep them alive during periods of political desuetude. Such casual forces are keeping the Democratic Party alive to-day. They give much comfort to faithful party men. These have persuaded themselves to place an almost religious trust in such political props, — a trust in no way derived from the tensile strength and durability of the thing trusted. There is no *dubito ergo sum* among the Democrats. The most realistic imitation of real force is momentum. Most men and women vote a party ticket from habit, and will continue to do so till some cogent reason for change appears. But when new reasons or emotions are challenged into existence, such habits are disrupted and new alignments are formed. Already this process of disintegration is evident even in the Democratic citadels of the South.

Another splendid prop is tradition, — the belief in the continuing force of principles and purposes which *have been* great. They make a mighty show and under proper guidance become a mighty power. But traditions, — inspiring as they may be and as the traditions of the Democratic Party are, — have only sentimental value except as they can be put to work on current events, or held poised for future solutions. Indeed, they are dangerous properties, for if the organization entrusted to carry them into action fails to function, then the people who set much store by the traditions will seek a new vehicle. The Democratic Party at this time has only one working tradition, in the resentment that keeps the South "solid". Its other traditions exist principally in oratory. Even the recent and vivid "Wilson tradition" has already become the property of a faction and barely made itself felt in the last national platform. The Jeffersonian antifederal tradition, on the other hand, did not prevent the Democrats, when they were in power, from pledging themselves for government control of anything you please.

Democracy's third prop is one held by any party out of office: resentment against the party in power. Just now this is a valuable asset, — perhaps the party's greatest, — for the Republicans have held the government long enough to make many enemies by

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their virtues, as well as by their vices. But this, of course, is not properly a partizan strength, since it is automatically lost the moment a party passes from the opposition to the government benches. Only once since the Civil War, — and that during the World War and by the narrowest of margins, — have the Democrats been able to win a national election without this prop, — on its record of performance while in power.

There is fatal danger in long dependence on such opiates: they bring on an almost complete paralysis of the constructive faculty, a chronic degeneration of the backbone, a marked decrease in intestinal displacement, and hence a deep inferiority complex in the presence of any new issue. The Democratic Party is showing all the fatal symptoms. It has lived so long on resentment, ancestor worship, and gratuities in the shape of Republican mistakes, that it has lost the ability to earn its own living.

Moreover, the desire to profit by remittances from the past has drawn into Democratic ranks two constituencies which are quite unable to agree on how to invest this traditional capital. Their time and energy, in fact, are so filled with fear and distrust of one another that they allow the Republicans to seize or side-track all the second-rate issues, — which are the only ones now on the market. They thus assure to these Grand Old Protectionists an almost indefinite tenure of office so long as they refrain from devastating internecine strife, from gross malfeasance, and from criminal negligence toward the drys and the farmers.

The division in the party, which is increasingly near to overcoming the cohesive force of appetite, is commonly called sectional; but it is unfortunate that the labels "North" and "South" have been used. Even geographically it would be much nearer truth to say that one faction lives in the cities and the other in the country and small communities. There is a difference in all the surroundings of their lives; the difference between dirt roads and pavements, between the smell of hay and of gas tanks, between trees and telegraph poles, between soft hats and derbies, between isolated houses and tenements. This difference in itself has much to do with the parrot and monkey habits of Democratic family life, for the world naturally looks different if seen across a fire escape from the world viewed across green grass.

But this is only the beginning of the difference. There are deeper, more automatic differences which reach back to instinct and ahead

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to unconscious political disagreement. The Pavement Democrat is, for the most part, a recent immigrant of Mediterranean, Celtic, or Semitic stock. The Dirt-roads people are of the earlier comers and the northern races, with all that this implies in differences of temperament and method. This produces involuntary jealousies on both sides, which are seldom strongly expressed, but which work powerfully even when silent.

The city dwellers are a gregarious lot, often rather helpless members of foreign colonies, largely shut off by language from outside influence, thus immune to uncensored propaganda or "educational campaigns", and dependent, even beyond their natural herd habits, upon leaders for guidance. This makes them, as voters, docile and ductile. Their bosses endure long and are kind, for they need worry only about defeat. These voters are given to paternalism, — hardly a Democratic tradition. They have sentiments and interests across the seas which incline them to internationalism. They fear, rather than respect, the Government. They are more than mildly touched with the semi-socialism, paternalism, and other imported "isms" which have taken the name of liberalism. Finally, they see no reason why they should not accept the political advice of the priest, who is often their best friend.

The Dirt-roader is the opposite of all this. He is much too independent and individualistic to "gang up", and his herd instinct works very little except at lynching time. He will accept no leadership easily or without reservations, and he seldom endures even the best and most necessary discipline for long. He is unterrified and unmanageable, hard to handle and proud of it. He is far from afraid of any government, but gives it respect if it meets his approval and gauges his obedience to it by his estimate of the inconvenience involved. He has access to many sources of information and emotion, makes up his own opinion, and is fair game for any propagandist. His political leaders follow each other in a swift and dizzy succession, few getting more than fleeting and unhappy hours of power. He has nothing but contempt for foreigners, mingled with a little fear of any unknown quantity, and considers internationalism a "skin game". He applies his fundamentalist type of mind to his politics as well as to his religion, will have nothing to do with the current liberalism, and is intensely nationalist, if not sectionalist. He responds violently to a "moral issue", but equally violently resents the idea of a clergy-

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man, — especially one of a suspected religion, — giving political advice to himself or any one else.

To be sure, the platform makers next year, — after sufficient mental contortions, — will produce formulas for planks which will offend no one, and will follow this achievement with a ringing declaration of undying loyalty to all the old traditions and undying unity in their support. But since this is a discussion of practical, rather than rhetorical, politics, the actual deepening of the rift is more important.

For it is certain that the rift grows wider and more profound with the appearance of each new public question. Just now the most alarming symptom is the tendency of Southern cotton growers and other planters to forget that they are Hereditary Democrats and remember only that they are Disgruntled Farmers, akin to those of the corn and wheat belts. Theoretically, this should work to the advantage of the Democratic Party by drawing votes from the Northern farmers; actually it strengthens the hands of Messrs. McNary and Haugen and others of the Republican farming faction, — a temporary maneuver, no doubt, but small comfort to Democratic leaders, since the Dirt-roaders are turning away from their own party in their desire for action.

Further and worse, they are brushing up all their chronic grievances against the Pavement crowd, including what they think of Tammany and George Brennan, of city corruption, and of unassimilated foreigners. Not the least of their hard feelings comes from memory of how often they have connived at distasteful party compromises that were guaranteed to produce votes for victory but didn't. They hesitate to buy any more such gold bricks. Since they deliver the only assured Democratic majorities, they have a growing hankering to make the Democratic policies to suit themselves. Further, they feel that they are the true heirs of Jefferson and Jackson, — though hardly of Wilson, — and that the Eastern Democracy is such, either for revenue only, or because it had nowhere else to go. Hence their belief in tradition, — such as it is, — widens the split. Of course, the Dirt-roaders will realize none of this ambition; these skeletons will all be hustled back into their closets before the next national convention is over, and their places will be taken by pallid and innocuous platitudes. But the skeletons will be kept alive, so to speak, and held ready to come forth as soon as there is really anything worth quarreling over, and will lead to disruption.

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The fallacy of trusting in the strength of tradition becomes apparent at the first attempt to apply that tradition, — though it be unitedly professed, — to the solution of any present question. Prohibition leads the list, and we have been widely assured that Jeffersonian principles apply. Yet the city Democrat hopes for any kind of modification that will slake his thirst, while his country cousin will vote dry in his deepest slumber. Also, the East rather favors the League of Nations. The West will support it for the sake of party harmony, but only in a whisper and so long as there is no chance of its adoption. The Pavement people want the World Court, they desire almost unrestricted immigration, they have dreams of canceling our foreign debts, they hope for interference in Mexico, and they approve a subsidy for the merchant marine. The Dirt-road crowd automatically opposes all these things, except by way of rhetorical gesture.

In internal affairs the Eastern faction has a basic leaning toward any measure that will increase the price of manufactures and raise wages. The South and West want these manufacturing prices cut and the price of foodstuffs increased, which the East does not want at all. The West rather desires national supervision of education, while the East fears interference with parochial schools. But aside from this, it is the Pavement people who chiefly support child labor laws, maternity aid, unemployment relief, and similar paternalistic schemes. About the only thing on which they agree, — except the viciousness of the Republicans, — is good roads, which is hardly an issue.

None of these questions is exactly inflammatory, yet the Democrats can not agree on any of them. The sad fate of the Know-Nothing Party proves the simple deduction that must be drawn from these conditions. That curious organization appeared about a decade before the Civil War, and while it had no traditions it did appeal to certain deep instincts in its attack upon the new immigration and the Catholic Church. During the absence of any vital question it did very well indeed, and in 1856 had carried fourteen states and shown dangerous strength in seven more, including most of those along the Mason-Dixon line. Then the slavery issue blazed up and the Know-Nothings, — because so much of their strength lay along the border, — were forced to straddle. In 1860 they were not worth an obituary notice.

Some day there will come another live issue in American politics, and it requires no very active imagination to foresee the

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plight of the Democratic Party in that day, no matter what the issue may be. It will be unable to take either side without deliberately sacrificing nearly half its voting strength; and, since such sublime courage is impossible to any politician, and doubly impossible to the habitual evaders who lead the Democracy, it will straddle. Only a competent prophet could tell just when this great issue will arise. It is about due, if the periodic cycle of national politics continues at its historic speed. It seems probable that it will come as soon as we have recovered from the nervous lassitude and paralysis of public spirit that have marked the reaction from the World War. We will crave excitement about that time, if nothing more.

Until then the party, depending on momentum, tradition, resentment, and Republican error, and avoiding a definite stand on any moot question, will remain wholly negative, though often usefully so. It will be a valuable check and corrective to Republican ambitions and morals; it will win frequent local successes and possibly some that are national; but it will do this at the cost of all ambition of leadership and all chance of constructive achievement.

And when the great issue does come, it is possible that there will emerge from the Democratic wreckage something still holding to the name. The Dirt-road faction, — because of its tradition of resentment, because it really is comparatively united on Jeffersonian principles, and because it actually can agree within itself in interests and sentiments, — is likely to become the nucleus of the new party. Whether it keeps the old name or not will depend on the accidents of the actual disruption, — on which faction forces the other to bolt. But whatever it may be called, the new party will be not at all the same which we now know as the Democratic party. That will have been laid to rest beside the Whigs and the Know-Nothings.

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II—THE FORCE OF TRADITION

ROLAND S. MORRIS

THERE is a standard method of conducting an argument which is rich with reminiscence of the medieval schoolmen. The method attracts because of its extreme simplicity. One states an assumption in the form of a definition, then turns to the subject matter of the controversy, observes certain facts, applies the definition, and draws the inevitable conclusion. The charm and interest of this method lie in the fact that one must conceal somewhere beneath the words of the definition the conclusion to which one is moving. Thus it is that most of our debates, legal arguments, and intellectual controversies become an amusing "grown-up" game of "hide and seek". Hence the oft repeated warning of the teachers in the cathedral schools of the Middle Ages, — "Watch your definitions!"

With this warning in mind I have read the earnest and carefully written argument of Mr. Frost. The method is true to the ancient form. Question: Will the Democratic Party split? Of course it will, he answers, because (now watch for the definition) "a party is a body of men united by common principles or interests working together for mutual political ends." Turn to the Democratic Party, he continues, and observe the facts. The Democracy in the last few years has come to include mutually antagonistic bodies of men. In considerable detail the elements of conflict and contract are set forth. Apply the definition. Evidently the party is not agreed on any present political issue, nor is it working together for common political ends. Therefore, because it does not fit the definition of a party it should become two or more parties, or perhaps just crumble away.

Thus the political logicians have ever argued, and the Democratic Party persistently refuses to do what it logically should. On the contrary, the party continues to reveal, in spite of obvious differences of opinion, a singular vitality and a perverse and stubborn unity. Even in these last few years it has refused to succumb to a logical syllogism and die or divide. And yet it must in some way be a political party, — in fact the typically American political party!

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It was born almost with the birth of our constitutional government. It was nurtured by one of the Fathers of the Republic. It has never failed to appeal to widely separated sections of the country. Men of utterly different type and outlook have loved it and fought for it. At one time or another, in state or nation, it has fought and vanquished every party which has arisen in American political life. Strangest of all, it cherishes the weird conviction that it will continue to exist in unity (if not always in peace) when its present party opponent has taken a place in the lifeless pages of history with Federalist and Whig, Know-Nothing and Greenback, Populist and Progressive. And even now in these last few years, after a colorful and at times rather too strenuous convention debate and an overwhelming presidential defeat, it has united once more to do battle, and at present shares the administration of the country with twenty-two out of forty-eight Governors; forty-seven out of ninety-six Senators; and one hundred and ninety-four out of four hundred and forty-five Representatives. In its party organization there is not a single significant revolt.

Something seems wrong with the argument. The syllogism is perfect, so it must be the definition which is at fault. Mr. Frost's definition, on which he bases his entire argument, assumes that a political party must consist of a body of men in substantial agreement on specific contemporary political issues and working together for mutual political ends. This definition we owe to Edmund Burke, the British publicist. Over a century ago, after observing party government in England during the Georgian Era and adding a touch of his own idealism, he defined a political party as "a body of men united for the purpose of promoting by their joint endeavors the public interest upon some principle in which they are all agreed".

This definition at once caught and has since held the imagination of political philosophers and has established the standard by which in each generation American political parties have been judged and consistently found wanting. Each student examining American politics in his generation has observed, as does Mr. Frost, that the Democratic Party, for instance, can not continue to exist because clearly it is not united on any pending political questions. To be sure it was once, say the political philosophers. It must have been or it never could have acquired the reputation of being a party (as defined).

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To all of which I venture to reply that no one of the great historic parties which have divided the responsibility of government in the history of the United States ever was, or is now, wholly united on any impending issues; that the two party system in America is a unique product of the constitutional limitations, the political divisions, and the geographical interests of American life; and that Burke's definition, paraphrased by Mr. Frost, is utterly inadequate as an assumption from which to draw conclusions or on which to base predictions.

Any American national party which would influence elections to public office, and thus share in the conduct of public affairs, faces an exceedingly complicated situation. It must take account of widely differing economic and geographical interests; it must operate through overlapping boundaries of state, district, county, and municipality; and it must seek to unite by methods of compromise independent departments of the Federal government. In order to do this an American political party, to be nation-wide, must build up, through years of effort, habits of cooperation and traditions of thought, of struggle, and of achievement which will bind together for political action a body of men sometimes united in purpose and sometimes divided in purpose. Dr. Arthur N. Holcombe, Professor of Government at Harvard University, in his volume entitled, *Political Parties of To-day*, has analyzed with the skill of a master scholar the bipartizan system in American politics, and it is to his analysis that I am deeply indebted, although he is in no way responsible for the assumption on the basis of which it can be predicted with reasonable certainty that the Democratic Party has never in its history given greater evidence that it will hold together than at the present time.

Let us, then, start with our definition. The Democratic Party (as well as the Republican Party) is a body of men united for the purpose of influencing elections to public office and the conduct of public affairs by a general tradition of thought and achievement and by a habit of cooperation in politics. Note how a change in definition shifts the values. Differences of view on contemporary political issues within the party are forthwith subordinated to the more fundamental question whether the particular party tradition continues vital and the party habit of cooperation still persists. If they do, it is safe to predict that differences will be mediated and practical administrative and

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legislative results attained. If, on the other hand, these vital factors are weakening, — if the party enthusiasm and the party tradition are clearly impaired, — then, of course, any passing political issue may threaten the party's very existence. How is it with the Democratic Party now?

I am bold to affirm that the Democratic tradition not only persists with its gripping influence on American politics, but that during the last decade it has been revivified and enriched, to an extent not yet fully appreciated, by the ideals and achievements which the leadership of Woodrow Wilson has contributed to it. Inspired by him, the party became an effective instrument by which the American people obtained constructive legislation of extraordinary value. When war came, the party under him assumed primary responsibility for its conduct and discharged that task efficiently, generously, and with an absence of scandal and corruption which has had no precedent in our history. Finally, when the problems of peace and readjustment faced a war-torn world, it was Woodrow Wilson who contributed ideals of international conduct which are slowly but surely finding a permanent place in the party tradition.

Thus to the practical wisdom of Jefferson, to the colorful achievements of Jackson, to the balanced political judgment of Tilden, to the rugged honesty of Cleveland, has been added the idealism and vision of Wilson. But, one says, only a tradition. Yes, but what in life is more real than a national tradition, or a party tradition, or a family tradition, — that historic group spirit which begets its members and its leaders and which causes those mental and spiritual peculiarities which differentiate one group from another?

In the Democratic Party to-day the party spirit was never more alive. It is expressing itself in strengthened habits of co-operation and in the creation of leaders who are approaching present political issues in the very spirit of the Democratic tradition. There are many men of many minds among the minority Senators, but they are united under the wise leadership of Senator Robinson. So it has been with the Democratic minority in the House under the guidance of Congressman Garrett. And when in its long history has the Democratic Party produced a group of state executives more brilliant or more efficient than Smith, of New York; and Ritchie, of Maryland; and Donahey, of Ohio; and Byrd, of Virginia; and Moody, of Texas; and

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Adams, of Colorado? — all elected by an enthusiastic and united party in widely scattered portions of the country. Surely a party enriched by the ideals of Woodrow Wilson and encouraged by a recent task supremely well done, — which at present shares the administration of our government through practically one-half of the United States Senate, five-elevenths of the National House of Representatives, and almost half of the Governors of our sovereign states, — shows every evidence of a live and vigorous political tradition and a fine spirit of cooperative effort.

The Democratic Party's distinctive tradition expresses itself in certain very definite points of view. It has been, and is generally, progressive, in that it has emphasized things as they ought to be rather than things as they are. It has been, and is, alive to social problems tending to value personal above property rights. It has rendered, and is rendering, more than mere lip-service to the doctrine of equal opportunity, and has been, — as it still is, — intolerant of racial and religious discriminations and economic privilege. In the field of administration it has distrusted strong government, feared the growth of bureaucracy, trusted popular judgments, and emphasized the value of local self-government.

The progressive attitude of the party had drawn to its support from time to time liberal or radical groups, innovators and dreamers. But this, I submit, has been on the whole a strength rather than a weakness. The tendency to subordinate property to personal rights has at times invited the distrust of conservative business leaders, who have felt strongly that their primary duty was to conserve the property interests which a large investing public had entrusted to their care. On the other hand, the intolerance of racial and religious discrimination has appealed to the new immigrants in congested centres of population, while the fairly consistent opposition to economic privilege has held the Southern cotton growers and has tended to weaken the traditional loyalties of the Western farmer during the past fifty years.

It is in this tradition of thought that Democrats are in the habit of working together to elect their candidates to public office, and thus to administer public affairs, — municipal, state, and federal. It is in this tradition of thought that Democrats approach the changing issues of American political life, compose their differences, construct the party platforms, and adjust their party appeal to the sectional or other interests of the country.

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It is in this tradition of thought that Democrats are probably more united than ever before in the history of the party and better prepared than they have been for a generation to offer practical and definite solutions to the questions of public policy which are emerging to-day. The political issues referred to by Mr. Frost, which he feels are so dynamic that one or all of them will split the Democratic Party into fragments, appear to fall into three general groups, — those affecting the future of our agriculture, those which involve our changing social standards, and those which concern American foreign policy. Consider these groups for a moment separately.

For half a century the Republican Party has kept a traditional, but rather uncertain, hold on the Western farmer, while its actual policy strongly favored intensive industrial development. The result has been to depress agriculture and advance industry to such a degree that some readjustment seems imperative. To which party are the voters likely to turn as the instrument to effect that readjustment? Is it not likely to be the party which has a tradition of equality of opportunity and which has ever been intolerant of a tariff merely protective, of government subsidies or other forms of economic privilege? Is it not almost certain that in such a tradition a sound and not an artificial method of "farm relief" will be worked out and applied?

Our changing social standards are the product of various forces operating for the past twenty-five years, — a vast army of new immigrants, "the passing of the frontier," concentration of population in large industrial centres, and extraordinary advances in scientific and historical knowledge and in methods of transportation and communication. With these changes have come many perplexing problems of public policy and administration. Among such problems are the enforcement of the prohibition amendment, the supervision of great public service companies, limitation of immigration, the protection of the public against crime and disorder, the maintenance of standards of decency in art and literature, and not the least in performance, the preservation of individual rights in the face of the pressing claims of community welfare.

Every administrator and legislator, — municipal, state, or national, — faces daily various aspects of these problems. In what spirit, on what fundamental assumptions are they to be met and solved? It would seem that a tradition of thought that

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emphasizes things as they ought to be rather than things as they are, that values personal rights above property rights, that is intolerant of every form of privilege, and that profoundly distrusts centralized and bureaucratic government, is destined to command increasing support for those who have been nurtured in it and seek to apply it to modern problems of social adjustment.

The grafting on to the Democratic tradition of a new and inspiring outlook on America's enlarging international contacts is the outstanding service which Woodrow Wilson rendered to the party he loved and led. Every recent development in world affairs has vindicated Wilson's prophetic vision. The effort to apply to our foreign relations a theory of national isolation has proved utterly inadequate. The whole assumption of isolation is false. It can not meet the pragmatic test, — it has not and it will not work, whether applied to Europe, to South America, or to Asia. Like all false premises it involves us in startling contradictions. This is not primarily a question of our approach to the World Court or to the League of Nations or to the collection of Allied debts. It is rather the deeper issue of our whole attitude toward a closer knit and better organized world.

Sooner than may now appear, we must face radical changes of foreign policy if we would adjust our national life to the realities of our modern world. What instrument are the American people likely to use in effecting this inevitable readjustment? Can there be any doubt that they will turn to that party group which is slowly absorbing the Wilson point of view? Thus we find among Democrats of all shades of opinion a confident belief that their party is still capable of rendering a very real and lasting service to our country. It is this enlarging opportunity which is operating to unite those of the Democratic tradition in a determination to compromise differences and to bring forward new leaders to meet the political problems of to-day.

No, — the Democratic Party was never less likely to split. There has been a noticeable revival of Democratic ideals; a spirit of unity pervades the party organization. A justifiable pride in the party's great achievements under Wilson is blended with an almost affectionate enthusiasm for a group of great Governors and legislators who are exemplifying to the country the vitality of the Democratic tradition and the character of service which men loyal to that tradition are prepared to render to the nation as a whole.

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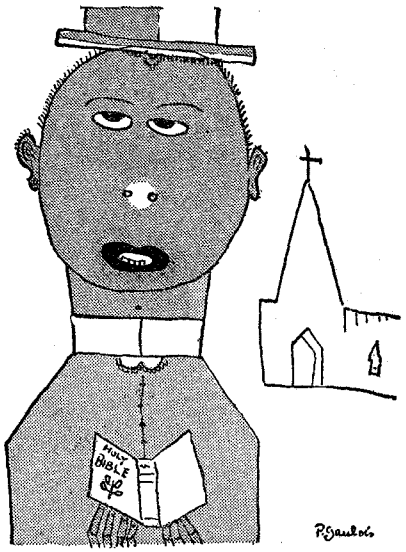

RIVER WITCH

ROARK BRADFORD

Drawings by Paul Gaulois

RUBY was happy in the levee camp with Yaller Jack and away from old Granny Lou's everlasting talk about witches and devils and bad luck spirits. Yaller Jack wasn't studying witches and things. That big, stout scoundrel made a dollar four bits every day out on the levee. And when he came in from work at night he wasn't always saying, "Don't spit in de fire, gal, hit'll dry up yo' lungs," or "Don't pour dish water on de ground after sundown, onless you wants to git a buck aguer." When Yaller Jack came in from work he was ready to eat.

Ruby knew it would dry up her lungs to spit in the fire and that pouring dish water on the ground would give her a "buck aguer". She knew that almost everything any one naturally wanted to do brought some kind of bad luck. And Yaller Jack knew it, too. But he wasn't always deviling her about it. Not Yaller Jack.

That Yaller Jack! — Came up to Whitehall Plantation and saw Ruby just once and started courting her! And before she hardly knew it, he went all the way to Baton Rouge to buy a pair of court-house licenses so he could marry her! With a preacher!

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Ruby knew lots of women who married their men without any court-house licenses or preacher or anything. But Granny Lou liked the idea of preacher marrying for her.

"De preacher utters de words over hit," Granny Lou explained. "When de preacher say, 'Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd,' well, dat de sign for ev'y yuther man to keep away f'm you. Cause ef'n a man come monkeyin' around after dem words is said on a gal,—" Granny Lou rolled her eyes ominously, "well, he better jest watch out."

Ruby did not remember hearing the preacher say those words. All she remembered was that she stood up in a new calico dress by the side of that big, handsome man and dug her bare toes in the ground while the preacher prayed and preached, and everybody sang. Then Yaller Jack took her to the levee camp seven miles down the river, toting her bundle of clothes for her and talking big talk about how he was saving his money to buy a farm and have a house with chickens and children running about so thick until you couldn't hardly walk!

"Hit won't be long, Baby," Yaller Jack said. "Another year maybe, and I and you settles down in a house by ourse'fs,—ceptin' for de chickens and chilluns and things."

Ruby rolled her big white eyeballs shyly and said, "Humph! Ain't you de beatinest man!" And she giggled.

The Walking Boss had everything ready for them when they got to camp. The tent was up, the stove in place, and the mattress of hay-filled sacks upon the rustic bunk of pine saplings. The Walking Boss had sent a present, too,—a piece of side meat, potatoes, cabbage, and beans from the camp commissary. He wanted women in camp. The more women there were, the less inclined were the men to run off.

There were several other women in camp. Big Bess boasted a "regular" preacher wedding just like Ruby's and she "looked after" the young bride, telling her how to get supplies at the commissary and have them charged against her husband's wages and when to start supper, so it would be ready when her man got in from work. Urline offered some advice, but Big Bess shut her up.

"A preacher might er married you to Yancey," Big Bess snorted, "but ain't nobody never seed no papers to prove hit."

The other women made no claims to preacher weddings. They had just married their men and that was all there was to it. Old

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Smokey did not even claim that kind of marriage. The man that fed her best and treated her right was the man she cooked for until one or the other changed his mind. Just now she was Diamond Joe's woman, but Diamond Joe was gambling his money away and losing his credit at the commissary.

Ruby never had any trouble with Yaller Jack's credit at the commissary. Yaller Jack was thrifty.

"Don't go buyin' no fancy grub for us to eat, Baby," Yaller Jack warned. "Just a few cabbages and side meat and things. Cause de mo' us don't buy, de mo' quicker us gits dat house wid de chickens and chilluns and things."

Ruby laughed at that. She liked to hear her man talk that way. He was so big and stout, and she was so little and young. But when he talked that way she felt as if she was big, and he was little, and she had to pet him. She was proud of being Yaller Jack's woman, — his regular woman, with a spell on him by the preacher and a fancy paper from the court-house to prove it. "Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd." That was something! She snuggled over against him in their bunk while Yaller Jack slept and snored.

Lots of nights Ruby would lie awake and listen to the mosquitoes sing, and the frogs hollo, and the owls hoot. Occasionally a panther would scream from the dense cane-brake a mile back in the big woods. But Ruby was not afraid. She had lived close to the big woods all her life.

What scared Ruby was the nights when it was too hot for the mosquitoes and frogs and owls, and everything got so quiet, — everything except Yaller Jack's snoring. On these hot nights she would lie awake and listen, — listen to nothing, — and hear sounds coming from the cane-brake, — something rolling, rolling, rolling, with a steady, swingy rumble that made her kinky hair pull at her scalp, and her flat nose swell out like a spreading adder's head and sniff the hot air.

"Hit's de river witch ole Granny Lou always used to be tawkin' about," she decided, and she threw her arms around the sleeping Yaller Jack so suddenly and clung so tightly that he woke up.

"What de matter wid you, gal?" Yaller Jack demanded.

"I's skeered," Ruby whined.

"Ain't nothing to be skeered at," he said. "Git on yo' side de bunk and git to sleep. I's tired. I been workin'."

Ruby rolled over and went to sleep. But the next morning she

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felt all unstrung and foolish. She did not wrap her hair in the tight coils that morning and she laughed at things that did not tickle her. But the most foolish thing she did was to let the commissary clerk sell her a string of red beads. Ruby knew better than to buy those beads. Of course she wanted them. Any woman would want a pretty string of beads like that. So she bought them and wore them about camp, laughing and singing, laughing at foolish things that did not tickle her, and singing "pop-outs", — little songs that just popped out of her mouth with no conscious effort on her part.

Me and my man, us had a fallin'-out.
Don't nobody know what hit was about, —
And hit ain't nobody's business but my own.

"Gal, whyn't you git back to yo' tent and wrop yo' haid befo' de year wigs git in yo' years?" It was Big Bess reproving her. "And singin' dem devil-pops! And bless Gawd, ef'n she ain't done bought a string er beads! Gal, what's gittin' into you? I bet Yaller Jack takes a stick to you when he gits back. Dem beads costes six bits, — and dat's a ha'f a day's wages out yonder in de hot sun. Come yar struttin' around wid yo' haid bushin' and singin' devil-pops! You better be singin' 'Jaybird, jaybird, hang yo' haid.' 'At's what you better had."

Ruby knew she should have been ashamed. But she wasn't. She just laughed and walked around in a little circle, singing:

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I done done all I kin do,
And I can't git along wid you, —
I'm gonter git me another papa,
Show's yow bawn!

"Crazy gal!" Big Bess exploded. "Singin' yo' man out, while he's out yonder workin' for you. I bet I'm gonter tell him on you and I bet he's gonter whup you good."

"Whyn't you let dat chile alone?" Smokey came to her rescue. Old Smokey usually minded her own business and let the other women mind theirs. But she sympathized with the young woman. "She ain't on'y jest cuttin' up," she continued. "She don't mean nothin'. Hit gits so hot and lonesome around yar sometimes, I want to sing out ev'y man I ever seed."

"But she's married wid Yaller Jack," Big Bess protested.

"Dat don't make no diffunce who she married wid," came back Smokey. "I seed a heap er young gals and I ain't never seed one yit which don't cut up some. I don't keer how many mens dey is married wid."

"But hit ain't no way to treat no husband," Big Bess insisted. "De Bible say you hadn't oughter pay no mind to no yuther man as long as yo' husband is workin' for you."

"She ain't payin' no mind to no yuther man, — hit ain't no yuther man in camp to pay mind to."

"Well, anyways," Big Bess argued lamely, "de Bible say de devil'll git her for singin' devil-pops."

"De devil ain't gonter git her till she die," Smokey came back, "and she's about de livest thing about camp, dis day and time."

Ruby liked Smokey for taking her part. Deep down in her heart she knew it was wrong to sing songs while Yaller Jack worked out in the hot sun. But some way or other, she could not help singing them. She clung closely to Smokey the rest of the day, singing foolish songs and listening to Smokey talk.

"I knows all about hit, gal," Smokey told her. "Hit's de spike-cane sproutin' and de river rollin', what you hyars. Hit's de young willows growin' and de owls a-hootin', what you hyars. Hit's de snakes a-crawlin' and de varmints muskin'. I hyars hit my ownse'f sometimes, and hit makes me want to git naked and run out in de thickets. Some say hit's de jaybirds totin' sand to hell. But hit ain't. Hit's de ole river witch tryin' to come betwixt you and yo' man."

Ruby was awed by the recital. But her eyes flashed.

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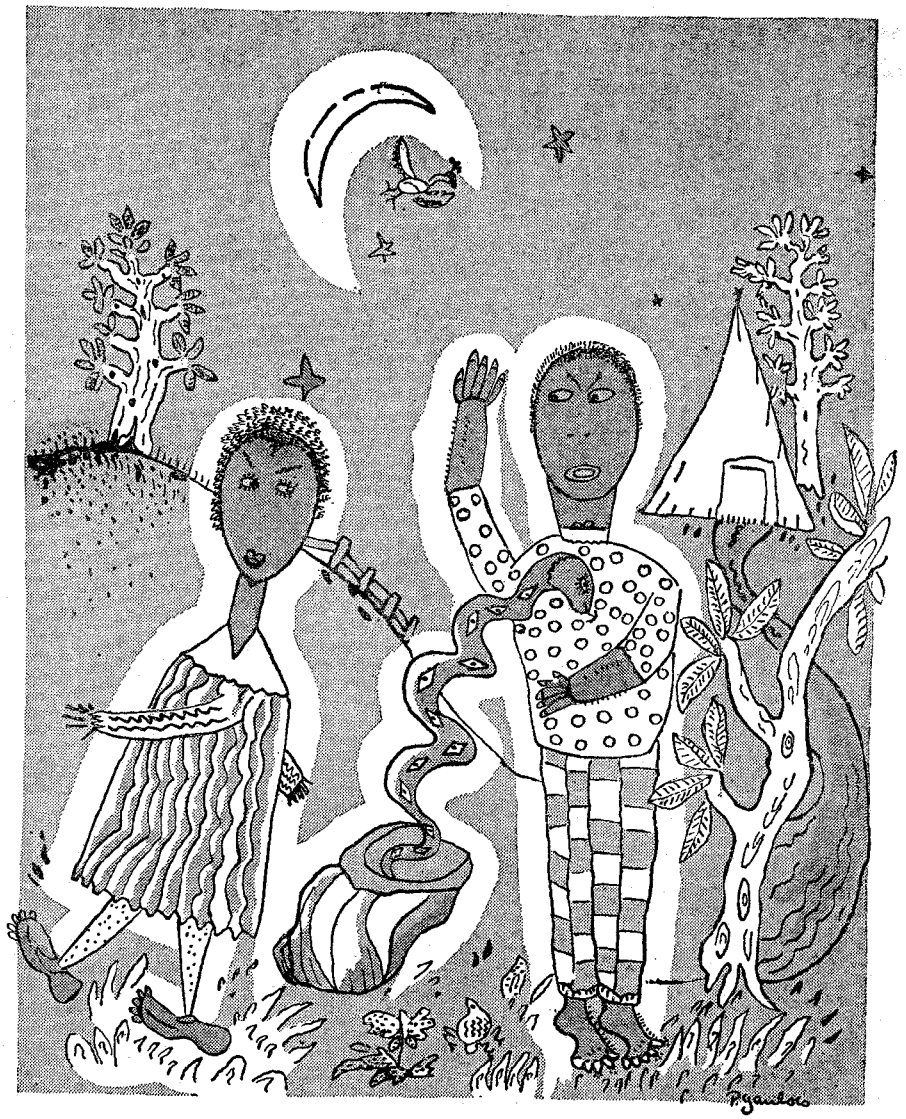

"Any 'ooman try to take my Yaller Jack," she said, "I'd chop dey heart out, — witch or no witch."

Smokey groaned mysteriously. "Sometimes de witch is a 'ooman and steals de man," she explained. "But when hit's a young gal like you, most er de time hit's a he witch which steals de gal."

Ruby was greatly relieved. "I got a charm on me," she said. "Can't no man steal me away f'm Yaller Jack. I got a charm."

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"He witches used to steal me," confessed Smokey sadly, "but hit ain't payin' me no mo' mind. Hit's de she witches now, stealin' my mens. Hit just got done stealin' Diamond Joe f'm me."

"You and Diamond Joe quit?" Ruby asked.

"I loved him too good," Smokey replied. "When you loves 'em a heap, dat's when de witch pull is de stoutest."

Ruby quit singing pop-outs and went to her tent. By the time Yaller Jack returned from work she had her hair neatly wrapped in coils and was thoroughly contrite. As soon as supper was over, she brought out the string of beads that she had hidden and handed them to her husband.

"I buyed 'em for six bits," she explained. "I hadn't oughter." She waited for Yaller Jack to beat her.

"Dey sho' is purty," Yaller Jack said. "Put 'em on, Baby. I bets you look good in 'em."

Ruby shook her head. "Dey costes six bits," she repeated, "and dat's a ha'f a day's wages out yonder on de levee. You oughter take a stick to me for buyin' 'em."

Yaller Jack looked from Ruby to the beads and back again. Ruby would look good in those beads.

"Put 'em on, Baby," he urged, "and let Yaller see how good lookin' you is in 'em."

"Nawp." Ruby was determined. "You take 'em and sell 'em to some er de mens for dey womens which ain't savin' money, Yaller. Den when us gits our house and chilluns and things, I buys me some mo' beads."

Yaller Jack sold the beads to Diamond Joe for fifty cents, and the day following Urline wore them about camp, shamelessly, brazenly.

The next time Ruby went to the commissary the clerk asked her why Urline was wearing the beads. Usually the white men in camp paid no attention to the doings of the Negroes, or if they did, they never said anything about it.

"My husband sold 'em," Ruby said.

The clerk looked at Ruby through half squinted eyes. Ruby was not pretty. She was dingy black, with a big mouth and big eyes. Her nose was flat and her body was small and spindly. Her head was cymlin-shaped and her shanky legs stuck into her bare feet much closer to the toes than seemed necessary, leaving grotesque heels sticking out behind. But she was a woman and she was young.

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"I got another string, and it's prettier than those," he said.

"I ain't buyin' no mo' beads," Ruby declared.

The clerk took a string of bright beads from a box and held them temptingly before Ruby's eyes. "I don't want you to buy them, gal," he said. "I might just give them to you."

The beads were pretty, — prettier than the others, Ruby thought. But she did not like the way the clerk's voice sounded. She looked from the beads to the clerk's face. Then she understood. She did not know what it was, so she could not have explained it to any one. She never could explain what it was that told her not to step over a fallen tree and upon the back of a cottonmouth moccasin that lay coiled there either, but she had never stepped upon the back of the deadly snakes that lurked everywhere. She just saw something in the clerk's eyes that told her to get out of that tent as quickly as she could. And she bolted out, knocking over stacks of canned goods and cured meat as she ran.

Back in her tent, cooking for her man, Ruby soon forgot the incident and settled down, behaving herself just like any married woman should, spending her days in procuring and cooking food and gadding about with the women, and her nights in feeding her man and watching him sleep. Seldom were a dozen words spoken between her and her husband during any given twenty-four hours. Yaller Jack would come in, hungry and tired. He would eat huge mountains of cabbage and great hunks of side meat and cornbread, and then stretch out on the bunk and sleep like a log until Ruby called him for breakfast.

On Sundays and rainy days there was no work. Ruby enjoyed these days most. She liked to talk to Yaller Jack and to hear him talk. Then, too, old Smokey always took her accordion over to the big forage tent and played, and the rest of the Negroes gathered about and sang. On Sundays they sang nothing but church songs:

> Looked down de road and I seed de devil comin', —
> I know de Lawd done laid His hands on me.
> Snatched off my shoes and I beat de devil runnin', —
> I know de Lawd done laid His hands on me.

Ruby led the singing with her shrill voice and Yaller Jack "caught de tenors" splendidly, shading her high soprano notes into a weird harmony that made an impressive lead for the minor monotones of the others. And Diamond Joe sat back somewhere

(*Continued on page 762*)

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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THE MISSING MUSE

Clio Walks the Streets

PHILIP GUEDALLA

> It is easy enuff, all but the writing. You just get it out of other books and write it down. — William James: Letter to Alexander James, May 3, 1900.
>
> Ce délayage de pièces inédites en de lourds in-octavo que personne ne lit, qui figurent dans les bibliothèques au rayon des livres instructifs, des livres pour l'usage externe. . . agiter avant de s'en servir! — Alphonse Daudet: *L'Immortel.*
>
> Les sèches et rebutantes nomenclatures de faits appelés histoires. — Balzac: *Avant-Propos de la Comédie Humaine.*

IT was tea time on Parnassus, and from the little hollow behind the round temple, where the Muses gather, came a buzz of conversation. Spoons tinkled (or was it softly shaken sistra?) as those accomplished ladies reclined with their accustomed grace after the labors of the day. *Dulce*, as Euterpe always said, *est desipere in loco*. She always said so with her little giggle, and Melpomene frowned as usual. But then Melpomene was always frowning: some one said it was because those ridiculous buskins hurt her. Terpsichore unhooked her saxophone and vowed that she should die unless somebody gave her a cup of tea. Thalia ate bread and butter, looking more pastoral than ever. And Urania, a shade self-conscious after the eclipse, drank steadily and talked to no one. But Erato, — "Three lumps, my dear!" — was talking to every one at once; and Polyhymnia got involved in one of her dreadfully technical conversations with Euterpe about microphones and atmospherics, — a man at KDKA, it seemed, had. . . . Then Calliope startled them all by asking in her deepest voice, "Where's Clio?" And Echo, the little fool, answered, "Where's Clio?" There was no other answer. Clio, alas! was missing.

"Missing," to exchange Disraelian *pastiche* for the harsher idiom of the casualty lists, "missing, believed killed," might be her epitaph. For Clio, in spite of a gallant essay in her honor by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, has vanished from the haunts of men, — of English speaking men, that is to say. For she left the Continent years ago after an unsuccessful attempt to learn German. The Muse of History, who once walked among us and leaned above

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bowed shoulders breathing style into learned pages and life into dead facts, has vanished; and while the incense steams on other altars and historians gash themselves before the Mumbo Jumbo of a vast card index, the art of history has vanished with her, and we are left in the draughty ruins of her temple, lamenting the sad state of something that was once a great branch of English letters.

The art of history is an awkward term, if by calling it an art we mean to deny its claim to be a science. For everything, in a democratic age, is a science, — from the random anecdote of psychoanalysis to the uncorrelated data of economics. We are all, as Sir William Harcourt almost cried, scientists now. The tipster and the statistician, the thought reader (now transferred from country fairs to Chairs of Psychology in universities) and his less articulate sister, the palmist, have each an indisputable claim to the dignity of science. The only pity is that most sciences are left in the hands of total illiterates.

But history, at least, must not be of their number. For though history is a full science in the narrow sense that its sole foundation is a body of scientifically ascertained fact, it is something more. Few satisfactory edifices consist of a foundation alone. The facts, however scientific, require to be presented; and in their presentation the historian is inevitably something more (or is it less?) than a scientist. Bare tabulation will not do; simple enumeration is plainly insufficient. There must be a hint of perspective. The historian must select, and in the awkward process of selection he becomes an artist. One seems to see the historian at this uncomfortable stage desert the laboratory and furtively approach the studio. And why not? There is no need for him to blush when we detect him in the questionable company of artists. For history is an art as well, — the art of representing past events through facts of scientific accuracy. If the facts are inaccurate, it is not history. But if they are not embodied in a picture of a living past, it is not history either. For a smear on a palet is not a picture. So the historian, when his work among the test-tubes of research is done, must turn artist, abandoning his overalls for the velvet jacket. If he can not, so much the less historian he.

It is so easy for the historian to forget his duty in the multiplicity of his business. To put it crudely, he is asked to raise the dead, to bring the past to life, to give a continuous performance of the miracle of Endor. He must achieve this feat with a restricted

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armory. For he is not allowed the novelist's liberty of invention. His incantations are strictly limited to the ascertained facts, and with their aid alone he is expected to evoke the past. We ask of the historian a great tapestry, crowded with figures, filled with shifting lights and crowds and landscapes; and we insist sternly (though with perfect propriety) that he shall use no single thread for his weaving that can not be vouched for as to its color, length, and weight by reference to his unvarying authorities, the scientific facts.

Can it be wondered at that some, more nervous than their colleagues, prefer the humbler office of spinning thread to the arduous weaving of the great tapestry? One may respect their caution. For thread must be spun and dyed before it takes its place in the woven picture. But their work at the spindles and the dye vat, however valuable, is a mere preliminary to the great weaving which is the full duty of a historian. Others may hand him threads (though the wise man will spin his own, — will do, that is to say, his own research in the dust heaps of material where Carlyle choked and Macaulay shouldered his indomitable way). But the true historian, who aspires to be anything more than a mere assistant, will weave his own tapestry, paint his picture, and raise (if he can) the ghosts, the moving, speaking ghosts of the past.

One turns a little sadly from his lofty function to the general performance of it in our own time. Our need of history is not less great than our grandfathers' was. Most modern problems have somewhere in the past a counterpart in miniature; most statesmen might be spared an error or so by a mild knowledge of the rocks on which their predecessors split. Peace treaties would be no worse for a little information on the subject of earlier peace treaties. For the world (it sounds almost academic to say so) did not begin in 1918; and its history opens the sole road to wisdom. Tried statesmen may have, at the most, forty years of political experience; but the historian who has worked with Richelieu and failed with Metternich, has three hundred. So a grasp of history may provide vicarious political experience, may by a sort of magic make its votaries two centuries old at second-hand. Yet we seem to offer small encouragement to the weavers of these instructive tapestries. Indeed, we almost hint sometimes that they have no business to know how to weave, that the historian should stick to his threads.

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But if history is to be written, historians must know how to write it. A school of painters who announced themselves as competent in the chemistry of pigments but boasted that they, thank heaven! were wholly uncontaminated by the meretricious art of drawing, would excite derision. But a school of historians making precisely similar claims is treated with profound respect. For we exact research, a knowledge of materials, a scrupulous investigation, and a meticulous balancing of authorities. But if the precious results of these arduous exercises are presented with a suspicion of literary skill, our eyebrows begin to rise. What business, we inquire, has the historian to know how to "write"? This dangerous accomplishment should be confined to men of letters; and the historian, if signs of it appear in his work, must be a "literary" historian. So the historians of our day work in the shadow of that condemnation; and, once a branch of English letters, history has become a form of manual labor, comparable to card indexing or the assembling of inexpensive automobiles. Clio, alas! is missing, and Mr. Ford reigns in her place.

Yet the historian who would discharge his duty to society, *must* "write", — or nobody will read him. Gibbon "wrote", so did Macaulay. Even the committee of the American Historical Association on the Writing of History seemed to prefer it to be "written". Professor Abbott, of Harvard, positively urged that "while one may admit that in its method history should and must be scientific, this need not and ought not prevent its being literary on the side of presentation." Is this the dawn? We sit in darkness, under the almost papal prohibition of "writing" fulminated by the late Lord Acton. But the lay public, hungry sheep, look up and are not fed. We may be sure that if they look long enough, some one will feed them. Their gesture (if a mute look may be so described) is not surprizing. For there dwells behind those patient eyes some memory of a distant age when things were very different. The oldest among them can recall a time when history was not only "written", but positively read. It is not so long, — perhaps a trifle over fifty years, — since every house in England, which contained books at all, held history books; since public men could avow quite unashamed a knowledge of history without incurring the invariably fatal suspicion of being professors astray in politics; since historians ranked as high as, — and higher than, — even novelists in their countrymen's esteem; since Clio, in fact, walked openly among us *et vera incessu patuit dea.*

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In those days Mr. Gibbon faced twenty years of single-handed work among the authorities on a vast theme. No bright young graduates conducted his research for him; no syndicate of banded historians he; no *Lausanne Ancient History* his work. Stranger still, he "wrote" quite shamelessly, — and in a manner which positively compels the admiration of Mr. Arnold Bennett, stern judge of all his predecessors. Strangest of all, he released the full play of his wit, jesting in his great rolling sentences filled with Latin derivatives, his face (as a comedian's should be) invariably solemn and his literary manner suggestive of some titanic comic opera couched in oratorio and fugue. No nervousness of wit in Mr. Gibbon. It played like lightning over the dark landscape of his enormous theme, — sometimes the thunder rolled, but far more often in his text the lightning flickered. For wit was not excluded from his text. His nervous heirs retire, when their infrequent jokes occur to them, to giggle in a foot-note. But Mr. Gibbon did not disdain the elegant tehee right in the centre of his page. Perhaps the unfed sheep of the lay public recall a little hungrily the age when a historian did not forbear to joke.

But the change lies deeper still. More vital qualities than wit are stunted in the modern historian's development, infants of richer promise flung to the wolves of Göttingen. Once, just a century ago, a historian of the most solemn purpose could avow that he meant "to splash down" what he knew of the French Terror "in large masses of color that it may look like a smoke and flame conflagration in the distance". How strangely his confession reads to a generation whose average impression of any complex historical event, if it has learnt its lessons, is that it looked like an accident to a card index. And yet the smoke, the hungry flame, the cries were not, one feels, wholly unlike the Terror. For Carlyle applied his imagination to the facts, — a historian's imagination, which assembles scientific facts into a visible picture and is quite distinct from the pure invention of the novelist. "Imagination," as Sir John Fortescue once informed a startled audience of historians, "must not be construed as synonymous with invention. . . . It is rather *re*-creative and *re*-productive. It is the power of bringing back to the mind the impression that objects might give or have given. Obviously, therefore, the historian, whose business it is to recreate or interpret the past, must rely upon the only medium that is capable of producing that effect, — imagination primarily, and not the generalizing intellect. Imagination is,

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therefore, not only invaluable, but essential to the historian." Is it the dawn? And do we hang upon the verge of an admission that the historian's duty is not merely to catalog dry bones in a museum, but to make them live? If so, how few of them achieve it!

The field of history is, at the present time, a singularly depressing landscape. One almost sees it as a cheerless little garden, in which the biting northeaster out of Germany permits none but the hardiest flowers to bloom. Here Mr. Trevelyan rears his gallant head; there a shy blossom or so grows on the stony soil which Acton sprinkled liberally with the rocks of syndication. Indeed, the plants in poor Clio's border are mainly rock plants; and we should deal tenderly with these shy apologies for flowers. How small they are! How easily discouraged! How chilled when Croce damps them with the vast watering can of his *Theory and History of Historiography!* How scared when Dr. Gooch stoops in his *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century* to administer a pinch of weed killer to a small bloom that thought it was a flower! Small wonder that the Muse is rarely seen walking in her garden.

What are the causes? Primarily, one feels, the chill northeaster that is still blowing hard across the North Sea (and even across the Atlantic) from the German flats. For British scholarship has worn the *Pickelhaube* for almost half a century now; and in America, where Germany has always been the supreme finishing-school, the influence is still more undoubted. No chauvinist would seek for an instant to deny the magnitude of the Anglo-American debt to German methods and inspiration. But, vastly the gainers by it, are we not also losers? The conquest of our historical schools was almost too complete, the peace treaty so manifestly one-sided; and it is time, perhaps, for the wise adjustments of a historical Locarno. For while it was good for historians to be sent to the documents, was it altogether good for the documents to be presented in undigested masses, without perspective and in the unsound belief, attributed by one malicious critic to a too scientific rival, that "all facts are born free and equal"? It is time to recall that the document is a means, and not an end; that the researcher's thread must find its place one day in the historian's tapestry; that brickmakers are well enough, but that the edifice of history calls for an architect as well, — an architect who, as Mr. Trevelyan has written, "must quarry his own stones, and build with his own hands." The task is frightening. Small wonder that

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the weaker brethren prefer to pass a lifetime in the quarries. The risks are fewer, and the rewards of steady manual labor are respectable. But still the work is waiting.

> Life is short, art is long, but history is longest, for it is art added to scholarship. . . . The double task, hard as it is, we little people must shoulder as best we may, in the temporary absence of giants.

How, with this breezy encouragement from Mr. Trevelyan, is it to be attempted? The Golden Rule, as Mr. Chesterton once wrote in his most helpful mood, is that there is no Golden Rule. Historians were once inclined to seek one in the historical testament of the late Lord Acton, scanning it as minutely as Russian statesmen studied the will of Peter the Great for indications of a continuous policy for their country. But that most erudite of spectres, after debauching the scholarship of one great university with a Saturnalia of syndication, seems almost to be recognized as a will-o'-the-wisp; and one may turn away with a sad memory of Matthew Arnold:

> But so many books thou readest,
> But so many schemes thou breedest,
> But so many wishes feedest,
> That my poor head almost turns.

No. This way lies, we feel, the road to a revival of the lost art of history. That, perhaps, is only to be found in a return to the historian's true business. He is, when all is said, one cell in the world's memory of itself; he, too, like the lamented Proust, rides off *à la recherche du temps perdu*. And if the quest is to succeed, he must reconstruct the past, set old breezes stirring once again, and, — most elusive miracle of all, — bring the dead back to life. His business is to write about dead men; but if he is to do his duty, he should remember that they were not always dead. For he is not concerned to embalm them, but to resurrect, to set them moving, catch the tone of their voices, tilt of their heads, and posture of the once living men.

That he can never do, if he writes of them in a museum tone as though they were items in some immutable catalog of "Time's" collections. He must project himself unsparingly into the past, evoke it with significant detail, charm it back to life, — and forswear forever that memorial tone which pronounces endless funeral orations in historian's English above the closed coffin of the past. The past should, for the historian, be his present. He must never write from the angle of to-day, but almost always from

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the angle of contemporaries with the events that he describes, — seeing Waterloo, as Mr. Trevelyan bids him, "not as we see it now, with all its time-honored associations and its conventionalised place in history, but as our ancestors saw it first, when they did not know whether the 'Hundred Days', as we now call them, would not stretch out for a Hundred Years." The rule seems obvious. Yet how much historical writing flies straight in its face, denying sense and baffling imagination by recourse to the inverted method of M. Maurois's inimitable historical dramatist, — *A la vérité fort bien, disait Duguesclin à ses hommes d'armes . . . à la vérité fort bien, nous autres, hommes du Moyen Age, ne devons pas oublier que nous partons demain pour la Guerre de Cent Ans.* Here is wrong narrative method encased in a single grotesque nutshell.

So the historian (murder will out at last) must tell a story. Taking his courage in both hands, he must defy Seeley's injunction to "break the drowsy spell of narrative". His narrative may conduce, as Seeley ascetically feared, to sleep, — to sleep, perchance to dream. But when his reader is set dreaming of the past, the historian has done his work, only provided that the dream be true. For then *temps perdu* has become *temps rétrouvé*, and the quest is ended.

But the teacups tinkle on the shady side of Parnassus. The Nine are still, whichever end you begin to count from, only Eight. A deep voice (it must be Calliope again, — she is always so fond of repetition) enquires once more: "Where's Clio?" And Echo, the little stupid, answers, "Where?"

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MATING AND MARRIAGE IN CHINA

UPTON CLOSE

Block Prints by Lowell L. Balcom

THERE was less sportive talk of women among the staff-officers of that Chinese army than among any other group with whom I have associated, not excepting a college faculty and a preachers' convention in this country. Our Christian reinforcements had put the Manchurians to flight, ending the long, dusty battle of Long Heart Point. We had enjoyed our first real meal in five days, — forty courses served in the headquarters car, — and now were off to Paoting for a holiday, with the little General's blessing. He, "less human" he said, had to stay by. The Educational Chief had charge.

On the short run there was much planning. The Chief's orderly, unabashed in the democratic informality, was for going to "See-the-Universe Tower". "The most magnificent tea-house. Fine flower gardens, piercing singing," he argued. He had a special friend there. The lanky Chief overruled. "First, a bath-house for all, then Fecundant Virtue Pavilion. There are the best food and the most cultured girls."

The feast was delightful, the singing worth paying to stop, the girls themselves decorous, exquisite. Imperceptibly, assignations were agreed upon, our young comrades left one by one, till toward midnight only the Chief and I remained. Two girls, the daintiest I thought, filled our cups with motherly solicitude.

"From what I have gathered," my companion remarked off-handedly, "you of the West are not indifferent to feminine charm."

"Oversusceptible, rather," I admitted, gazing after the re-

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treating tea-girls, as he did not. "In you, mountains and flowers and bamboo groves evoke esthetic pleasure. We appreciate women thus, they appeal to the artist in us."

He was no rude soldier, the Educational Chief of Staff, who between campaigns managed the army university. He had been a classical teacher, legation clerk in America, and official in Tibet. He was a rather independent partizan of Dr. Hu Shih's "Remake Civilization Society" and read English well, though preferring to converse in Chinese. Calligraphist and amateur artist, he could readily grasp my meaning.

"Perhaps," he asked slyly, "imagination may console you for continence?"

A delicate proposition, that, in a man's army. "I notice," countered I, "few biographies, East or West, credit continence and virility to the same man. The latter you don't deny us. Overimagination flourishes where asceticism is hardly the rule. You know our motion-pictures and those who make them?"

He waved his long fingers. "Oh, yes. Whenever I'm depressed by a mood of self-disparagement such as we moderns suffer on comparing ourselves with the West, I take in one of those. If you have a better antidote, send it along. But of course, plays about you are no truer than your novels about us. Yet I have the impression your American imagination runs much to women, — they figure on calendars, magazine covers, on the stage, in newspapers so constantly. I have a theory it is because you are restricted to one. There is a lure in the forbidden. Your fascination for liquor is an instance, though that taste is acquired and can be forgotten. Your advertisers exploit you thereby, gain valuable attention with a slight outlay for colored ink."

He pointed to a cigarette poster on the wall. "Your tobacco company is trying it on us. Thus far, you notice, it has to combine considerable landscape with the ladies and still keeps them conventionally covered."

It was unusual and disconcerting for a Chinese to take the aggressive this way. But he regarded me as a mere sprout, and we had shared the same blanket three weeks. I set down my tea-bowl, which in the growing coolness of the Summer night, had a pleasant warmth between the hands.

"Yes," I had to admit, "they do. Yet it is not entirely lustful curiosity they exploit. Rather it is a fine thing, a feeling of deference that approaches reverence, I think, perhaps akin to that

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"From what I have gathered," my companion remarked offhandedly, "you of the West are not indifferent to feminine charm."

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which causes your peasants to pause before pictures of the demigods."

" — and similarly, a superstition?" He moved his bowl as if it were a chessman capturing a piece. I lifted and drained mine. My scented miss slipped up, refilled it, and backed demurely away.

"If you think our civilization oversexual," I resumed, "it may seem strange that we have thought that of yours."

"Excess is due to subjective tendency, it seems to me. Extreme monogamy excites by restriction; the other extreme, free love, by enlarged opportunity. Your Mormon pioneers, by report, were no roués. Your men who reject polygamy are just as sexual, I think, and your women, by the way, very egotistic. I mean that our women don't bait men just to gratify vanity, — if they encourage pursuit, they expect to give satisfaction.

"And this quality in a civilization is not to be measured by frequency of indulgence. To an Asiatic every phase of your life seems permeated with sex consciousness. From grammatical gender, — incredibly ludicrous to our students of your language, — through personifications of justice, ships, things high or low, concrete or abstract, to the sexward twist of your modern psychology, you are impressively sex minded. The emphasis put by novelists and even jurists, upon the sex act is a phenomenon to us. Apparently it is regarded as the crisis of life. It is a climax to romance, or, out of place, it is catastrophe irretrievable. Magical, mystical effects are imputed to it. Life can never be the same afterward."

"It does seem rather overplayed. Would you say this results from libido-denying conventions? How about Japanese sex literature?"

"Yes, Japan has never fully outgrown the influence of our sex era, the T'ang period. Yet the sex motive, even among the decadents who strive for vulgarity, is not too exclusively the centre of their plots as among you. I think if Japanese

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men were under restrictions like yours, their lack of "evil-mindedness", which charms you Westerners, would cease. The now modest nakedness would have to be covered. As it is, theatricals there can't succeed by displaying nudity. Risqué magazines are having a vogue, — but again it is the lure of the far-away. European, not Japanese figures are depicted."

"Yes, and many a staid American family man dreams of the South Seas or Paris. Possibly all his romance is in fancy only. Is he to be forbidden that, too?"

"Why? Is folly to be cured by prohibition? Some would sooner rely on education. If you really want a nation of saints, you might consider how disillusionment affected characters like Buddha and Augustine. But smart talk aside, we gather from some thousands of years' experience that arbitrary limits on man are not healthy, however good a degree of self-restraint may be. That old Frenchman in charge of our transport at Hankow tells me that you Americans are the only Westerners that pretend to singleness of sex experience. And it seems your experiment in the 'single standard' is not looking toward success. Better satisfy the body than discolor the mind."

Yawning, he leaned his head on his hand. One of the girls began to saw her miniature one-stringed banjo, and the other crooned softly.

The Chief of Staff regarded me whimsically. "You have been away from home nearly a moon. It will take three weeks to finish this war. . . . Do you Western men keep the head clear under long deprivation?"

"Some thrive, as you do, apparently. One might refrain from satisfying his need through a feeling of fair play."

He jerked his bony chin on to his palm and looked at me. "*Ai ya!* a strange idea. A wife comforted by her husband's misery!"

"Not just so, but by the thought that he is only hers. Man insists on the converse."

"Yes. Speaking of that, your bounds and limits seem ill-defined. A handclasp, a dance, in some circles a kiss, seem within the law."

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"There's no ambiguity with your bounds, is there? *Tung-fang*, 'adultery', simply means 'together in the room', does it not?"

"Yes. But is 'fair play' all that restrains your men?"

"Law and custom, of course. Frequently fear, — figuratively, the rolling-pin. Among higher motives, religion in a few cases. Very often, if nothing else, fidelity to pledge."

"Oh, yes, you're always making contracts. You do it in everything, instead of leaving matters to circumstances and personalities."

"— and you?"

"Well, our wedding is pageantry, a beginning, but not an unbreakable contract as to future procedure."

"Look here!" I flared. "It's exclusive enough for the woman. You've made a man's paradise. But your woman confines herself to one man and one she did not select. If we have female monopoly as fundamental, you have male selfishness."

He sat silently a while, shaking little rings in his tea. "Of course, I was speaking as a man. Our reformers now demand a system fairer to the woman. The old Chinese answer was that the clan family is fundamental. And for its sake, either men or women had to sacrifice liberty. It was man in Sumatra and in Tibet. But we think that generally women are better fitted to be happy under the restriction than men. Grant some exceptions, — they find natural place as our extra women. Sentimentally, women rather crave assurance of possession than romantic passion. Our system provides that more surely than yours. The Chinese wife owns her husband indefeasibly and her children in every material sense. She owns even the secondary women and their children as well, if any. She can not, of course, be sure of her husband's affections under any system.

"If the husband is infatuated with another, there need be no scandal. The intriguer, since she will have to take subordinate place in the household, has an unalluring prospect, generally. Yet her position has to have its formal recognition and it is legal and not against her as an honest woman.

"So we are spared the depravity, the strain and loss that go with concealed 'affairs'. Concomitant blackmail, suits for breach of promise, alienation of affection, and non-support have no ground. The liaison of a thoughtless hour can not give a woman a lifelong claim on a man's income. As for the 'other woman' she knows where she stands. Compulsory prostitution aside, — and

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"They are taught to entertain. They respond with solicitude and dignity according to a man's requirements."

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it is known in all lands, — she is either free on her own and her family's risks, or is a secondary wife.

"As in other matters, we are guided by practical humanity, less harsh than supernatural idealism. Our declassed are never so pushed down as with you, though never honored as are the chaste. You know, in Japan and Korea the woman of pleasure is a heroine, if she sacrificed herself from worthy motives, and is not excluded from honored wifehood later. In China an advance to secondary wifehood is usually her limit. But in no case is she at all ostracized. The most powerful and honored woman of modern China, the Empress Tzu Hsi, was a secondary wife. It used to amuse some of our people who knew your society to see your prim Victorian womanfolk vying for her favor. Of course, our tolerance is helped by realizing that irregularity does not necessarily imply any nastiness or erotic mania, — which your churchmen have taught you to assume, wherever their ordained ceremony is not invoked to prevent it."

We were quite at ease. No one expected anything else, if we chose to sit and talk. Visitors enter to enjoy the congenial atmosphere of these places. A moment of relaxation over the teacups, and they go on. With my friend courteously keeping me company, I was glad to maintain my rôle as neophyte in Oriental philosophy and elicit his ideas. I set down my bowl to remark: "It is noteworthy that, with all your liberality in regularizing, your most liberal rules are still transgressed."

He waved his hand about the room. "I daresay you find a decorum and sweetness here, none of the blatant bawdiness you'd expect in Occidental parallels to this place? We give no place for the reckless feeling of being devilish. Rowdy types do occur, especially among our idle rich. Yet, I ask you, is there anything salaciously suggestive in these 'Blossoms'?"

One had fallen asleep, curled up like a child on a large, flat cushion. The other sat at her feet, softly fiddling.

"They are taught to entertain. They respond with solicitude and dignity according to a man's requirements. Have you noticed in some of our lower grade newspapers the published cards of prostitutes? It's nothing for pride, — but the photos in their modesty might shame your seductively dressed society-page figures."

He tapped his plate, and the girls instantly jumped up and fetched the kettle that simmered on a charcoal brazier.

"It's remarkable how little lewd talk there is among men in

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China and Japan," I assented. "I spent three weeks with a Japanese ship's crew without hearing a smutty story. That would be the main line in a Western barracks. Pornographic suggestion is absent in Chinese literature and art, too. To balance it, there is a mass of Japanese fiction. There is Chinese profanity, too, and the coolie songs and their coolie custom whereby the improviser of the most shocking stanza gets the coveted post of gang leader. Maybe it is that with less variety at our feet, we Westerners require more sauce. At least we have the right to choose, — that is what your reformers see as our advantage."

"Yes, the young egotists, agitating for 'love marriage'. Really it is not love, but themselves they want to emphasize. Do you think that, among marriages upon impulse, love persists beyond the first infatuation any oftener than among our clan-arranged unions? Statistics not being available, one may only go by reason, and that is on our side. You may choose the girl. But is she the woman? The immature bud may turn out a delicate plum blossom, a garish and perfumed cherry bloom, a dogwood flower. I surmise that ten years after marriage, many a man among you learns he knew his bride as little to start with as the Chinese groom who saw his for the first time when he lifted her veil in the bridal chamber. I would favor modifying our customs to allow casual acquaintance and veto by the betrothed, as in Japan. But really, young people scarcely know themselves. The choice of their elders has at least something to go by."

"But grant that while the gambling device differs, the chances are even between us. Our system still has the advantage for the man, in that if love does not come, or turns to hate, there is chance of partial repair. He can not be condemned to hermitage in marriage or to childlessness, as with you.

"The wife is less fortunate, yet she has a secure place. She is daughter to her parents-in-law. Her husband must give her children. She remains secure as queen of his household and mother of his offspring and she requires his courteous respect. This our girls are taught to expect in marriage, with love an extra gift of fate. I mentioned the compensations of even secondary wifehood. Of course, there are failures and tragedies. Not every husband is like the sage Kang Yu-wei, who recommends his philosophy by the harmony between his wives. In jealousy and bitterness women 'eat gold'.* I have heard of the like among you."

*A euphemism for suicide. Suffocating by inhaling gold leaf was an aristocratic method.

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"Oh, yes. . . . But if polygamy is so advantageous, why don't more of you take to it?"

"Perhaps its availability makes it less sought after. And, of course, economic causes forbid it to the majority. It is notable that although peasant women work, farmers can not take extra wives to get cheap labor. Many wealthy are monogamous by preference. But often a secondary wife is adopted at the first wife's instance at the age of forty-five. The new woman becomes the husband's special attendant, while the older has time for the children and family affairs. Some of the newly rich carry the custom to excess. We feel that your system does not prevent that, and it is better for all concerned that their position be regularized before the law. The Japanese code, however, enforces monogamy. Through divorce, common especially among the lower classes, they have a sort of successive polygamy, like some of you Americans."

The Chief of Staff leaned back, lit a cigarette. A faint radiance stole into the half-lighted room. Looking through the open lattice work I saw a bulging moon streaming its light down the pointed, sway-backed roofs on to the flaming coxcomb bushes in the court. I turned back to my companion.

"That's an idealistic picture. It is a wonder how many young men of China are demanding to change such a system. What appeals more to me is a kind of common-sense philosophy of erotics which seems to be back of it."

He brightened and leaned forward.

"A young race is apt to confuse such matters. In several thousand years of experience, beginning with matriarchy, some things naturally seem clear to us. By the way, your philosophers and sociologists seeking little nuggets of wisdom in Eastern experiences neglect a great vein of wealth in the stream of our history. Our matriarchy was prehistoric, only to be traced in customs and in our writing. By the time of the earliest Odes, say, B.C. 2000, the sexes were equal in status. Growth of the clan family after that, restricted woman's freedom. Strict exogamy was the rule, and since daughters were to be lost to the clan, they came to be less desired, — another disability, though only incidental. Since women have benefited as much as any one by the resulting stability of society, I think the price involved for them was not too high. During the luxurious period of the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 600 to 900) we had our age of gallantry. The primary business of life

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among the upper classes was making love. Poets and artists progressed through the land from one courtship to another, and ladies aimed to attract gifted lovers. The reflex in Japanese noble circles is pictured in Lady Vermilion's *Tale of Genji*.

"Meng Hao-jen, one of those poets, gave the spirit of the time in his extravagant verse: 'To make prayers to the gods and to write songs to girls are of equal value, — provided the songs are sufficiently beautiful'."

"Yes," I interrupted, "I have liked to compare Meng with our Burns, and Li Po to a sort of combined Keats and Byron."

"But see how we have outgrown that foolishness!" He smacked his lips in relish of the thought.

"So maybe nations, like men, have to go through that stage. There's hope it would seem, even for the French. But, going back, you spoke of elements clear to you that younger nations confuse."

"Well, consider. I should say there are several phases to sex relationship to be considered separately. There are the indispensable social and economic formalities. Then there is procreation, a matter among us of perpetuating the organized clan. Third, I would mention sex satisfaction. Fourth, there is that higher sympathy and mutual completion alone worthy to be called love. We do not, like the Indians, run to mysticism. That last and more mystic union we expect to grow through comradeship, if at all. We are not hoping to meet some one Heaven-ordained affinity. Now, I ask, is it reasonable to expect one woman to satisfy a man in all these ways?"

"Well put! Yet my impression is that Chinese women are only one thing to you, an appeal to the senses. Rather to the finer senses, I admit, else the majority of customers at such charming places as this would not go away, as obviously they do, satiated with a song and a deftly poured cup. Still, the girls, for all your talk of humanness, are allowed but little human personality."

Again his whimsical smile, as he stroked the long fingers of his left hand with the right. "Your impression is accountable," he granted. "You have not seen the reverence accorded mothers, the responsibility granted household mistresses. You might be interested to know my similar impression as to your women. And I can not add your courteous word about the finer senses. Else, why bathing girls, beauty contests, your daring dress and dances? What is the leading rôle of woman in your picture plays and novels? Why, otherwise, all the dread of age? Our women take

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pride in age. Fortunes made by beauty parlors, rejuvenation nostrums, facial surgery, everything to increase sex appeal, measure your interest."

I held up my hands. "Enough! Humbly to conclude, may I revert to your analysis of the relations between the sexes to suggest one great possibility that you have omitted?"

"And that?"

"A partnership with full equality, the woman to have the same privileges, economic, social, intellectual, emotional, as those now commonly claimed by man."

He drew in his breath slowly and sat awhile looking at the moon.

"I know no reason why your world should not attempt it. Your family institution would go. Your clan went long since, sacrificed to the idol of individualism. To us old school Chinese that would be logical. What are squads, after the battalion is disbanded? If your women ask equal status, liberty for adventure, for self-expression, why not acquiesce? It is no doubt progress. Since stability and harmony rather than innovation and *progress* are our aims, we should not. But I don't see our women asking it, — except these 'New Types', of course. They may upset everything."

"Yes," I agreed, draining my cup. "They may. Perhaps the decision has lain with man long enough and it is time for it to revert to woman."

"Anything but matriarchy again!" he exclaimed, extending his fingers in the gesture of horror.

The Blossoms approached diffidently and curtsied. "The hour is late, August Grandfathers, and your weighty talk leaves no cranny for entertainment. May we abjectly petition to be dismissed?"

We arose. The Chief of Staff bowed to me. "May I *soong?*"

"Courtesy. I'll find my way without escort. You would better take these tired children home. You'll let me know my share of the dinner bill?"

"A bagatelle, — a bagatelle. *Ming-tee'ann jee'ann.*"

And I stepped into my 'ricksha.

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Borrowed Plumes

By H. Munro Fox

Secrets from Nature's Beauty Parlor

THE colors of animals are many and varied, and the coloring matters which give these numerous hues are themselves manifold. In the last fifteen or twenty years great advances have been made in our knowledge of animal coloring matters, and scientists now find it possible to classify them into a few simple groups. This can be done from two different points of view, — by the chemical nature of the dye stuffs themselves or by the way in which they are formed in the animal. It is a subject of intense interest.

Although it is not very generally known, one of the biggest groups of animal coloring matters has its origin in breakdown products. The ceaseless chemical processes going on inside of the body produce by-products, some of them colored, others not. Many of these by-products are thrown out by the body. But others may be stored up in the skin, and when these are colored bodies they contribute to the general hue of the animal. All animal black seems to be of this nature. Melanin, as the biologist calls the black substance, is formed by the breakdown of the living stuff, protoplasm. This latter is formed in large part, as everyone knows, of complex chemical substances called proteins. The complex protein molecules are all the time constantly being broken down, and one of their breakdown products is the black melanin. It is seen in human skin and hair, in black birds and fishes, in the cuttlefish's sepia ink, and in innumerable black worms and slugs. Melanin is merely a black waste from the point of view of the living animal's chemical exchange, but the melanin may be used for defensive purposes in a black skin or in the ink

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which the cuttlefish shoots out when danger threatens, just as a destroyer lays a smoke cloud around a battleship.

The black stuffs, then, come from the breakdown of proteins. But there is more than this. The microscopic cells which compose the living body have each of them a minute central body called a nucleus. Now, the proteins of the nuclei have their own colored breakdown products, but in this case they are not black. Uric acid is one of them. While most animals throw out their uric acid, some few make use of it for skin coloration. Such is the case with certain butterflies. The so called Cabbage White has yellowish patches on its wings, which are colored by uric acid, and the white, shining stuff called guanin which gives the shimmer to fishes is another result of the breakdown of the cell nuclei.

One last example of a most brilliant color due to breakdown, is indigo, which is formed from one part of the complex protein molecule. Most indigo is formed by plants, but not all, for the imperial purple is the same stuff, and, as I have already pointed out in a previous article, it was procured in Roman days from a sea snail which produced the purple as a waste product of its life activities.

Blue Blood in the Lower Classes

Another very important group of these pigments is that to which the red coloring matter of blood, hemoglobin, belongs. All chemical stuffs falling in this family of pigments have a complicated but very definite structure. Four chemical groups called pyrrols are joined together in the molecule by a metal. In the case of hemoglobin, this metal is iron. In the case of chlorophyl, the green coloring matter of plants, the metal is magnesium. Some animals, too, have another green stuff of very much the same sort, which contains iron and is found in the blood. For, strange though it may seem, there are creatures with green instead of red blood. These are certain worms living in the sea, and others again among the lower classes of animals, — crabs and the octopus, for example, — have blue blood, like the pure-bred Spaniard of fiction. The blue substance contains the metal copper. This is strange enough, for the shell-fish must obtain their copper from the sea water. Yet so little copper is present in the sea that chemical analysis can not detect it at all.

But pass on. For, leaving the colored breakdown products and the blood pigments with their metals, I propose to go on to a third

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big group of animal colors. These are red and yellow stuffs which have since half-way through last century been called lipochromes, — or, in other words, fatty colors. It is only quite lately that the real chemical nature of these colors has been discovered, and now that we know the facts, — as often happens, — they turn out to be remarkably simple. All that was known formerly about the yellow and red lipochromes was that they could be dissolved in those liquids which can also dissolve fats. Such bodies are ether, chloroform, and the like. Moreover their color is very sensitive to light and bleaches rapidly. This may happen even inside the bodies of animals, — goldfish, for example, grow paler in bright light.

These lipochrome colors are found far and wide in animals. They form the yellow of fat and of feathers, and the same pigments are found in frogs and in fishes. The pink flesh of the salmon, for instance, is tinted thus, while the lipochromes also give the red and yellow hues to many beetles, shells, starfish, and sponges.

Carrots and Yellow Flowers

Now modern research has unveiled the surprizingly simple fact that these so called lipochromes are one and the same stuff as the coloring matter of the red carrot, which is colored by a substance known to the chemist as carotin. It has an extremely simple make-up, for it contains carbon and hydrogen alone in its molecules, and it is not confined to the carrot in the plant world. Indeed, it constitutes the coloring matter of most yellow and orange flowers and fruits. The tomato, for instance, the red pepper, and the watermelon are colored thus, and even the green parts of plants contain carotin in fairly large quantities. It is true that the carotin here is masked by the green stuff, chlorophyl. But at harvest time, when crops ripen and the chlorophyl disappears, the yellow carotin is evident enough; and when plants are grown in darkness, — as for instance, grass in the garden under a board or beneath the garden roller, — these plants are yellow. The darkness prevents the green chlorophyl from being formed, and so the carotin is seen. It will be clear shortly how important is this presence of carotin in green leaves, when we come to consider whence animals get their yellow pigment.

Before, however, going on to the question of the origin of so called lipochromes in animals, we must touch on the colors of

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lobsters and crabs. It is a most amazing fact that not until two years ago did we discover why a lobster turns red when cooked, although this striking color change has been observed by generations of cooks and zoologists. Here again, now that the facts are known, they are surprizingly simple. Yet patient and careful research was required to clear them up.

Why the Lobster Turns Red when Cooked

Some crustaceans, like the lobster, are blue, while others, as many crawfish and crabs, are red. A green color, too, is found, for instance in the eggs of lobsters and in the shells of shore crabs. All these coloring matters, blue, red, and green, have this in common that they can be dissolved in water. When a piece of the animal's skin is rubbed up in a mortar with water, the pigment goes into solution in the water. It is clear at once that these colors are different from those we have called lipochromes, which could be brought into solution only in ether, chloroform, and so forth. When a watery solution of the blue, green, or red dye of our shell-fish is heated, it sets into a jelly or clot. And this clot is always red, no matter what color we started with. An immediate reddening is of course what happens when a lobster is cooked, and the blue in the lobster's skin and shell turns to red. If the clot in our experiment is shaken with ether or with chloroform, the red stuff passes over into the latter, the ether or chloroform takes on a red tint, while the clot becomes colorless. The next step in the research was to analyze chemically the red stuff in the ether. When this was carried out, the surprizing fact emerged that the red substance was nothing more or less than carotin. In animals, as we shall see, carotin may come straight from the plant food. The animal tissues are dyed with a plant waste product. In other instances, the animal apparently manufactures its own carotin, as we see to be the case with crustaceans. Here the carotin must be considered as a natural excretion or breakdown product, just as are melanin, guanin, and uric acid. Color as camouflage is necessary for both plants and animals.

So the carrot's color body which gives the yellow tint to so many flowers, fruits, and animals, is present also in the lobster and crab, but not as simple carotin, for not only may it be blue or green or red, but it is soluble in water. To what, then, is the simple carotin tacked on, so to speak, to give it these altered properties? The facts were discovered by analyzing the clot just

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spoken of. After the red carotin had been removed with ether, the colorless clot was analyzed and found to be composed of a protein. From this it was abundantly clear that in the lobster or the crab carotin is united to a protein. This complex stuff, carotin plus protein, is soluble in water and it may be colored red, green, or blue. When the lobster is boiled, then, the junction of carotin to protein is broken by the heat, and the red carotin emerges.

Nature's Mistakes

One final question will be asked: Why is the carotin when joined to protein sometimes blue, sometimes green, or sometimes red? This we do not yet know. Possibly a different variety of protein is concerned to make up each color. Nature may even make mistakes in this matter. A red lobster is exhibited alive at the London Aquarium just now, and I have seen a blue crawfish in a *vivier* in Brittany where they keep the catches alive until they are sent to the Paris market. At all events the carotin-protein dye can be formed very rapidly by the animals. There is a shrimp which turns blue regularly every night and loses the color again each morning. The formation of the blue color from carotin in the evening can be watched under the microscope through the shrimp's transparent skin.

Now that we know the chemical nature of the yellow and red colors of animals and of the lobster's blue, the next question to be solved is whence does the carotin come? Is it a waste product in the animal's economy, like the black melanin, the fishes' shining white guanin, or the butterfly's uric acid? Or has carotin in animals another source?

A slight digression must be permitted here. It is well known to biologists that living animals can be dyed artificially without injuring them. The two dyes most frequently used for this purpose are called methylene blue and neutral red. Transparent, colorless animals such as jelly-fish can readily be turned blue or red with these dyes while remaining in perfect health. Pigs, again, have been fed with madder, which gives their bones a pink color, and this procedure has been used to study the growth of bone. For if the madder is fed one day and not the next, the bone formed on the first day will show up as a pink layer. It has long been known that canaries become red when fed with red pepper. Both their feathers and the yolk of their eggs can thus be tinted, and even

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the skin of infants is said to take on a reddish tinge when they are given carrots to eat. Here then are definite cases of animals' borrowing a coloring matter from their food. Just as the jelly-fish were colored blue or red with dyes and the pig's bones were made pink by madder, so the canaries' feathers are stained with carotin, the coloring matter of red pepper.

Cattle Colored by Plants

One asks at once whether any other instances are known of carotin in animals that is borrowed from plants. A number of such cases have been proved. The yellow color of the fat of animals, for instance, is due to carotin. Experiments have been carried out to find whether the intensity of yellow in the fat varies or not with the feeding, and it has been found that this is indeed the case. The more plant food containing carotin that cattle get, the yellower becomes their fat. By withholding carotin from the food, — by giving artificial food, — the fat becomes paler in color. It is noteworthy that green food restores the yellow to the fat, and this is quite understandable in view of what has been said above of the quantity of carotin present in green leaves.

Thus many animals get their carotin, — or lipochrome, which is the same thing, — from their plant food; but there are other animals again which contain carotin, yet never eat plant food at all. They are entirely carnivorous. Is it possible that such creatures could borrow their yellow color? This does occur in certain cases of carnivorous animals, for they feed on other animals which in turn have got their carotin from their plant food. The following is a case which has been studied in detail. The Colorado beetle has yellow and red carotin in its integument. This it gets from its plant food. Now the beetle has a parasite called the stink-bug which preys on its young. This bug, too, is colored by carotin but steals it from its host, the beetle. The carotin of the parasite may be said to be not second- but third-hand.

It is evident, then, that in many cases animals do not manufacture their yellow and red coloring matter themselves. The plants do this for them, and the possibility then presents itself that perhaps all animal carotins are derived from plant food. Is there any evidence for this extreme view? Is no carotin at all manufactured by animals, but is it all second-hand?

Let us examine the case of the crustaceans again. Do crabs and lobsters also borrow their colors from plants? Straightway it may

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be said that if indeed they do so borrow their carotin, they must do so second-hand. They must behave like the stink-bug spoken of above, for these crustaceans do not eat plants at all. Most of them are scavengers and feed on the corpses of fish and shell-fish. Still, it would be possible for them to get their carotin in this way. Is there any evidence for or against this view?

When a dairy cow is made to fast the yellow color disappears out of the fat. The carotin returns only when more plant food is given to the cow. A crab, on the contrary, when made to fast loses none of its carotin. Here is a difference in behavior which is suggestive. Yet it in no way solves our problem. Let us attack it by another road.

In the crustacean, carotin is not diffused throughout the tissues as it is in fat or in the muscles of a salmon. The crab's carotin does not color all the cells, but on the contrary is collected in certain definite cells. These are star-like in shape and are called chromatophores. The chromatophores are scattered about among the other cells in the crab's skin, but they do not exist in equal numbers all over the skin. For the star-like cells with their carotin are found only on those parts of the crab which are exposed to light. That is to say, on the back and to a lesser extent on the sides. But they are absent on the under surface. What does this mean? Evidently that carotin is formed in the chromatophores with the help of light. Just as light is necessary to plants for the formation of their green chlorophyl, so it is a necessary factor in the production of carotin in crustaceans.

This being the case one can not suppose that the crab's and lobster's carotin is derived from plants. The animal makes it, with the help of light. It is quite evident, then, that while in many cases the yellows and reds of animals are borrowed plumage, in other instances animals manufacture their carotin for themselves.

The Reason for Yellow Coloring

What, then, is the meaning of this yellow carotin which we find so widely spread in plants and in animals? Does it play any rôle in the life of its possessors? Do the latter manufacture or borrow it for some definite purpose? Or is it quite useless to them? The carotin might have some most important function to perform. It might, for instance, be comparable to the red hemoglobin of the blood, which ferries oxygen from the lungs to the different parts of the body. Or it is conceivable that carotin could act in some way

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like the green chlorophyl of plants, with the help of which the plant makes sugar. Again, perhaps, carotin is merely a useless waste product. Is it in this way to be compared with the black melanin or the white guanin? In other words, is the yellow pigment a mere encumbrance to those which produce it or to those which are forced to absorb it with their food? These are all important questions to the physiologist, and questions which recent research has largely solved.

Petroleum and Amber

In plants carotin seems to be a true waste product. It is, as stated above, chemically a very simple body composed only of carbon and hydrogen. It resembles petroleum and amber in chemical structure, and these two are final breakdown products of plants. Carotin, too, appears to be of this nature. It is what the chemists call a very stable substance. In other words it is not easily altered or converted into something else. For this reason, when once formed, it stays unchanged and, when taken by animals with their food, it likewise passes without alteration into the living animal tissues. Carotin in plants, then, is to be looked upon as a by-product or an excretion. The plant does not want it but can not get rid of it. This does not mean, however, that it is never put to any secondary uses. The black melanin of animals is a stuff thrown away as it were, yet it may serve to form a black coat for concealment or for protection from the sun's rays. In just the same way carotin, although it is a by-product of the chemical works of the living plant, nevertheless like the by-products of many factories is used.

There are two principal uses which carotin is made to serve in the plant. In the first place, it acts as a screen to prevent injurious action of light. To make this clear, it must first be explained that the various chemical processes going on in the living plant are all of them speeded up by ferments. Sugar, for instance, is continually being oxidized, and this is what is called respiration. Now sugar can be oxidized in a laboratory only by being burnt. In other words, a very high temperature is necessary. Obviously this would be impossible in the plant, for the living substance would be destroyed by the heat, and so in the plant the high temperature is replaced by a ferment, which brings about the same result, and the sugar is oxidized. In the plant these essential ferments, or enzymes as they are called, are numerous. But it happens that

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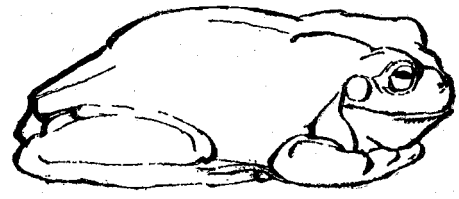
these ferments are destroyed by too much light and particularly by the violet rays; and here carotin steps in, for it is just these violet rays that carotin stops. This is the reason why carotin is reddish-yellow. It stops the blue and violet rays of the rainbow colors into which white light can be split. When the blue and violet rays are stopped, the red and yellow remain, so that we see the carotin of these tints; and since carotin stops the violet, the latter can not harm the ferments.

This is one use to which the by-product carotin is put. The second use is of quite a different sort. As stated above, most of the red, orange, and yellow flowers owe their colors to carotin, but not all, for primrose yellow is a different pigment. Every one knows that the reason why flowers have colors is not to delight the eye of man but to attract insects. The plant has need of flying insects to carry pollen from one flower to another. This crossing gives hardier offspring. Carotin, then, in the flowers, subserves this task. It acts as a lure.

The animal, however, like the plant, can take advantage of its waste stuffs and utilize them. In numerous instances yellow skins make animals resemble their surroundings and so more easily escape their enemies. Others again seem to advertise their offensiveness by bright colors. Such are wasps and venomous snakes. Yet in other cases it is hard to see how the colors can be of any utility. Blue, green, and red crustaceans seem to lead equally happy lives in the sea, side by side with one another, although arrayed in such different hues.



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THE CHAOS CALLED COLLEGE

Need of Educational Values

GEORGE THOMAS WHITE PATRICK

WHAT is wrong with our colleges? — a question often asked but seldom answered. Here Mr. Patrick approaches it in relation to the larger question: "What purpose should the college fill in the society of the twentieth century?" With our waning faith in Liberty, Equality, Democracy, Science, — the gods of nineteenth century Liberalism, — "our young people are very much at sea as to the sanctions of good behavior." It becomes the duty of the college, therefore, to create a new ethical consciousness.

IF it be true, as we hear so often, that our colleges and universities have lost contact with the actual "new world" in which we live, this has happened at a most unfortunate time. Never has the future of our Western culture been so uncertain, never have the time-honored agencies of social control, — civil law, custom, religion, — been so inadequate to check social disorganizing forces, never was educational guidance so necessary. There are many who believe that our civilization has outgrown the capacity of the human intellect to manage it. Increasing populations and constantly enlarging demands upon life do not make a safe combination. Social evolution has gone on with startling rapidity, but the development of intelligence has not kept pace with it, nor are we much encouraged in this respect by the falling birth rate among those classes where intelligence is marked. Our political problems have become so difficult that our legislative bodies are no longer capable of solving them. This has resulted in a loss of confidence in our congresses and parliaments and a resort to the rule of dictators and oligarchies. Since the War, in fact, there has been a general loss of confidence in those principles and institutions which scarcely two decades ago so many of us thought were to redeem the world, — democracy, efficiency, organization, applied science, invention, and discovery. In those days we were still under the spell of the nineteenth century with its identification of evolution and progress and its glowing faith in science. The increase of wealth, the mastery of the forces of nature, the conquest of disease were at last to relieve us from the "pain economy" of the ages and introduce us to the new "pleasure economy" of which we had long dreamed. The abolition of poverty also promised the dawn of righteousness, for the full dinnerpail would lessen the motives for crime.

Even now we can scarcely realize the extent of our disillusion-

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ment. In America the era of wealth and prosperity has not resulted in a decrease of crime, but in an increase. It appears that while men will commit crimes when hungry, they will commit more when well fed. In prosperous America we have proportionally about sixteen times as many criminal homicides as less prosperous England has. We are indeed bewildered by our waves of crime, by our indifference to the sanctity of law, by the increase of divorce and immorality, by the open paganism of our modern fiction, by the absence of social indignation against the salacious magazines that flood our bookstalls, and by the decadence of the theatre to the level of the moving pictures.

But of all the disappointments of the post-war period, perhaps the greatest are our loss of confidence in democracy and our declining faith in applied science, the two things held almost in reverence previous to the War. Of course this does not mean that our belief in the ultimate triumph of democracy or in the value of applied science is lost. It means first that we are not sure whether the average of intelligence is at present high enough in any country to insure the success of democracy. In order that parliamentary government shall not become the scene of skirmish and intrigue and in order that devotion to the common good shall not be sacrificed in our legislative bodies to personal and party interests, our congresses and parliaments must be composed of really educated men; for we still hope that, if we could select our best brains for positions of political and social service, our servants of the state might prove equal to their high calling.

And as regards our declining faith in applied science, this again does not mean that our belief in the value of science can ever falter, for science is nothing but knowledge. It means only that we have been greatly disillusioned as to the actual value of the contributions of the natural sciences to human welfare. They have contributed enormously to temporary human comfort and enjoyment, but it is not as yet clear that they have contributed to real social well-being. The trouble, of course, is not in the increase of scientific knowledge but in the direction in which it has been applied.

Science has been so brilliantly applied to the art of war that even the man on the street has become convinced that another big war would undo all the constructive work of all the sciences. It has been applied to the creation of wealth so successfully that the latter has outstripped the moral capacity of man to manage it.

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And it has been applied to medicine and surgery so successfully that there is danger that each generation will be ever more in need of their protective agencies, since medical science is not directed to increasing resistance to disease but to finding remedies and removing causes. Science can heal the sick, lower the death rate and the birth rate, make us rich and comfortable, but it has not yet made us better either physically, mentally, or morally; and in the long run social morale and social health and social safety will depend upon the physical, mental, and moral fibre of our men and women, not upon the conquest of space and time, nor upon accumulated riches, not upon heaped up comforts and conveniences, nor upon smaller families and lengthened life-span. Science has given us a wealthy and comfortable society, well pasteurized and sanitized, but not well disciplined and not growing in physical health nor in mental capacity nor in moral balance.

All this does not mean that we are headed for social disaster, although that is possible. It means only that we have arrived at a time in social evolution when a new account of values must be made. Just at present the word "bewilderment" represents the prevailing mental attitude of those who observe social tendencies and reflect upon them. It is not, of course, the mental attitude of the majority, among whom the astounding material prosperity of the moment has induced merely a superficial optimism.

As an illustration of our social bewilderment, most of us are still thinking in terms of the contest waged at Versailles eight years ago between the principles of the old European diplomacy of rival nations on the one hand and a new and strange gospel of democracy and self-determination amplified in President Wilson's papers on the other. But it already appears that the future of Europe and America is to be determined by neither of these motives, but by new and unsuspected economic and industrial forces, of which we then took little account. When nations quarrel and fuss and demand their armies to protect their jealous nationalism, the banker quietly steps in and achieves a unification that a League of Nations is impotent to effect. Despite the skepticism about the League of Nations and the Security Pact of Locarno and despite the persistence of national hatreds and suspicions, nevertheless a long period of comparative peace is probably in store for us, so that the question whether our civilization is such as to survive a continued period of peace has become a serious one. We have precedents in history by which we can judge of the prob-

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able course of events when controlled by the old and familiar political motives, but we have nothing to guide us in predicting the outcome of the strange new industrial, commercial, and psychological forces now in evidence. In the event of a possible war, for instance, it is even conceivable that we shall be more interested in filming the battles than in winning them.

But we must not infer that our social problems, however perplexing, are hopeless of solution. Suppose, for instance, that in the next fifty years a considerable portion of the intellectual effort which has been devoted to the perfecting of the automobile, the conquest of the air, the discovery and development of oil fields, the promoting of the filming industry, the perfecting of instruments of war, not to speak of many other fields of material expansion, should be devoted to the problems of social welfare, including the improvement and education of the human units of which society is composed, — then indeed we could hope for a happy solution of our social problems.

Our new task will be to find out whether the values which the nineteenth century rated so high are after all the highest values. Possibly the values preached to us so long from every pulpit and platform, — namely, Liberty, Equality, Efficiency, Opportunity, Organization, Science, and Invention, — are not the values which the twentieth century needs. They have come down to us as a tradition from early struggles against intolerance and autocracy. Perhaps a new set of values is demanded by the new conditions of the twentieth century. Or if these old values are indeed the supreme ones, then it may be necessary to determine what social conditions are required so that our children and their children may continue to enjoy that full, free, and abundant life, that liberty and opportunity, which we have come to prize so dearly. Possibly we shall find that the peculiar conditions of the twentieth century with its surging populations and its ever growing demands upon life call for a new table of values, in which discipline and restraint shall take the place of the expansive centrifugal virtues of the past decades.

Perhaps we shall discover that our beloved individualism and love of freedom do not fit in with the conditions of a world of crowded communities not too well selected biologically. Perhaps the great scientific discovery of the present century will be that it is not the wealthy, comfortable, and free society, but only the ethical society which will survive. It may be that we have amassed

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as much wealth and discovered as many of Nature's secrets as we can profitably use for the present. It may be that it is time now to inquire into the sources of social morale, — to learn how hundreds of millions of people, whose individual wants have become very exacting, can live together in vast communities when the authority of custom has waned and when religion and patriotism no longer restrain men from evil by a passionate devotion to duty or the State.

It appears then that, if our civilization is to survive, it will not be by the abolition of war, nor by the discovery of new sources of material energy, nor by any increase of knowledge in the realm of the physical sciences, but by the organization of intelligence in the direction of social welfare. The Baconian age is drawing to a close and the task of the future is other than that proposed by Francis Bacon. Macaulay said of Bacon that it was not his purpose to make men perfect but to make imperfect men comfortable, — truly a dangerous quest.

Two things we may learn from the foregoing brief review of the social situation. The first is that the hope of the future lies in education. The second is that the direction of education must be much more towards social morale and cooperative living, and the direction of scientific study much more towards a knowledge of the conditions of social welfare. All this will help us to understand how the rift has occurred between our institutions of learning and the real life of the present. The difficulty arises in part from the recent phenomenal increase in the number of students of both sexes who enter our colleges and universities. Some of these will be leaders in society, many will be just citizens. The great increase in wealth in families where there are children to educate, the absorbing interest in college athletics, and the attractiveness of the social life of the college are among the causes which are drawing the throngs to these institutions.

But our college and university curriculum was never designed for these crowds of youth, both young men and women. It grew up generations ago to supply a certain kind of culture for the relatively few young men who thirsted for something called higher learning. They were eager for knowledge, — for knowledge of ancient languages, of mathematics, of logic and philosophy, of esthetics and history of art, of general history, of other modern languages than their own. The universities supplied this cultural knowledge.

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Then came the age of science in the nineteenth century and the university curriculum was enlarged to meet the demand of the few who sought a knowledge of the new sciences, — physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, and many others. There was a new demand also for all the scientific and technical knowledge leading to the practice of medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, engineering, and law. The modern industries needed specialists, technically trained men, conversant with their special scientific subjects. They needed men with new ideas, fertile in thought, inventive, original, capable of research. And the universities enlarged the curriculum to meet all these demands.

We may say that before the War, if the function of a college or university is to supply what the spirit of a particular age demands, — and this is certainly *not* their primary purpose, — then the college was functioning perfectly. It provided culture for the few who sought it; it provided science for those needing it for their several callings; it provided technical knowledge in all the arts and sciences. Not only that, the universities themselves began to establish special laboratories furnished with all the apparatus for research, and the professors became no longer teachers merely, but researchers, original investigators, discoverers of new laws and indeed of new worlds. More and more they become specialists, — biologists, biochemists, morphologists, bacteriologists, entomologists, paleobotanists, embryologists, electrical engineers, and nutrition experts; and each was prized and rewarded in proportion as he added to the sum of knowledge in his special field and published his researches in a book.

And so we have the university of to-day. It provides culture for the culture seeker and science for the science seeker. It offers splendid opportunities for research for those who thirst for original investigation and is itself a fountainhead of new knowledge. Certainly this is a noble program.

The difficulties are two. In the first place, of the thousands of young men and women who crowd up to the modern university from city, town, and countryside a large number have no really serious desire for either culture or scientific subjects. They do not thirst for knowledge of mathematics, philosophy, history, ancient or modern languages, or natural science. The scale of values of these young people has been formed in a world of distorted values, so that they do not fully appreciate the opportunities for real culture which a modern university offers. Consequently, the work

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of the classroom becomes somewhat perfunctory, the interest being partially sustained by grades, honors, degrees, and admission to professional schools, while the vital interests of the student turn to extracurricular activities, to athletics and social life, or to certain subjects within the curriculum which do, indeed, touch our modern life somewhat closely, such as journalism and dramatics.

Thus the university of to-day is a centre of learning only so far as the faculty is concerned. Otherwise it is largely a social and athletic centre. The lack of interest on the part of the students in purely academic pursuits would not be so serious had they been trained in habits of rigid discipline, for then they would master a given cultural subject with or without interest.

The second difficulty with the college and university program is still more serious. It consists in the fact that our changed and changing world and the approaching crisis in our Western civilization set a new task to our schools and demand a changed curriculum. This new task is the mobilization of the nation for cooperative living. The primary need of the period on which we are now entering is for good citizens, and the primary task of the college and university is to take this army of young men and women and make them good citizens and leaders of good citizens, and furnish them with a sense of civic responsibility. This our colleges should do for all the youth, whether as individuals they are to be lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men, or just fathers, mothers, voters, and members of society.

The educational ideal of ancient Greece was to train its youth for citizenship. This was also the ideal of the early American college. The original charter of Yale College stated that this school was established to train the youth of the colony for public service in the Church and in civil State. "The founders wished," said ex-President Hadley, "to develop a body of freemen who could shape public opinion and administer public affairs with the wisdom necessary for the safety of the commonwealth." Although some such statements can be found in college catalogs or in commencement addresses now, they are mostly mere gestures. The real aim of the American arts college is in other directions. It is cultural and vocational. Its aims, as expressed by representative university leaders, are to provide "opportunities for liberal culture", "a high standard of scholarship," "resourcefulness in leisure," "a foundation for professional study," "the power of expression and communication," and to encourage "the spirit of

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fearless disinterested critical thought", and the "harmonious development of powers".

Of course it is true that college and university leaders are aware of the new social situation and the need of a more or less radical revision of the course of study. The various orientation courses and the courses in contemporary thought and civilization are all attempts to make the new adjustment. In very few of these new courses, however, has the distinct ethical and political need found expression, although it has found expression in many recent books and articles. The report of a committee working under the direction of the Commonwealth Fund expressly says that "education, broadly conceived, is especially concerned with developing the habits of thought, emotional response, and behavior that are basic to the successful operation of a cooperative living."

It is very probable that the universities of the future will, — like Plato's Academy at Athens, the first great university of which we know, — make one of its principal aims the training of men for political leadership. It will try to impart a sense of civic responsibility to all its students, but there will be a selected few who will be trained directly for public service. In proportion as our population becomes crowded and our civilization complex, we shall need our best men, fitted with the best possible education and training, to fill the places of responsibility in the government. If it be true, as we so often hear now, that our legislative bodies are losing the respect of the world, it is because we have not chosen either our best men or our best trained men for these positions. Big business and big commercial and industrial enterprises and scientific invention and discovery have attracted the best brains of the land. But the twentieth century needs its best men for positions of responsibility in the State.

The task of the present and the future is to master the vital national, international, social, and ethical problems which a highly complex civilization has thrust upon us. The college and university must not shrink from their part of this task. Our young people to-day are very much at sea as to the sanctions of good behavior. They have come to distrust the older sanctions, the threats of personal disaster following in this or in a future life upon the infringements of moral laws; and it is time that they should come to understand fully and distinctly the relation of the individual to society and the certainty of national and social disaster following the violation of the laws of essential

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morality. Furthermore, if there is any doubt as to what this essential morality is, it should be the business of our institutions of higher learning to find out just what it is; give us a new decalogue if the old decalogue is at fault; and teach us that unless these laws are obeyed we shall perish, for the simple and obvious reason that the laws in question are the minimum conditions of survival. Morality to many people seems to mean nothing any longer except a lot of outgrown conventions. It is quite time to have it clearly understood that morality is a matter of life and death. It is concerned with that kind of behavior on the part of the individuals which shall make cooperative living possible for successive generations in a highly complex society where individual demands are very exacting. It should be made plain that what would happen in a social group when morality fails is what would happen in a group of animals when instinct fails. No doubt whatever should be left in the minds of our young people that there *are* moral laws, — and *that these laws have teeth.*

The president of one of our great universities in an article published in 1924 made the following statement, which represents a common view of the purpose of higher education: "The university is a temporary retreat from the world where young men and young women may breathe the air of freedom and achieve emancipation from the obsolete dogmas, the unworthy loyalties, the irrational inhibitions, the tribal conformities, and the cowardly cautions that crush and kill the uneducated man."

In quite a different spirit I should say that the university is a part of the life of the present, where young men and young women may learn the fundamental laws of social welfare, may acquire a sound knowledge of the essentials of political and ethical science, may cultivate an attitude of respect for the laws of the state and come to understand the imperative need of discipline and the limitation of desires in a centrifugal and expansive age. If it were true that the gospel of freedom and emancipation is the gospel needed in the life of to-day, one might venture the suggestion that our college and university students will in any case get all they need of it from the pages of our current fiction.

Our colleges must not develop a spirit of doubt and critical aloofness, but awaken and encourage a sense of responsibility to society and the State and a genuine community enthusiasm. They must not cause our youth to lose touch with the world but to get in touch with it.

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FERDINAND AND THE TASTE FOR CHEESE

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Drawings by Johan Bull

WHEN Mr. Mistletoe was born, the fairies held a meeting in the good old-fashioned way. And, just as happens in the stories, there was a malicious fairy among them, who was annoyed about something or other, and expressed her feelings by a mischievous magic. "My gift," said this bad fairy, "is that every evening, towards midnight, he shall have an irresistible impulse to raid the ice-box. And of the things he will find in the ice-box he shall be specially fond of cheese."

The ill-natured fairy's idea was that cheese, eaten largely at bedtime, is indigestible. She supposed that this would keep Mr. Mistletoe awake. But one of the other fairies came cleverly to the rescue. "*My* gift," said this far-sighted spirit, "is that he shall have so excellent a digestion that not even the cheese shall disturb him."

Mr. Mistletoe grew up and fulfiled his destiny, which is simply another way of saying that he was, quite unconsciously, obedient to the commands of the mysterious fairies who had power over him. He did eat a great deal of cheese, late at night; and his digestion was so efficient that he was rarely the worse. All this is just a preface to the real story.

The story deals with a mouse in the pot-closet. The pot-closet was in the kitchen, and the latch was broken, so that the closet door stood a little ajar. This enabled the mouse, whose name was Ferdinand, to go out for cautious expeditions in the dark. It had to be done carefully, for there were many dangers. But Ferdinand had heard rumors, from mice who lived in other parts of the house, that under Mr. Mistletoe's couch, in his study, there were often magnificent harvests of cheese crumbs. That couch, you see, was where Mr. Mistletoe lay, late at night, reading detective stories and munching cheese. He was allowed to do as he liked in that room: no one was even supposed to do any housecleaning there without warning him first. That was a privilege such as few men have, but Mr. Mistletoe was exceptional. Mrs. Mistletoe was very patient with him.

Ferdinand, therefore, having heard of this treasure trove, was

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eager to investigate. It was not easy. In the first place, it was only when the swinging door from the kitchen into the dining room had been hitched open that he could start in that direction. Many a time the closed door prevented him from getting farther. Even then, if he got safe into the dining room, terrors beset him. Footsteps creaked overhead, Donny breathed heavily, or he fancied he heard a cat. Then he would fly wildly back to the safety of the pot-closet. It is all very well for a mouse to say to himself, safe in the shelter of the oatmeal boiler, that this time he is going to be brave and not let anything scare him. A mouse's legs move faster than his mind: when he hears a sound in the dark house he always runs first and thinks about it afterward. If you are a mouse, that is the safest plan.

One night Ferdinand got safely through the dining room, through the living-room, and as far as the door of the study. He paused on the sill, and his small jeweled eyes glittered with excitement at the scene before him. All was plainly visible, for Mr. Mistletoe had fallen asleep with the light still burning, — as he often did: perhaps that too was the influence of the bad fairy. Those two large objects overhanging the end of the couch were evidently his feet. But it was the gathering underneath the couch that caused Ferdinand's nose to tremble with desire. It was a kind of picnic. Among several pairs of slippers and a book that had tumbled when their host fell asleep, sat several of Ferdinand's friends, enjoying crumbs of crackers and cheese. They waved to him gaily. "Hurry up!" they squeaked. "It's Roquefort!" Their mouths were so full as they spoke that Ferdinand could hardly make out what they said. But his nose had already explained it to him. Roquefort was the kind of cheese that he favored most of all.

He was about to dash under the couch and join them when he heard heavy pads on the floor behind him. Donny, roused by the squeaking, was coming in. In another instant Ferdinand's retreat would have been cut off.

He did not wait to argue. With one frantic scurry he looped out of reach of Donny's drowsy paws and was back in the dining room. But return to the kitchen was impossible. There in the doorway was Fourchette, her eyes green as two starboard lights. The desperate mouse gave a wild leap to the nearest place of refuge. It was the keyboard of the piano. The instrument was open, for Junior had been strumming there after supper, and the

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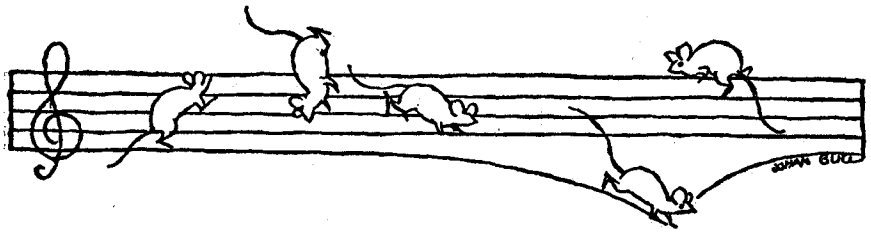

music rack was pulled out, leaving a small opening. Ferdinand fled into the inside of the piano just as Fourchette sprang for him. There was a heavy crash of bass notes as she landed fiercely on the ivory keys. Donny growled, Mr. Mistletoe woke with a start. Perhaps he thought it was a burglar, for he went first to the sideboard where the silver spoons were kept. Evidently he was puzzled, for next he went and looked carefully at the piano. Perhaps he decided that the noise was a dream, due to the cheese. But he noticed that the piano had been left open, and he closed the lid and the music rack. Ferdinand was trapped.

Unlucky Ferdinand! At first he gave himself up to despair. The inside of a piano is an uncanny place for a mouse to be lost. How he longed for the comfortable pot-closet, for the oatmeal boiler and the baby's saucepan where he was so much at home. As he ran miserably to and fro among the crowded mechanisms of the piano his paws made queer, ghostly shivers of sound on the wires. This angered Donny and Fourchette. He could hear them sniffing and miauling outside. After a hurried exploration of the place, which seemed to him as large and tall as a cathedral, he was convinced that no escape was possible. But then a surprizing discovery elated him. The front of the piano was full of crumbs.

That needs explaining. Mr. Mistletoe's love of eating between meals, given him by the Bad Fairy, must have been inherited by his boy Junior. For Junior liked to nibble biscuits, cookies, or a slice of cake, while doing his music practice. The family had all wondered at the queer tone of the old piano. They had supposed that the unusual sound of some of the notes was due to the damp weather; a piano tuner would have been summoned long ago except that Mr. Mistletoe went quite wild at the thought of a piano tuner in the house when he was trying to work. But what the piano really needed was not a tuner but some one to clean out the crumbs.

Ferdinand proceeded to do just that. He made himself very comfortable and was so busy eating that he almost forgot his dangerous situation. When, the next day, Junior sat down to strum tunes, Ferdinand was badly alarmed for a while. The noise,

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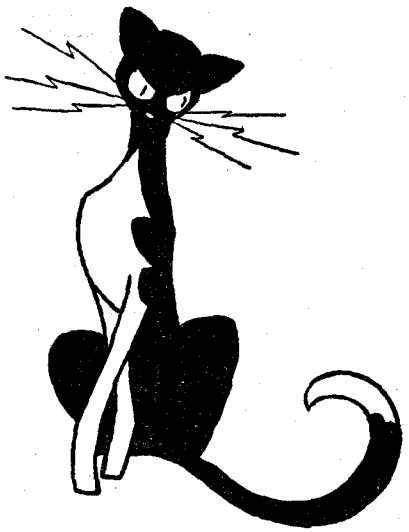

heard from inside, was rather terrible, and of course Ferdinand did not understand it. When Junior played the Star Spangled Banner Ferdinand was much too shaken to stand up and salute. He supposed it was a very severe thunderstorm, and his whiskers went a little gray with fright. But the playing did not last long, and then he discovered a very generous deposit of fudge crumbs up toward the treble end of the keyboard, and that consoled him.

How long Ferdinand stayed inside the piano I do not know. It must have been several days, for he had time to get quite fat on his rich diet. Then came Helen's birthday (she was six). Mr. Mistletoe wanted to compose a folk-dance in honor of the occasion. He knew nothing at all about music, but he enjoyed sitting down sometimes to play random chords and invent tunes of his own that came into his head. He played very forcibly, with much attention to the bass and a strong foot on the loud pedal.

The tune that he composed for the birthday was supposed to give a suggestion of Helen going upstairs to bed. It began with a series of chords climbing slowly, reluctantly, upward. That was Helen going unwillingly up the stairs, her brown eyes looking sorrowfully over the banisters. Then there was a sudden scamper of music trotting down again. That was Helen thinking of a good excuse for one more return to civilization. There followed a little airy skirmish of melody representing her pleasure at being allowed to stay a few moments longer. Then the tune, very solemnly, pursued her up-stairs again to the nursery with strong parental chords, hoisted her into bed with a definite thump, and said, "No nonsense, now! Not another word!"

Mr. Mistletoe was pleased with this music. He played it with enthusiasm, and the uproar was so vast that poor Ferdinand was frightened almost out of his wits. He ran wildly to and fro inside, thinking the world was coming to an end. And now he had grown so stout that when he trod on the delicately balanced little hammers his weight made them strike the wires, and dainty thrills of

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sound were added to the notes Mr. Mistletoe was playing. It was really a duet: Mr. Mistletoe outside and Ferdinand inside. The little undercurrent of swift shimmering grace-notes, contributed by the frightened hurry of Ferdinand's racing paws, gave the tune just the sweet pathos of a little girl climbing reluctantly to bed. But Mr. Mistletoe did not guess this. He took all the credit to himself, and merely believed that he was playing better than he had ever done before. "Really," he thought, "the old piano is in better condition than I supposed. It's getting back its tone. I do believe I should have been a composer. This is really wonderful!" He finished the tune with a rolling volley of harmony and sat back waiting for applause.

To his amazement, although his hands were now off the keyboard, a thin little music went on, streaking runs of notes, twinkling up and down. He stared and then he pulled open the music rack. Out flashed Ferdinand and was on the floor with one spring. Luckily the kitchen door was open, and in the twinkling of four feet he gained the safety of the pot-closet.

Mr. Mistletoe was looking the other way at that instant, so he did not see Ferdinand dart out and speed across the room. He often wondered why he could never again play the tune "Helen Going to Bed" with such skill and such a richness of wistful melody. Certainly he never guessed that in a way it all went back to the Bad Fairy who makes both mice and men crave cheese late at night.

Ferdinand still lives in the pot-closet. His adventure cured him of his habit of dangerous roaming. It is just as well, for his hearing is no longer as sharp as a mouse's needs to be. The rolling thunders of sound that he lived with inside the piano made him a little deaf.

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CHICAGO, HANDS DOWN

"Big Bill" and Politics

A Forum Investigation by KATE SARGENT

HOW did King George come to be involved in Chicago politics? And, by the way, who is King George?

Last month THE FORUM'S *special investigator in Chicago wrote a "psychoanalysis" of the city in which she explained the curious conditions that have given Chicago its extraordinary reputation among American cities. In her second article she diagnoses political rather than social conditions. For the first time it is clear just what King George has to do with it all, — a point which has puzzled everybody outside of Chicago and a good many in it.*

She describes in detail the incredible political success of "Big Bill" Thompson, the present mayor, his hold upon the crowd, the psychology behind it, and his capacity as "master hypnotist" in politics. It is sheer hypnosis, in Mrs. Sargent's view, that has kept Chicagoans indifferent to the questions that really matter and busy with those that don't. But the hypnotic trance shows signs of ending. What then?

IT was a quite simple demonstration of posthypnotic suggestion that the people of Chicago gave at the polls last Spring. The mayoralty election had all the earmarks of a national event. Big Bill, the master hypnotist, saw to that. He ventured upon only one local issue, the "wide open" city. For the rest, he chose international matters: opposition to the World Court and a warning to King George to keep out of Chicago. It was swashbuckling in the grand style, and the fact that these questions had nothing to do with the mayoralty gave no trouble whatever. Chicago rose to him. Under the fascination of his peculiar genius it fell into a hypnotic sleep; sang when he told it to sing, groaned when he told it to groan, waved imaginary flags when he shouted "America First!" and became obediently inflamed over the predatory designs of King George upon Chicago.

Making his passes, the hypnotist commanded: "You will now forget the real needs of Chicago until after the election. You will not think of traction or subways, Samuel Insull, campaign funds, graft at City Hall, or anything at all about my previous administrations. If these things are mentioned, you will not hear. You will bear in mind that King George wants to run your affairs and

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you will vote for Big Bill, and he will defy King George and protect you."

Now, the rallying cry about King George had a double significance and was characteristic of both the man and the campaign. It was in fact, a campaign of *double entente*. More than one slogan had two interpretations. Racial and religious issues underlay the election, but cropped up only in camouflage. One of these was the Catholic-Protestant division.

Thompson's principal opponent, former Judge William E. Dever, then Mayor and running for reelection, is a Roman Catholic. As a brother Catholic official told this writer, the ex-Mayor "doesn't work very hard at it," — in other words, he allowed no religious prejudices to influence his political actions. He had given a clean administration, at least in intention, spending his energy on morale, not on personal aggrandizement or public monuments. The great Eucharistic Congress, however, held in Chicago during Dever's administration, had sent a ripple of alarm through the Protestant stronghold.

Big Bill was probably not much alarmed, but he saw the political possibilities of that ripple. Nominally a Protestant, he also does not work very hard at his profession of religious faith, although indefatigable at that of being a Republican. In some way he managed to inject the religious issue into the campaign. From many quarters of the city and from widely divergent interests, came to THE FORUM's investigator the information that "KING GEORGE" meant, not George V of England, but George Cardinal Mundelein, Chicago member of the Papal Council. Thus, when Big Bill declaimed that he would "make King George keep his snoot out of Chicago" it meant two things to two factions: the Protestant voters heard a call to arms against the Catholic Church; the Irish Catholics, a large element in the city, heard only an appeal to an age-old, racial, deep-seated, and flaming hatred of England.

It was one of the most astute maneuvres in political history. Both factions rallied to the cry. Thousands of Catholics flocked to vote for the man whose note of alarm against the Eucharistic Congress they interpreted as a war-cry against the British King; while thousands of Protestants who troubled themselves very little about Great Britain or the World Court cast their ballots for Thompson in the conviction that they were putting a spoke in the inexorable wheels of Rome.

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"It was a straight Protestant-Catholic election," one school of local augurs will tell you. Another school will explain, with equal finality, "It was a straight wet-and-dry election." Does Big Bill, the Magician, in the privacy of his own vine and fig-tree, ever look in the mirror and put his tongue in his cheek?

The cry of a wide open city was another slogan of twofold virtue. At face value, it meant non-enforcement of the unpopular prohibition laws; but that vast underworld that has seethed up to the surface so continually in Chicago as almost to belie its generic name supported Thompson in the knowledge that the phrase meant *laissez faire* for all the vice and gambling dens in the city. This knowledge has been justified by subsequent "reorganization" in the police department. A group of officers known to be Dever supporters, who, in accordance with Dever policies, had been active in prosecuting liquor violators and disreputable establishments, were suspended and summoned to headquarters. There the men were put through a sort of third degree as to their political activities before election. One, accused of having attended certain Dever rallies, freely admitted it, explaining that he had been assigned there by his captain to maintain order, as is customary at all political meetings. He was threatened with prosecution by the State's Attorney, and was treated to a bluff of calling up that official and of being led downstairs; a *démarche* that collapsed ludicrously when our hero refused to quail and showed every sign of "going through with it".

After months of idleness the group was finally tried by three members of Mayor Thompson's Civil Service Commission, found "guilty", and dismissed. They took an appeal, which was pending before the Supreme Court when this was written. The ostensible charges were neglect of duty,—allowing houses of vice to operate, and so on; in other words, neglect of the very duties in which they had been most assiduous and had most incurred the resentment of the lawless.

As in the case of these luckless ones, Judge Dever's very virtues were his undoing. He, like Thompson, was opposed to prohibition, but as a conscientious executive he sought to enforce the law. He had just about the success of that ancient king who tried to wave back the sea. The effort alienated the wets, and its failure, the drys. Those officers just cited were only a small faction of the police department. A system of corruption and graft had grown up within the force that many despair of ever weeding out.

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The rum traffic, with its powerful foothold in Chicago, was able to pay munificently for protection, and such officers as refused bribes saw brother officers growing opulent. Morgan A. Collins, Chief of Police under Dever, told me of a typical instance. A sergeant, arresting a rum runner, was offered a two thousand dollar "present". He refused, and the law took its course. The defendant got off nineteen hundred dollars to the good by paying a one hundred dollar fine in court. Any policeman will cite a score of such cases. What price enforcement under such conditions?

Thompson's answer to this question was a frank appeal to the "scofflaw" element, and incidentally to those thousands who abide by all except the liquor laws.

Reviewing the situation which he found on taking office, Judge Dever said to me: "Liquor was selling openly all over the city, in all sorts of places. One was a plumbing establishment, one a dress-making shop. Police officers were not only protecting bootleggers and receiving graft, but many of them were actually in the business, sharing profits. In some instances gangs of police fought together, one group trying to protect a load of liquor, the other trying to seize it."

Dever discharged eleven captains, many subordinates, closed seventeen thousand places, and revoked some four thousand licenses. Under his régime, money paid for protection found its way into the pockets of the police. Enforcement measures were particularly displeasing to the politicians because there was little chance for them to share the spoils. In the "wide open" city promised by Thompson, all this would be reversed. His denunciation of "policemen who fan mattresses for pints and frisk pantries for home brew and hip flasks" became a classic. As election day drew near the tide that had so unaccountably turned for Thompson became a roaring flood. Proprietors of dives raided by Dever police said, "You fellows won't last long now." One place thus closed hung out the sign: "Will reopen April 6," — the day after election.

As usual, in his appeal to the wets, Thompson managed to make a double *coup*. His promise to call off the police from liquor enforcement and "send them back to their beats" after the robbers and hold-up men appealed to two large elements. Many who deplored the former policy were ready to support the latter, — and did so. Their ballots went to swell the more than eighty-two thousand plurality that sent Big Bill back to City Hall. A political

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writer of the Chicago press declared that had the election been a week later, Thompson's plurality would have been doubled. Thompson himself told me it would have been doubled but for election frauds.

Ah, yes — the election frauds! Each side made accusations. One public official remarked to me with delightful freedom from prejudice that "undoubtedly there were frauds on both sides, but it didn't greatly matter, as they offset each other and about broke even." A young boy, protégé of a well known welfare organization, gave a lively account of his service as clerk in one of the polling places. Many of the voters could not read, and it was his duty to ask them, "Thompson or Dever?" He became aware that a husky, low browed individual was standing by, listening, and after a time the stranger warned him: "Never mind about the Dever, boy. Just show him where to mark his cross."

The lad, disregarding this admonition, continued as before; but presently felt a gun thrust against his ribs and heard the warning repeated. This time he obeyed.

Thompson's version, given to me in his office at City Hall, was: "Whole ballot-boxes were carried away from the booths, dumped out, and filled up with Dever ballots."

Whatever the facts, the plurality was large enough to make a recount futile. The Great Hypnotist had done his work. As every one knows, hypnotism is most successful with a willing subject. Big Bill knew his Chicago. He has an extraordinary understanding of mob psychology. This gift, in a man unhampered by scruple, is sheer sorcery. The Chicago psychiatrist who said that Thompson had the mind of a twelve-year-old child did scant justice to his powers. Those powers are not intellectual, they are divination, pure and simple. It is the mob that has the mind of a twelve-year-old boy, and Big Bill knew it. The boy in him yelled across to it, as gamin yells to gamin across a vacant lot. He knew that the great, collective boy, the mob, loves a parade or a circus. It loves to carry a banner and shout a war-whoop. In the parade it wants a hero to carry on its shoulders; in the circus, a clown to make it laugh and forget the cares of the day.

"Here I am!" cried Big Bill.

They will tell you in Chicago that the Thompsons are aristocrats. They have lived there, off and on (the Mayor himself was born in Boston) for three generations. That is aristocracy in Chicago. It is well known that Big Bill is a millionaire. Every

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opportunity for culture and education has been his. It is no small triumph of his sorcery that he made the mob forget this. For campaign purposes he sloughed off all those finicking refinements that the gamin jeers at. A former rancher, he still wears the sombrero. It is his badge of popularity, his *sine qua non*. When the President of Cuba visited Chicago, he and the Mayor exchanged calls of state. In returning that of the distinguished visitor, Big Bill went to the Hotel Stevens faultlessly attired in morning dress from the neck down, and crowned with the famous "lid".

Physical bulk, another popular attribute, is his. Nature has been generous to him; in girth he considerably exceeds her original intentions. He refers to himself on the platform as "Big Bill", and before certain audiences uses the ingratiating term, "We hoodlums." His smile, public and private, is disarming. "Never mind about approval," it says, "but don't you *like* me?" It is irresistible. He would just as soon promise something over which the Mayor of Chicago has no control as something that the Mayor of Chicago might conceivably procure, — rather, in fact. He has promised to do away with the water metres, knowing that the metres were introduced as the condition under which Chicago is permitted to draw water from Lake Michigan for its drainage canal. In a previous administration he launched a project to have ice manufactured at a municipal power plant and supplied free to the poor. Another scheme was to build houses and sell them at cost to laborers. All these bright ideas have failed of fruition: yet the impression remains that the Mayor has "done a lot for the poor".

His "Fish Fans' Club", housed in an old boat on the North Side, has endeared him to the sport-loving element. It is the nucleus of many tales. Before election, such a throng flocked there one night that the craft started to sink. Big Bill was the hero of the hour, averted a panic, and saved everybody. One or two crabbed critics reminded the populace that the water was only four feet deep, but their croaking voices were drowned out in the general acclaim. Another tale, — a myth, of course! — had it that prohibition officials conducted a raid on the Fish Fans' Club, and that the gangplank was deftly hauled in while busy hands threw the evidence overboard.

He never makes the mistake of attacking what is popular; but attack, *per se*, is popular, and the campaign was replete with it. The chief targets were Dr. John Dill Robertson, a rival candidate,

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and Fred Lundin, Thompson's quondam political crony. No such weakness as native restraint cramps the Mayor's style.

"The Doc is slinging mud," he shouted. "I'm not descending to personalities, but let me tell you if you want to see a nasty sight, you watch Doc Robertson eating in a restaurant. Eggs in his whiskers, soup on his vest; you'd think the Doc got his education driving a garbage wagon."

In the primary of 1926 occurred his famous "rat show". Although not a candidate, Thompson was electioneering against United States Senator McKinley. He brought with him to a rally two live rats in a cage, dubbing them "Fred" and "Doc", after Lundin and Dr. Robertson. Shaking his finger at one, he cried reproachfully, "Fred, let me ask you something. Wasn't I the best friend you ever had? Isn't it true that I came home from Honolulu to save you from the penitentiary?"

This referred to the indictment of Lundin on charges of fraud in connection with the Board of Education, and Thompson's appearance for him as a character witness, during the period when they were political bedfellows. Lundin, who had great influence over the Swedish vote, had been a power behind the throne during Thompson's two previous administrations. After the break between them, and Lundin's swing over to Governor Small, the public witnessed a reciprocal hammering from which flew out some sparkling chips of truth.

Of Thompson's mental processes Lundin said shrewdly: "If you ask him to state his position on the alliance between crime and politics, you may expect him to say, 'I am for America first.' Ask him about his abandonment of people's ownership of the traction lines and the five cent fare, and he will answer, if at all, by crying, 'Down with the League of Nations!' Ask Thompson why he has turned his back on the small home owner of moderate means and has lined up with the millionaire tax dodger whom he used to denounce, his only answer will be, 'I shall refuse to sing "God Save the King"!'"

Among the amenities of the late campaign, this from Lundin: "My only answer to Thompson for calling me a rat and his other vile and untruthful references is that for a period of eight years he lived most of the time at this rat's house and was willing and eager to gnaw at this rat's table."

To which Big Bill rejoined: "Thank God, I'm through with him. He damn near ruined me."

(*Continued on page 721*)

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"THROW AWAY YOUR HAMMER
AND GET A HORN"
– MAYOR THOMPSON

THE WINDY CITY
SCISSOR CUTS BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

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ALL'S WELL IN WELLS STREET

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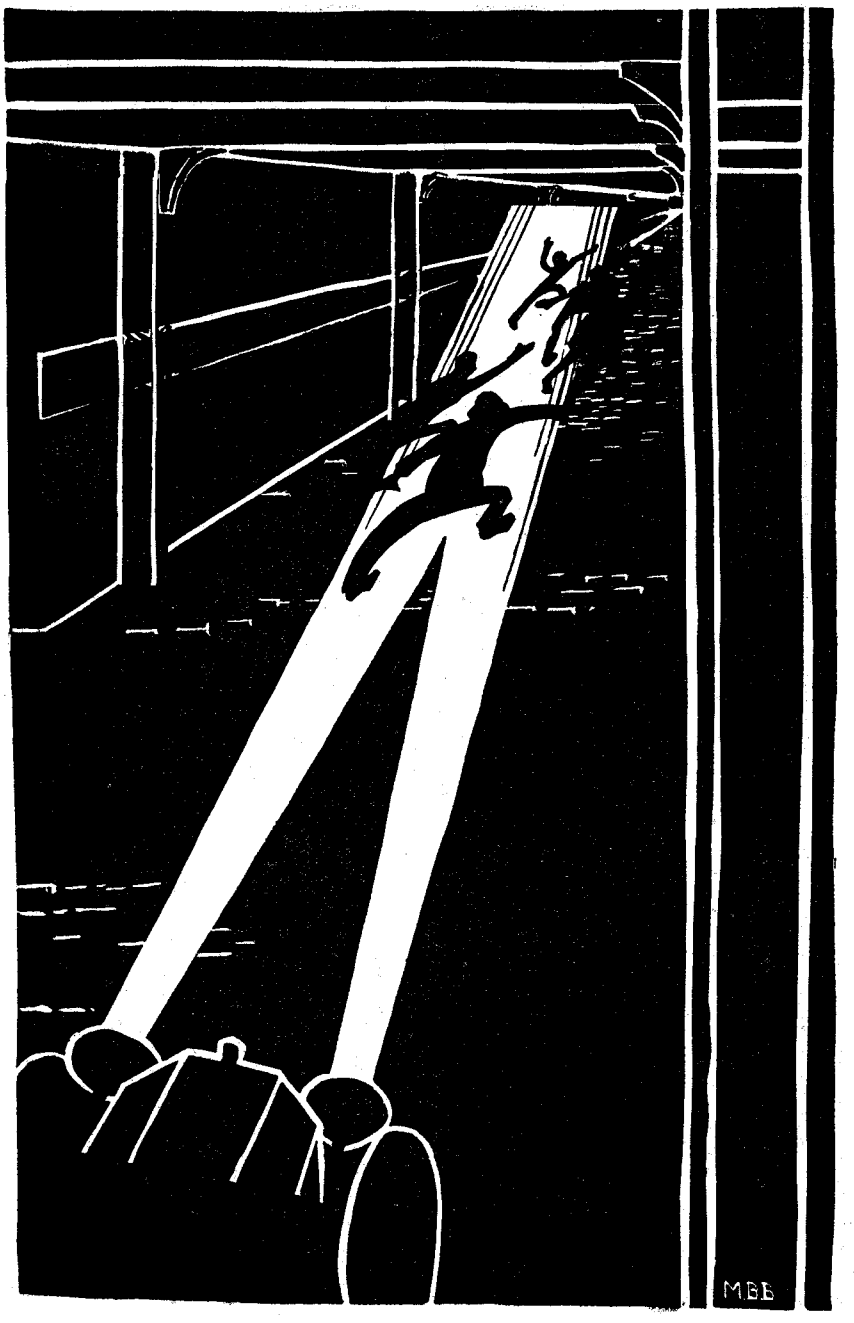

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THE WESTSIDE'S SATURDAY NIGHT

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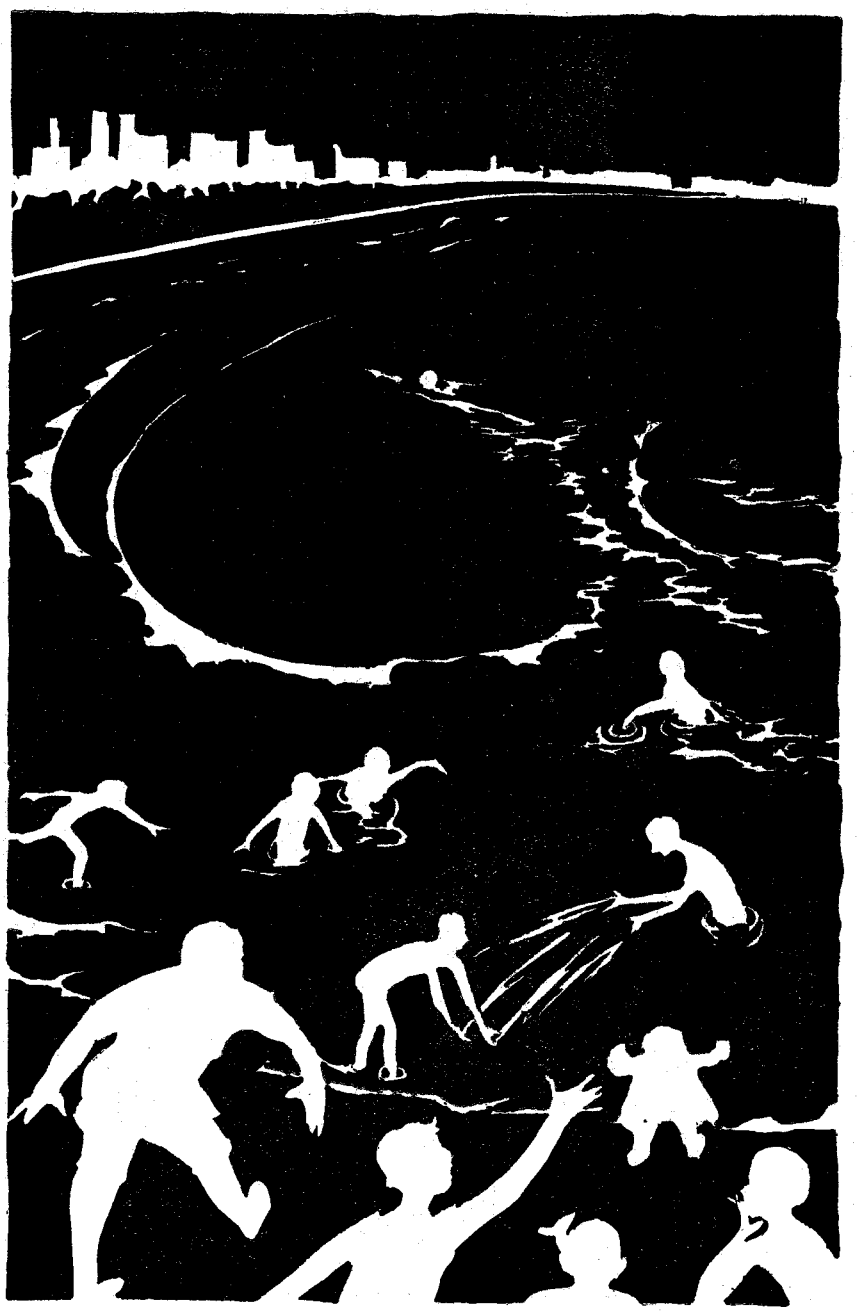

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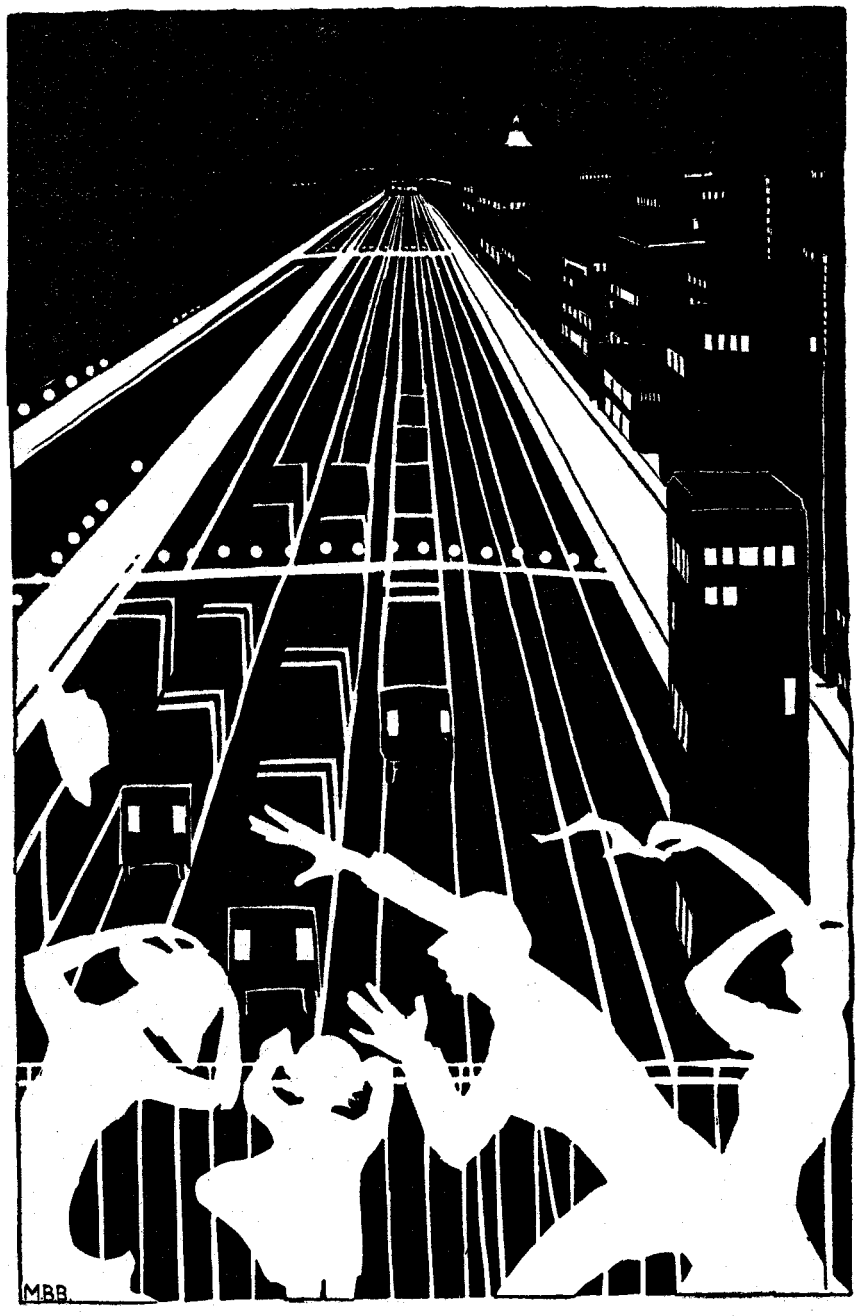

II.9. THE WAY OUT

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Referring to Edward R. Litsinger, his opponent for nomination in the Republican primaries, Thompson shouted before a delighted audience: "The man who doesn't take a bath. Says he rubs himself with oil. Perhaps that's why he is so slippery."

Nor does open support from questionable sources embarrass him. At a rally, a bibulous admirer in the gallery who interrupted to shout, "I'm *for* you, Bill!" drew the swift retort, "If you are, shut up!"

Engrossed by these sallies and the valiant defiance of King George, the public was successfully diverted from all thoughts of home needs. Just how any candidate got elected in Chicago without saying a word about the acute traction problem can be explained only by a state of trance. At the time of the mayoralty campaign the surface lines were running without a franchise, their twenty-year franchise having expired in February: The need of a subway, long under discussion, cropped up at every turn. Congestion in the Loop, the heart of the business district, beggared description. One of the lines had fallen into bankruptcy and was operating under receivers. Common report said that Thompson stood ready to pay ninety million dollars of the people's money for municipal ownership of the traction lines, whereas Mayor Dever had offered sixty-two million dollars and had been turned down.

No one can say "traction" in Chicago without saying, or thinking, "Insull". Here was another troublesome dream kept out of the public's hypnotic sleep. Samuel Insull, magnate of the unified Elevated lines, the gas and electric companies, said to control about seven hundred million dollars in public utilities, is probably the most powerful man in Illinois. His expenditures for campaign funds have been the subject of Senatorial investigation. With impunity, he refused to account for part of them. He is said to have contributed one hundred thousand dollars to Thompson's first mayoralty campaign, and was very close to the administration.

At that time Thompson made much popular talk of fighting the big corporations, and pledged himself to recover ten million dollars that the gas company had "taken from the people". Although he went through the motions, all kinds of secret pressure were brought to bear, to hamper the city's fight. The company lost and was ordered by the courts to refund the money; but Insull's attorney was made corporation counsel under Thompson. Through all the charges publicly made that Insull had been pro-

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tected, the state of civic hypnosis endured. The public forgot, or did not hear. Its eyes were fixed on the bogy of King George, its ears were attuned only to the resounding call against British invasion in the person of Superintendent of Schools William McAndrew.

This very able and honest gentleman was pitched upon as a local scapegoat because the schools had slipped out of the clutch of the politicians. The superintendent had been called to Chicago from New York where he had served in a similar capacity with high honor. He was engaged by the Board of Education under Mayor Dever, with the special assignment to free the schools of politics and raise the standard of education. This he accomplished; restored the merit system in promotions, parried the interference of friends at court who sought to influence appointments, and altogether rendered the schools so unfruitful a field for the politicians that he was slated for removal. Inhibited, of course, from disclosing his real animus, Thompson was at no loss for a point of attack. The cohorts on which he relied for votes knew little and cared less about the actual conduct of the schools, but Big Bill knew what chord to play upon. He charged that the superintendent had introduced text-books in which British propaganda was substituted for American patriotism; from which the picture of George Washington was omitted; and out of which pupils were taught that the King of England was "America's best friend". Two large elements, he knew, could be swayed by this line of attack: the Irish and the Germans. They were.

He called McAndrew a "stool pigeon of King George"; declared he had taken the old picture, "The Spirit of '76", from the schoolroom walls; and promised to oust him if elected.

It suffices to investigate two of these charges. With regard to the familiar old picture, the facts are these: In an article in "The Educational Review", of which he was editor, Mr. McAndrew had commented on the change in style of pictures in the schools, saying: "When I was a boy, 'The Monitor and the Merrimac,' 'The Charge at Gettysburg,' and other war scenes were common in the schoolrooms. South of the Mason and Dixon line, General Robert E. Lee and his exploits were featured, but I haven't seen 'The Spirit of '76' with the fife and drum and bloody bandage for many years."

A reporter took excerpts from the article; a desk man wrote the head, "Spirit of '76 Bad in Schools, Says McAndrew," numerous

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patriotic societies jumped at the conclusion that the picture had been purposely excluded, — and politics did the rest. Reverberations from the "King George" broadside were heard all over the country. From New York the correspondent of a London paper called Thompson on long distance for an interview and Thompson told him naively that he might tell King George to "take back McAndrew". The most piquant feature of the text-book controversy came out when the Board of Education made an inquiry and found that the principal offending volume had been introduced into the schools while Thompson was Mayor in 1917!

In Shaw's *Major Barbara* the Undershaft motto is "Unashamed". "Unembarrassed" might suitably be hung over the Mayor's threshold. He is blandly impervious to exposure. The aplomb with which he ignores damaging truths is equaled only by the smiling effrontery of his opportunism. There was, for example, his celebrated "victory cruise" down the Mississippi after election. His strong bid for the negro vote (he received sixty thousand of them), and the feeling that under him Chicago would become a Mecca for negroes from the South, contributed largely to the coolness of his reception on that "triumphal" tour. Did this coolness depress the buoyancy of the intrepid voyager? Not at all: the flood came to his rescue. He was quick to take double advantage of it by throwing himself into flood relief work and booming his scheme for making Chicago capital of the Mississippi Valley. On his return he organized a relief committee and another for flood control, secured the Presidential O. K. for a great national conference in Chicago in early June, and gave tremendous impetus to his long standing project for developing navigation from Chicago to New Orleans by dredging and deepening the present canal and the Illinois and upper Mississippi Rivers.

In this ambition he has the support of progressive Chicagoans and has been swift to claim credit for any step achieved in that direction. A day or two before the rivers and harbors bill was passed in the Senate, he was in Washington. The bill had already been passed by the House and had long engaged public attention. Nothing could have been more fortuitous than Thompson's visit to the capital at this time. The stage was all set for him. Although he had no more to do with the bill than Typhoid Mary, he spread out those prehensile hands and gathered in all the glory.

"Nobody in Washington was fooled," wrote Paul R. Leach, Chicago political reporter, "but it went over big at home."

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In an interview with THE FORUM's representative in Chicago last May, the passage of this bill and the waterway project were the Mayor's chief topics of conversation. He modestly admitted that he was responsible for passage of the bill in Congress and for the President's signature. The waterway, he said, would reduce freight rates throughout the West, and quoted figures which certainly sounded impressive and were beginning to arrest the attention of local business. Chicago at that time, whatever her credit with the world, showed every disposition to abide by her bargain. There was even apparent among some of the conservatives a feeling that Big Bill showed signs of regeneration, of a new ambition for political respectability.

One of his first acts after inauguration was to organize a "Citizens' Committee" of three hundred to act as an advisory board. This group was chosen from among the most important business and professional men of the city. A large percentage of its members, in the general belief, have no ax to grind and are quite dissociated from politics. There were urgings that the new Mayor be given "a chance"; that severance of the ties between him and Lundin meant a complete change in his attitude and policies; and that if properly encouraged he would surprize his critics by an excellent administration.

In other words, Lundin's Bad Boy was about to reform.

It is too soon yet to pass upon that prophecy. At the time of writing, Chicago was only beginning to wake from its trance, to rub its eyes and murmur, "Where am I?" It was just beginning to think again about traction and Insull, the bad old days of graft and monopoly, and to wonder what, if anything, had been asked and promised.

And the visitor within its gates was wondering, too, just how the great charlatan was going to get along with his awakened subject; whether its wonder, love and praise would survive the lucid interval; or whether, like Cagliostro with Andrée in the Dumas novel, he would not have to hypnotize it again to make it keep on loving him.

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Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

LAMMASTIDE

"AT Halloween," said Currycomb,
("Hoot," said Crow)
"Sober gentry visit me
Quietly and slow.
Courteously as they pass
Beg to borrow barley-grass.
Nothing more of them I've seen
Than at dusk on Halloween."

"On Whitsun eve," said Currycomb,
("Hoot," said Weed)
"Gentle ladies ask of me
If my woods are tree'd.
Then the hidden bin they mark
Where I hoard my holly-bark,
Gather it and softly leave.
Never but on Whitsun eve."

Crow and Weed said nothing then,
Nothing of a shed
Full of bark and barley-grass,
Nought of this they said;
Then they turned to Currycomb
Hungry for his feed.
"Hoot," said Crow;
"Hoot," said Weed.

— *Laurence Jordan*

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PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING

An Old Name for a New Profession

CHARLES-EDWARD AMORY WINSLOW

FROM the devil-ridden days of priests and medicine men, it is a far cry to the methods of modern medicine. Once the causes of disease were learned and curative remedies discovered, medical science turned its attention to disease prevention. After Pasteur and Lister had given the direction to this movement, the next step was to educate the public into ways of healthy living. Here Mr. Winslow describes the importance of this last phase of man's triumph over the ills that flesh is heir to.

LATE one stormy evening last Spring when the disastrous floods in the South were in their early stage, there was a certain ferry on the Ohio which had given up business for the night. The ferryman was snugly ensconced by his fire. Suddenly the bell at the landing began to ring furiously. He stood it for a while, but when it continued persistently, he pulled on his boots and his "sou'-wester" and ploughed his way through the driving rain and the howling wind toward the rising river. "Only a — fool or a public health nurse would be out in such a night as this," he muttered to himself. It proved to be the public health nurse, and she got to her confinement case across the river; but she was the last person to cross at that point for many weeks.

In the most primitive communities of which we have any record, the priest and the medicine man, the soldier and the trader, were members of the social order; even the lawyer, the school teacher, and the nurse (as a hospital attendant) have professional histories reaching back for many centuries. The public health nurse as we know her to-day represents, however, something quite new in the machinery of community life. The very content of the word "nurse" has fundamentally changed, to imply what is essentially a new profession under an old name.

Every village, in the old days of rural New England, had its Aunt Jane or Aunt Maria, kindly and wise in primitive medical lore, who was called in to "sit up" with any of the neighbors who had fallen ill. The public health nurse is the modern representative of this type of community mother, with all her kindness and with wisdom (together with knowledge of the limitations of her wisdom) which represents a miraculous century of medical progress. For nursing education throughout the world is being remade to meet the needs of a novel situation. What is this novel situation,

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and what is the significance of this new profession in the economy of life in the twentieth century?

Up to the beginning of the present century, the public health movement was concerned primarily with environmental sanitation (water supply and waste disposal) and with the control of the more acute communicable diseases. Its dominant figures were the sanitary engineer and the bacteriologist, and its work was almost wholly official in character and concerned with the enforcement of sanitary laws. As the plagues and pestilences which had so largely dominated human life in all past ages yielded to these measures, progressive health leaders began to look for new worlds to conquer. Plague, cholera, and typhus fever were disappearing. Diphtheria and scarlet fever were rapidly declining before the new knowledge bestowed upon us by Pasteur. Tuberculosis stood out as the immediate and most insistent enemy to be attacked next.

It was obvious, however, even twenty-five years ago, that the war against tuberculosis required new weapons and a new scheme of strategy. No comprehensive campaign could be based on either environmental sanitation or vaccine and serum treatment. The conquest of tuberculosis, — in the community as well as in the individual, — depended on building up an increased vital resistance to the disease through healthy living. Here was a new problem. People can not be made to lead a healthy life by compulsion of the law. This end must be attained, if at all, by the slow process of education. As early as 1892 Dr. Lawrence F. Flick recognized this fact, and he and his associates organized the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. This significant step initiated what has now become a world-wide movement for mobilizing the public at large in a cooperative campaign against preventable sickness. The war against disease, like war between nations, is to-day an affair of the whole people and not merely of a professional class.

The organization of the National Tuberculosis Association in 1904 set this movement going on a national scale. To combat another group of menacing diseases the Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis was created in 1905, and there followed the Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality and the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. During the past quarter of a century the principal object of the public health program was to improve personal hygiene, and its chief weapon was education.

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In developing the educational program it was soon realized that mass methods, while necessary at the start, could not accomplish very much. Lectures, cinemas, exhibits, radio talks help to bring the public in touch with health agencies; but the real problems of hygiene are personal problems. A messenger was needed to carry the new gospel of health into the home, — a messenger who would not merely talk about food, fresh air, exercise, and rest as abstract generalities, but would help Johnny's mother in the tenement and Susan's mother in the prosperous residence provide precisely the *kind* of food, fresh air, exercise, and rest that Johnny and Susan needed for their individual constitutions and in their individual environments. Thus the visiting nurse was selected as the ideal person to carry this message to Garcia.

Florence Nightingale had clearly visualized the nurse as a health teacher, a "missioner of health" as she fondly phrased it. When the first American association of visiting nurses was organized for this specific purpose in Boston in 1886, it was significantly named, "The Instructive District Nursing Association." In New York in 1902 Miss Lillian D. Wald,—the Florence Nightingale of to-day,—first demonstrated to America the value of school nursing; and when, in the following year, Hermann M. Biggs,—greatest of modern sanitary statesmen,—introduced home nursing for the care of tuberculosis, the modern movement had its real birth.

Since that day, the public health nurse has become more and more universally a health teacher as well as an agent for the care of disease. In many instances, indeed, such nurses serve purely in an educational capacity and give no bedside care at all, though this may prove only a temporary phase in the development of this new profession under an old name. The total number of public health nurses has increased from 130 in 1901 to 12,000 at the present date. In the cities, large voluntary organizations have grown up to develop such service, and health departments are employing increasing numbers of nurses as advance agents to prevent disease. In the rural districts, the Red Cross has organized a similar service as, perhaps, its most far-reaching and beneficent peace-time activity.

While the "visiting nurse" has thus been transformed into a "public health nurse" (in addition to being a ministering physician becoming also a teacher of positive health values), another change has taken place in our attitude toward this important work and its relation to the public welfare. For centuries care of

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the sick who were too poor to pay for a physician's attendance was left to the charitable labors of religious orders. Even as late as 1859, when William Rathbone of Liverpool organized the first laymen to minister to the sick poor, their service was considered essentially a form of philanthropy. So, too, were the services of hospital and dispensary looked upon in the beginning as charity. But to-day all of us recognize that the hospital and its out-patient service are not for the poor alone.

In like manner, as the work of visiting nurses developed, it was gradually realized that many persons in every community need the care of a visiting nurse once or twice a day and are able and willing to pay the full costs involved. Gradually, therefore, and with some difficulty in breaking away from the notion that such service is a form of charity, associations in charge of this work have developed part pay and full pay nursing. They have also made contracts with the large insurance companies to provide nursing care to industrial policyholders. In short, just as the protection of life and property has been taken out of private hands and assumed by the community at large for the benefit of rich and poor alike, so the protection of health has at last been recognized as the business of the whole community all the time, and not alone the private concern of individuals at times of illness; and in the organization of the public health program, the public health nurse has become the central figure.

In the control of acute communicable diseases, the public health nurse supplants other sanitary agents in securing effective home isolation. In antituberculosis work, she brings suspicious cases to the clinic for examination, arranges for sanitorium treatment, secures adequate home care, and supervises the arrested case discharged from the sanatorium. In prenatal, infant, and pre-school work, she translates the physician's message into the language of the home, teaching the expectant mother how to maintain her strength, teaching the mother how her child should be fed and bathed and clothed. She aids the physician in examining the school child and persuades the parents to secure whatever medical treatment may be necessary. The factory nurse has proved herself an indispensable part of the machinery which makes modern industry efficient. The mental hygiene nurse, trained to deal with the innumerable problems of mental maladjustment, is beginning a movement which is likely to grow to undreamed of dimensions in the future.

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Most of those in close touch with the problem have come to believe, however, that such specialization is unfortunate. And such specialization proceeds all the way from the nurse who treats one disease only to the nurse who does not treat any but employs her time educating the public in methods of prevention. It has been shown by numerous demonstrations that a group of generalized nurses, each serving a small district and performing all types of public health nursing for that district (including the care of the sick in their homes) can accomplish about twenty-five per cent more than a group of specialized nurses, each covering a special type of case in a larger district. Furthermore, — and far more important, — the nurse who performs a generalized service can do better work, since she sees the problem of the family as a whole. Her contact with the members of the family is more intimate, and she exerts an influence far greater than any one of a group of specialized nurses. Above all, the separation of the functions of bedside care and instruction is most unfortunate. That she stands ready to bring help in time of need is the very fact upon which the whole influence of the nurse as a health teacher must primarily rest.

To the realization of these facts may be attributed the recent tendency toward a more progressive generalization of public health nursing. Our ideal should be to provide one generalized district nurse for every two thousand people, — this nurse to care for all who need home nursing in her group of four hundred families, and to carry on among those families an intensive, intimate, and continuous program of constructive health teaching. At present, there are only twelve thousand public health nurses available in the United States, although a corps of sixty thousand such nurses will be needed to provide an adequate number for our entire population. The standard may seem Utopian; but the experience of such states as Connecticut, which has now one nurse for every three thousand persons, indicates that the need is a real one and gives reasonable hope that our prosperous land may approximate such an ideal in a time not too remote.

It is obvious, of course, that the new plan of generalized instruction in public health nursing will require for its execution women of high calibre and sound fundamental training. It calls not only for more nurses, but for better nurses as well. The demand for more and better nurses in the public health field led the Rockefeller Foundation to call a special conference in December,

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1918, to study the education of nurses. The results of this study made it clear that the present apprentice system of nursing education is fundamentally inadequate. Conditions which exist in many hospital training-schools make it impossible to attract the right type of women into this otherwise tempting field of social service. The Rockefeller Committee's report urged an independent endowment for nursing education, if improvements were to be realized.

As a direct result of this report, the first school of nursing on a completely independent university basis was inaugurated at Yale in 1924. There are a dozen or more university schools of nursing in the United States, but as a rule, they are under the direction of medical or graduate schools. Our school at Yale, and the one started at almost the same time at Western Reserve University in Cleveland are autonomous departments of the university, with their own deans and faculties, ranking in every way with the schools of medicine and of law. With an adequate endowment, it is possible in the period of twenty-six months allotted for the course, to give a training infinitely superior to that given in the ordinary hospital training school in three years. Everything that the pupil does is designed for her education. She is not forced to repeat meaningless routine after she has mastered its applications, merely because the hospital needs this particular kind of work performed. A sound fundamental training is given in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and bacteriology. The work in the wards is conducted like that of the medical student, according to the case system, with full opportunity to study every aspect of the patient's situation. Moreover, there is a period of training in home nursing, so that the pupil may become familiar with problems of the family and with the practical aspects of disease prevention.

The University School of Nursing should exert an influence far beyond its own four walls, since it may well form a centre for the fundamental "pre-clinical" teaching of nurses who take their actual ward training in adjacent hospitals, and a nexus of influence for developing and standardizing the ward teaching in such hospitals. It will set a standard of education for education's sake which can not fail to influence the teaching in every independent training school.

Since the War, as a result of the stimulating influence of the International Health Board and of the League of Red Cross Societies, institutions have sprung up all over the world to provide

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postgraduate training in the special technique of community nursing. Most important of these is the International School of Nursing, maintained by the league at Bedford College, London. I had the pleasure of attending the graduating exercises of this school last July when the Princess Arthur of Connaught, — herself a registered nurse, — presented certificates to sixteen students from thirteen different countries, the sixth class to graduate from this international course. The tasks to be undertaken by graduates of this group include supervision of child welfare in Austria, development of child welfare work under the Bulgarian Red Cross, the organization of district nursing in Czecho-Slovakia, the conduct of a Red Cross training school in Germany, the conduct of health visiting in Birmingham, England, work under the Icelandic Red Cross, under the Poona Seva Sudan Society of India, under the Latvian Red Cross, under the King Edward Order of Nurses in South Africa, maternity and child welfare work in Latvia, and county rural nursing in the United States. It would be difficult to overestimate the beneficent results that will spread to all corners of the globe from such an undertaking.

In each significant age of the world's history, there has been some one dominant figure which has typified in a peculiar way the interest of the time and its special contribution to that sum of experience which makes up the heritage of civilization. The philosopher of Athens, the lawgiver of Rome, the feudal knight of Normandy, the cathedral builder of the Isle de France, the painter of Florence, and the poet of Elizabethan England, stand forth against the background of the centuries as such representative personalities. When our own time is appraised with the long view of history, the gray-clad nurse, with the cross upon her arm, — climbing the stairs of the city tenement or trudging through the snow to a farm on some remote hillside, — may, perhaps, prove the symbolic figure of a century in which the results of a new science of healing were applied in a new and universal fashion to promote the well-being of mankind.

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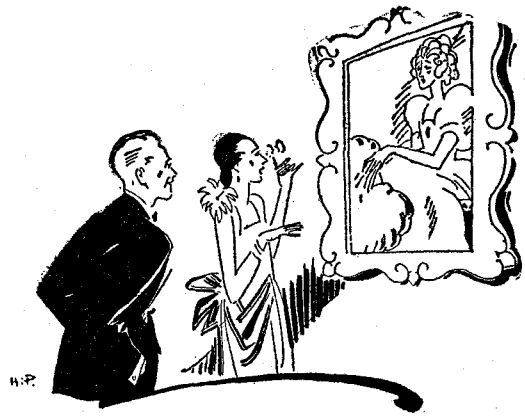
MY QUEEREST EXPERIENCE



CLEMENCE DANE

Forum Table Talk

Drawings by Herman Palmer

QUEER experiences are a question of luck. If they happen to you once they will happen to you constantly, just as a man who wins a prize as like as not wins a second inside six months, while another man buys his ticket year after year for nothing. I never have lottery luck. My experience is painfully empty of ghosts and Calcutta sweepstake prizes. I can tell you of queer experiences by the dozen, but they are the experiences of my friends, not mine. I have a friend who, like Blake, is on bowing terms with spirits. Do you know Gilchrist's story? Blake took off his hat and bowed as he walked down Cheapside with a friend. "What did you do that for?" said the friend. "Oh, that was the Apostle Paul!" Just so my friend will go up to a portrait in a house that she has never visited before and murmur, "What a good likeness!" "Likeness of whom?" demands the startled hostess. "The little old lady sitting in the drawing-room." But there is no little old lady in the drawing-room, and the portrait is of a grandmother dead these ten years! Now that's a true story. But queer things like that never happen to me. If I see a ghost in the midnight hours it always turns out, when the sun rises, to be a towel or, like Sir Walter Scott's unmistakable ghost of Byron, a curtain flapping in the wind.

It's very humiliating to have lived such a tame life. Even when I'm flung in the way of a queer adventure I never seem able to take advantage of it. I had a chance once in Italy. There was a strike on and the train was manned by soldiers, and in the creepy-crawly dusk just outside Bologna the strikers threw a bomb into my carriage window; and the train stopped, and the soldiers fired off guns, and all was excitement. Only it turned out, when we calmed down, that the bomb wasn't a bomb, only

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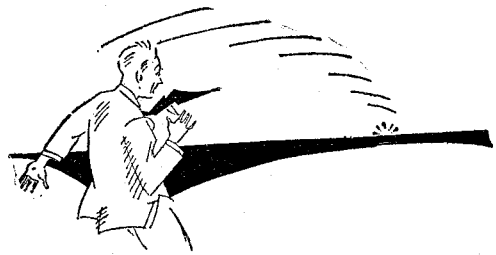
a fair sized boulder, and the howling mob dwindled to one tramp who ran away into the woods and escaped; and my mortal wounds were patched up with unromantic sticking-plaster lent by an enormously fat Bavarian dentist, while everybody sneaked back into his compartment and the train sneaked on into Venice, as "sold" a train and a company as you could wish to



laugh at. The only thrill left me was the adventure of stepping into a gondola and so up the silent waterways under a midnight moon.

No, I never have any luck. I once lodged for six weeks in Wales with a famous white witch. She had the most complete library of books on magic that I had ever seen. People came to her for help from forty miles round; and she took no money but helped them if she chose with herbs and charms and good advice. Also, she made Welsh rabbits as they make them in the Welsh Paradise: she was a perfect landlady. But do you think I could persuade her to read my hand for me, or look in a crystal for me? Not she! I wasn't in real trouble. I never have any luck.

You'd call it, in England, wouldn't you, a queer experience to sit on the top of a mountain, watching a sunset that would have reduced Turner to despair, while you listened to Goethe's *Tasso* read aloud, and ate hot Wienerwursts, which are unnatural, pink sausages like human fingers boiled. You bring them up from the lowlands piping hot in a pail and eat them while you listen to poetry and watch sunsets from hill tops, in Saxony. At least you used to in the old days. But nobody thought it queer, in the old days, in Saxony.

I once played the part of Lady Alethea in the ballroom scene in *The Walls of Jericho* in a coat and skirt and a stiff collar and a fan made out of a newspaper, because strikes were on and no clothes or scenery, only the wretched actors, turned up at the theatre that night. I thought it a queer experience then; but with

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Hamlet played in plus fours, what is queer in an Earl's daughter going to a dance in tweeds and a newspaper fan? And I once had an awful, promising moment with a genuine corpse, but it came to nothing. Outside a country town I know is a famous "suicide's pool", an exquisite mountainy tarn with river, rocks, ferns, waterfall, and romance complete, with bluebell woods and fields full of butterballs hedging it in from ordinary life. We picnicked among the butterballs one day and paddled in the river until we reached the pool itself and, looking down into it over the steep sides, moralized on life and the legend of the pool and the temptation of heights and tube stations and whether drowning hurt. Somebody quoted the quotation that everybody has to quote at such times —

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas.

It was at that precise moment that I saw the body. It was pink, it was pale, it floated, rocking ever so slightly as the torrent that fed the pool rippled the water against it. That was a Moment! We had a dreadful time deciding What To Do For The Best! It was another Moment when we found that the corpse was that of a far too adventurous young pig.

No, queer things don't come my way. Indeed the only really queer experience that I remember occurs so regularly that it has ceased to be queer, and I am sure that I share it with hundreds of people. My queer experience is this, — I know beforehand, not always but pretty often, about the letters that I shall find on my breakfast table, and I know in two ways. I have about half a dozen correspondents of whom I can say, "So and so is writing to me now!" and invariably the next day I get a letter. That is not so odd if you believe in what one vaguely calls "telepathy". What I do think is odd is the fact that constantly when I think of some one "out of the blue", an acquaintance, a once-met stranger, some one who does not at all affect my life and is seldom in my thoughts, then, — not the next day but within ten minutes to half an hour, — the post brings me a letter from him. About a year ago, "out of the blue," I chanced to think of a school friend of early childhood. I had forgotten her surname. I hadn't seen or thought of her for more than twenty years. Within ten minutes I was reading a letter in the forgotten, familiar handwriting. I answered it and with the posting of the answer let the incident slip from my mind. Six months later, once more "out of the blue",

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I found myself wondering, did so and so ever get my answer? Within five minutes the post brought me yet another letter.

That is one instance only; but as this queer foreknowledge of the contents of my post-bag is, I won't say of daily, but certainly of weekly occurrence, I am forced to blot out the word "coincidence" and wonder what the true explanation of the experience can be. And here is, now I come to think of it, another odd little happening that I should like to have explained.

I was clambering one noonday over a Dartmoor barren. The ground rolled gently downwards in all directions for miles, with nothing growing on it save heather and the dwarf yellow gorse of July. At that place and that moment I heard at my elbow my name spoken aloud, twice, in brisk conversational tones.

There is nothing queer in that. It is the sort of experience that any one can imagine, and hallucinations are cheap. No, the queer thing was that my dog, if you can judge by a start, a growl, and raised hackles, heard it too!

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BOOK URCHINS

A Study in Literary Tropisms

UPTON SINCLAIR

SEVENTEEN years ago I visited the marine biological laboratory of the University of California, and one of the world's greatest scientists explained to me some of his fascinating experiments. It was Jacques Loeb's thesis that all life is a chemical reaction; and to illustrate, he would take you to a little aquarium in which were swimming a number of tiny black creatures, the larvae of the sea-urchin. The scientist would take a vial of salts and pour a few drops into the water, and instantly all the creatures would turn as one and swim toward the light. "That," said Loeb, "is what we call a 'tropism', an impulse to move in a certain direction. In this case it is a 'heliotropism', an impulse to move towards light. If we could enter the minds of those creatures, we should find that each is experiencing an emotion, each thinks that some reason of an important personal nature impels him to behave as he does. But science knows what has happened: the chemistry of the creature's cells has been altered. Some day, — and not so far off, — we shall understand human tropisms in this way, and be able to change by chemical agents the thing we call human nature."

I am writing upon the fifteenth of January, 1927, by the shore of that same ocean where the great scientist ventured his prophecy. The waters of this ocean are witnessing a singular event. It has been a damp and chilly day, and I look out over the sea from my study window as the sunlight is failing, and a cold fog drifting in. The temperature of the water is fifty-seven degrees; and having been in for a few minutes during the day, I know that these few suffice. Yet a hundred and three human beings, men and women, have chosen this day and night for an attempt to swim from Catalina Island to the mainland, a distance of twenty-two miles at its shortest. The best time in which such a swim can be made is fourteen hours; and the radio tells me that all but a few of the contestants are falling out, many with bad cases of cramp, a few in delirium. Some will be injured for life. It may happen that one or more will lose their lives. A singular tropism to have seized upon a swarm of human urchins!

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The answer is known to all readers of newspapers. Our leading California millionaire, purveyor of chewing-gum to the human race, had the idea a few years back to purchase Catalina Island and turn it into a pleasure resort. This millionaire, having made his money by advertising, understands that in our great play-nation the one industry which is advertised free of charge is sport. A swimming race across the channel will bring millions of dollars worth of publicity, and so he offers a prize of twenty-five thousand dollars. He might have the race in midsummer, when it would be a pleasure; but this would defeat his purpose, — to proclaim to the world that from his island it is possible to go swimming in January. Therefore he sets this date and pours a few drops of tincture of gold into the social aquarium, whereupon a hundred and three human urchins, male and female, are seized by an impulse which Jacques Loeb would have called a "chrysotropism".

The arts of producing social tropisms have been enormously developed in modern civilization, but the developments are so recent that we do not realize them as yet. We are used to hearing about "mob emotions"; but the fact is, this stage of human life is gone forever. No longer is the public permitted to originate its own tropisms and run wild. The social mind now has masters. Shrewd gentlemen sit in swivel chairs and consult with subordinates as to what tropisms they desire to have created; and either these tropisms are created, or the masterful gentlemen find more competent subordinates.

These artificially created tropisms constitute everything really significant in present day life. World series tropisms and prize-fight tropisms, evangelistic tropisms and moving picture tropisms, chewing-gum and safety-razor tropisms, Harding-Coolidge tropisms, anti-German, anti-Russian, anti-Mexican tropisms, — do you think I exaggerate in saying that such mass emotions are now made to order, by means of so-and-so many gallons of tincture of gold? Consider, for example, the ancient national antipathies. These emotions used to have vitality enough to run themselves; but look at the urchins of France, how completely they were possessed, ten years ago, by an anti-German tropism, and how this has given place to anti-American, anti-British, and anti-Italian tropisms! Any social chemist, knowing the formulas of the diplomatic tinctures, can explain to you that the French owners of iron have made a deal with the German owners of coal and so

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have canceled their orders for anti-German tropisms and called instead for tropisms against American bankers and British oil concessionaires and Italian traders in Tunis.

Let us now consider a group of human urchins who hold themselves haughtily above the influence of social chemicals, — the tropisms which move the vulgar herd. These lofty ones are the artists; my own tribe, the men and women of letters, who sit perched upon the apex of sophistication and look with scorn upon all mass emotions. But observe a singular phenomenon, — on approximately the same date several thousand men and women of letters retire to secluded corners to excogitate a thing described as "charm"; each cudgeling his or her head for some variety which can possibly be regarded as original; each delving into dusty tomes in libraries, looking up costumes and accessories, weapons, liquors, and far-off, forgotten oaths; each sitting for hours a day pecking at a typewriter, with one eye on the clock and the other on the calendar. Finally, on a certain date, several thousand men and women emerge from seclusion, each one carrying a manuscript of approximately the same size and the same general style and spirit.

Is not this obviously a tropism? And what has happened to cause it? A magazine or publishing house has poured some drops of tincture of gold into the literary aquarium, and several thousand book urchins have been seized by a simultaneous impulse to feel "romantic", and to put these feelings into a novel of from eighty to one hundred and fifty thousand words not later than May 1, 1927. In what way are these competing book urchins different from the sea-urchins battling the waves in front of my home to-night? I take up the local evening paper, and on the front page I find a cartoon, "Wonder What a Catalina Channel Swimmer Thinks About?" There are six little pictures, showing a swimmer in six postures of agonized effort. Above the head of each is a legend, in larger and larger type, as follows: "25,000 berries! 25,000 beans! 25,000 bones! 25,000 simoleons! 25,000 shekels! $25,000."

Wonder what the writer of a $25,000 prize romantic novel thinks about!

Every artist is a double personality, living two lives. The impulse of art is a spiritual overflow. The artist absorbs life, works

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it over, recreates it, and pours it out, to enrich and fructify the lives of others. The impulse is in its very essence altruistic, bountiful as Nature, unselfish as God. But also, alas, the artist is a creature with a stomach that must be filled and a skin that must be covered. He, — or she, — is apt to want a wife, — or a husband, — and children, and these also must be fed and covered, and the wife must have a social position among the other wives. So the godlike impulse of spiritual overflow is checked and censored. There are copyrights and contracts and royalties and foreign and dramatic and second serial rights.

This dual nature is shared by every form of art product. A book is what Milton calls it, the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. To be sure: but also a book is a manufactured product, upon which toll must be paid to lumbermen and paper-mills and railroads and printers and publishers and jobbers and retailers. So it comes that at every minute of his life the artist is at war with himself. "I feel two natures struggling within me," says the sculptor Barnard; and maybe he doesn't know how this happens, but I can tell him, having supported myself by my art for thirty-three years and been practically never out of debt in one form or another. As publisher of my own books, I face the conflict every time I have a new one ready. Shall I put the price lower and reach some thousands of additional readers? Or shall I put it higher and reduce my unfavorable balance at the printers?

It was my fortune many years ago to sit in the sumptuous work-rooms of Mr. David Belasco, while Arch Selwyn, then a play-broker, was engaged in selling the script of my play, *The Millennium*. Both these gentlemen belong to a race which has been in trade for many thousands of years; you may watch their technique along the curb where the suspender merchants assemble. In this case the object of the barter was a work of art; and, strange as it may seem, both traders have a keen appreciation of art qualities. "Yes, delightful, I know," says Mr. Belasco, "but oh, my God, think what it's going to cost to produce, — and all that Socialist stuff in it. I'll be bankrupt if I have to pay more than two hundred and fifty advance." I sit and listen, — it is my chance to write other plays that is being decided.

Also I have been present while Charlie Chaplin was selling the fruit of his genius to the traders. I haven't actually been there, but at least Charlie has enacted the scene for me, and that is the

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same thing. He is under contract to make a two-reel picture, and out of his spiritual overflow he has made eight or ten, — it is *The Kid*. And the traders come, great hulks of flesh rolling out of their limousines, and they sit slouched in their chairs, and the reels are unrolled before them, and the sensitive artist sits quivering, — he can't keep still while his reels are being unrolled, his hands become frantic, he must hear you speak. "What do you think of it? Is it good?" But the traders do not speak, they understand how to wring the artist's soul. How Charlie loathes them, — his form swells to greater bulk as he enacts them, his face becomes a grim mask. There comes a grunt, from under the chest, and one great hog looks at the next great hog, and at last a verdict: "Vun million is enough, huh?" And the other grunts, "Vun is too much."

Such is the life of artists under capitalism. And do not think that I am lacking in pity for any artist. My harshest words are merely an effort to goad him into class consciousness. For it is not merely his individual life that is at stake, not merely his art, but civilization. "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewithal shall it be salted?"

The successful artists are those who learn to put a shell around themselves, and live like a tortoise, inside. The trouble with this procedure is that in the course of time the creature is apt to become all shell and no tortoise. The art impulses die, and only imitation and pose are left. I remember once at Helicon Hall we had a visit from a newspaper poet, — I have forgotten his name, and wouldn't give it anyhow, because he was a poor devil, and I am after the rich ones. He sat in front of our fireplace for a couple of hours and talked about his art, and it turned out to be the art of marketing verses and the personalities of the various editors and what they paid and what kind of "stuff" they preferred. "I sold him a poem once, but they don't buy much from outsiders," and so on and on.

At the same conference sat two ladies, whom I knew well. They were taking care of themselves and a couple of children by their pens, and it was a perfectly cold-blooded business proposition, and no nonsense. In some months of acquaintance, I do not think I ever heard either of these ladies express an opinion of a book unless it had to do with what the author had got for it and for other books and how that magazine or publisher compared with

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others. I had contempt for such an attitude until it happened that the younger of the ladies, — a jolly soul, — recited quite casually how she had sought a position on the greatest of New York newspapers and had been pulled down on to the lap of the wealthy and famous publisher. So then I realized a new point of view: the fact that this young woman could turn out a regular, standard product, good for two or three thousand dollars a year, meant the ability to slap the face of the great newspaper proprietor and walk out of his office. Twenty years ago a leading actress on Broadway remarked to me, "I know practically all the successful women of the stage, and I know only one who did not sell herself to get her start." And it happened that quite recently the very same remark was made to me by one of the leading film stars of Hollywood. No, you can't blame the women for becoming commercial!

I was for a while a member of the executive body of the Author's League of America, and we met for luncheon now and then to decide the fate of American letters. A fellow member was Rex Beach, and I happened to ask him, "Why did you start to write?" The answer came in a flash, "Because I found I could make more money than by mining gold." We may say that this proves Mr. Beach an honest man, but also it proves him not an artist. If he had been the latter, he would have replied, just as promptly, and just as honestly, "Because I have something to say, and all the money in New York couldn't hire me to do anything else." And it is a fact that when business men, however honest, are permitted to crowd the real artists out of existence, culture dies. It is necessary to exclude business men from the writing field, and also from the selecting of writers and the control of the channels between writers and public.

What, exactly, is the difference between literature and journalism? The maker of literature strives to say a thing once and for all time, while the journalist says it over and over, with slight variations, every day or week or month. And since ninety-nine per cent of the money paid out for written words is paid for journalism, it follows that ninety-nine per cent of the writers must be journalists, no matter in what capacity they may have to produce literature. Our big commercial magazines apply to the written word the American methods of standardization and mass production. A modern editor is the head of a department in a huge manufacturing plant. He has to have so-and-so much copy at regular

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intervals to fill up the spaces between advertisements of soaps and cigarettes and automobiles, — so much bait to lure the public into his advertisement-trap. And when he finds that a certain kind of bait does the business, he orders more of that kind and offers a price so high that no author's wife can resist it.

Once upon a time Finley Peter Dunne wrote a sketch about a shrewd and witty Irishman, and what happened? Why, simply that Mr. Dunne was commanded to write fifteen hundred such sketches, — "Mr. Dooley", — every Sunday for thirty years. In the same way, Montague Glass has been commanded to write fifteen thousand paragraphs, in every one of which Potash or Perlmutter says "*Gott sei Dank*", or "*Gott soll hüten*". In the same way Milt Gross has been commanded to be a *Nize Baby* for the next forty years. In the same way Jack London was commanded to repeat a hundred times his brief journey over the Alaskan snows, and Conan Doyle was compelled to bring Sherlock Holmes back to life after having mercifully killed him.

And if you ask the question, would any of these writers have produced great literature anyhow, the answer is that every living thing does better in a good environment than in a bad one. If you let a garden run wild, you will have ill-smelling weeds; while if you tend it with love plus intelligence, you may have flowers of greater beauty than the most optimistic seed catalog has predicted.

CONTRASTS

NOT marble bright against the blue
Ineffable of Provence skies,
Whose liquid light did once imbue
The lustrous gaze of Laura's eyes,
Can cause the breath in sharp surprize
To press against the throat with pain
As that brief meeting of our eyes
Across the grayness of the rain.

— *Edna Louise Smith*

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PRIMITIVE MAN

Anarchist or Communist?

MARY AUSTIN

EVER since Rousseau planned the model of perfect society on which the French Revolution was based, reformers have been in the habit of going back to some ideal state of nature for arguments to bolster their theories of revolution and evolution. In this article Miss Austin knocks several props from under their card houses by pointing out how erroneous are the current notions of primitive life. Primitive man is not greedy for possessions, nor is he promiscuous in love, according to Miss Austin.

THAT the American people are busily, even ardently engaged in intellectual stock-taking of themselves and their world, is easily discovered from any publisher's list, where Outlines of this and Stories of every department of human interest out-advertise all types of informative literature. But one does not read far in this reconsidered material without a lively suspicion that no startlingly new or helpful conclusions will be drawn from it; for though the Stories and Outlines start, properly enough, with man's prehistoric approach, such approach is invariably based on concepts of primitive man and his society as it was understood in the 1880's, interpreted in the light of recent psychological theory to be sure, but without any new fact.

Some excuse for this may be found in the preoccupation of the whole body of archeological and ethnological science with the uncovering of formerly unguessed roots of human society, to the exclusion of the important business of coming to conclusions about them. With the exception of Kroeber's excellent Anthropology, there is little available to the unspecialized reader that takes into account the vast amount of fresh and authentic material furnished by the two Americas, — half the world in fact, — and a half in which direct contact with typically prehistoric social conditions is still possible. Up to the last quarter of a century, anthropology has had to content itself largely with dead material, confused with overlapping and unrelated cultures, and with the second-hand matter of traveler's tales. But within the lifetime of the most outstanding scholars in this field, there has been opened up so formidable an amount of new material, — living and continuously accessible, — that few attempts have been made to set it in order for the authors of outlines and synopses; who, in the absence of handy compendiums of the new knowledge have

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naturally fallen back on outmoded views of the nature of primitive man and his prehistory.

Nor have they bettered their preparation by accepting without reservation interpretations of the newer psychology in which the nature of primitiveness is assumed on the findings of psychopathic clinics. Even the old anthropology in which man's nature and mentality was rated on the rehumed fragments of his utensils and habitations as stone age, iron age, age of bronze, was nearer the mark than the method which assumed him to be whatever the proponents of a particular psychological hypothesis required for its confirmation. But the discovery in the New World of nations of men with no material other than wood and clay and stone, yet characterized by highly specialized and complex organization, written history, astronomy, and its associated concepts of chronology, and a competent judiciary, make it plain that not only must a new rating be established, but that what turns up at the bottom of the aberrations of psychopathic man can not be invariably assumed to be primitive, independently of the rating arrived at by a consensus of anthropological opinion.

In the absence of such a rating of early man as revealed in his life and works, put into quotable form, I shall ask the reader to agree, for the purposes of this writing, to call man primitive while he is still in the state of unself-consciousness about himself and his society, proceeding on the pragmatic basis of what seems to him to "work" favorably toward his own preferred conditions. If by this definition considerable groups of the now dominant peoples are judged primitive, I still see no reason to quarrel with it as a distinction between what man is in his nature, and what he becomes after he begins to worry about what he ought to be. It must be evident that if there is any "ought" in human evolution, any obligation to type, any inevitable biological goal, it can only be predicted from the natural, unselfconscious states of man, whether these occur in the stone or iron or electrical ages. To one who has had intimate and long continued contact with unself-conscious human society, the present notion of primitive man appears almost grotesquely mistaken. And since human society appears to be at present grotesquely entangled within itself, it is possible that the present dissatisfaction with life and society may derive directly from these wildly erroneous notions of what man primarily is, which, if true, would indicate our urgent need for new concepts of primitives.

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One of the most generally accepted of such notions about beginning man is that he is absorbingly and continuously engaged in the quest of food; and that society becomes "civil" in proportion as this quest is transferred to other objectives. But to one who has enjoyed direct contact with early society not directly in conflict with what is called civilization, the surprize, the amazement is that on the whole man keeps himself fed and sheltered with so little expenditure of energy. Moreover, it is with almost insuperable difficulty that those who consort with primitive peoples for the purpose of doing them good can overcome primitive man's reluctance to devote any considerable percentage of his time to the economic struggle. Nor is this altogether because the qualities of forethought and constructive imagination which enable man to escape, by anticipating, the incidents of drought and sickness and old age, are undeveloped in the primitive consciousness. It is in a very large part because primitive man is energetically engrossed with the occupations called "civilized", — art and literature and religion. After some centuries we have scarcely persuaded the Negro to take on economic worry as the species mark of *Homo sapiens*. Does not our own Indian Bureau have to resort from time to time to unconstitutional suppressions of Indian art and religion in order to reduce the tribes to our own ideal level of unremitting economic strain?

History of Greed

Still wider of the primitive mark is our disposition to assume "greed" as the universal motivation for an economic attitude in which goods accumulate more rapidly in the hands of the individual than opportunities for the personal enjoyment of them. Among the Tierra del Fuegans who are perhaps the lowest of native American societies, and among the Assiniboines, who took their name from being so low in the scale of culture that they had not developed any way of cooking their food other than to drop hot stones into a hide-lined hole in the ground, there is not only no greed of the kill, but not even the personal disposition to claim it as a meritorious contribution to the group. Another plains tribe, so close to the earth that there was seldom more than a sack of pemmican or a few ears of corn between it and hunger, had a saying to the effect that one who woke at night hearing the sound of eating in his house should not make a light lest he discover the eater to be an enemy, and so be tempted to begrudge him food.

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Thrift, — that is to say the disposition to lay up to-day for to-morrow's necessity, — did not develop either as a vice or a virtue, but had to wait upon the psychological capacity of the individual to hold to-day and to-morrow simultaneously in his consciousness, — a feat, by the way, of which many million members of the most sophisticated societies in existence are still incapable. Greed, the desire of possession for the sake of its corollaries of power, prestige, and gratified egoism, has an extremely interesting history, which can still be read in the devices by which primitive man, — before wage labor was invented and while slave owning was still so much like work that it was handier to kill the conquered than to direct their labor, — disposed of his excess possessions.

In the days when primitive man of any real force of character or rate of intelligence was unable to help owning more blankets or buffalo robes or lion skins than he could well wear or sleep under, all tribes seem to have had recourse to some sort of Carnegie library plan of "give away", so that they might at the same time win praises for themselves and escape the necessity of taking personal care of their wealth. Moreover, that notable invention "interest" is seen among our own native tribes, authentically originating not in greed or against necessity, but in pride of this individual capacity to give back more than has been received, — as can be studied in the *polatch* of the Northwest.

But if the whole economic nature of man can be shown to be quite other than the dogma of current economic revolt supposes it to be, how then are we to have any particular confidence in current proposals for remedying our economic evils? The writer, having had long and intimate acquaintance with purely communistic communities of the stone age, has always to gulp back the shock of surprize on being offered communism by some starry-eyed advocate of the socialized state as the great advance in economic theory. For communism as a group pattern, if you include the other animals that have adopted it, is at least fifty million years of age. This is not to say that a self-conscious communism, — if there can be such a thing, — might not prove preferable to the present economic confusion in some countries. If so, however, it would only be because the majority of the people espousing the communistic remedy are still more primitive than they would probably be willing to admit. For there can be no doubt that mankind individually fought off growing economically

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supercompetent as long as possible and is still disposed to make a virtue of that rejection.

The Cave Man Myth

Even less like the sex life of the true primitive, are the modern versions of normality in sex relations, based upon a belief in the "cave man" dragging his reluctant mate by the hair, the "promiscuous horde", or even Mr. Wells' "Old Man of the Tribe", who seems to have become the whipping boy of the social radical of to-day.

The cave man is an exclusively European product. It seems probable that there did occur in Europe and linger on long enough to establish a traditional figure, a not very numerous tribe of primitives, more fierce and hairy than their contemporaries, cannibalistic and addicted to the practice of raping women of more cultured tribes, surviving in tribal memory as the ogre of European folk-tales, even as the pigmy tribes survive as the Little People of fairy lore. That this traditional race may have clubbed their stolen mates, and dragged them by the hair, is possible; and for this abnormality as well as for the stodgy brute-mindedness with which they are credited, they perished. But the plain biological fact is that no male animal assaults the mate, and the evidence of the tribes that survived and became the progenitors of the present European peoples, is that the nearer they were to simple animality the less they resembled the ogre types, who may indeed have left something of their hyperthyroid strain in the debased cretins and Cagots of to-day.

Among Amerind tribes there are traces of the decencies and restraints of the mating habit of animality, traces of an annual mating season, and of the complete separation of the sexes for specific times and occasions. In every people still is to be observed the adolescent disposition toward the bachelor "gang", characteristic of all herding animals, and a conviction in favor of deliberate continence as a means of conserving personal power for special undertakings. Nowhere do we find scientific evidence of the "promiscuous horde" as a prehistoric social condition, the assumption of which was much in favor ten or fifteen years ago to bolster up a notion of institutionalized marriage as a priestly contrivance for thwarting the natural inclinations of men. Kroeber, — than whom no better authority at present exists, — finds the patriarchal family organization, though less stable, older

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than the matriarchal, which leaves the major assumption on the side of an unquestioned marital relation of the particular woman to the patriarch. It is to be regretted that the evidence on this point has not yet been put into available shape, but taken as it stands, the inference is strongly toward simple monogamous mating as the human species mark. Up to the last generation, before Christian civilization through its missionaries had spread over all the earth, wild tribes among whom lifelong monogamous mating were the unquestioned rule were not infrequently found.

H. G. Wells and the Old Man

But man, as befits his intellectual superiority over other animals, exhibits a degree of adaptability in his species practices which enables him to take on polyandry or polygamy as the necessities of his situation seem to demand. Marriage, however, — that is to say, a definite assignment of marital rights to particular individuals, either by groups or singly, — appears to have existed in various forms from the earliest prehistory of the human species. As for Mr. Wells's Old Man he fails to turn up at the end of the backward trail in convincing frequency. Possibly the primitive ancestry of modern European peoples may have had an emphasized tendency toward patriarchal organization, which would account for their present deference toward the "Head of the House". But the dominant ancient male can not be argued from what we know of existing primitives. There are still in the United States tribes that had no institutionalized chieftancy until forced into it in the exigencies of dealing with superorganized whites. Of "marriage by capture" and other tag ends of marriage customs, — which a few years ago constituted the favorite agreement that marriage was an invention of priests against nature, — it needs only to be said that these are even more regionally restricted than the "cave man" tradition. Very much of the modern disposition in sex can be shown to be distinctly related to the age of military preoccupation and that sentimental yearning toward rape by which modern man rationalizes his overstimulated appetite and props his sense of personal dominance, so defeated by modern economic conditions. In interpreting primitive customs there is also the tendency to read our own manners backward into unfamiliar tribal use.

The biological fact is that sexual stress is like economic strain, largely a product of social complexity. It can easily be seen in-

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creasing with the development of imagination, esthetic sensibility, and the decline of individual adventure in other departments of human activity. Devotees of the "new psychology" are much to blame for the lack of discrimination with which they have appropriated their evidence often from degenerate societies and without respect to correlated social phenomena.

On the origin of war and the military disposition generally, very little specific work has been done, but the writer's own conclusion based upon a study of Amerindian tribes, Dyak head hunters, and the sagas of South Sea Islanders, — a conclusion which must by no means be saddled upon the body of anthropologists, — is that fighting, aside from the biological urge toward the destruction of rival types, can be distinctly related to the art impulse. While the love of plunder and race prejudice supply the immediate motivation and largely select the victims of primitive warfare, the warlike disposition appears to originate in the excess of creative vitality for which no adequate outlet is provided. This, if true, should be of value in any general plan for the elimination of war as a social phenomenon. An unwarlike people would be found in that case, either low in creative vitality, or high in creative output, so that the impulse is satisfied without being expended in killing.

Confidence as a Religious Motive

Of all the primary impulses leading to the institutionalized activities of civilization, none are so much in need of elucidation as the religious impulses. It is the fashion now to credit all religious origins to fear, and this reiterated theme constituted the chief defect of a recent and otherwise deservedly popular Outline of religious evolution. One can not within the space of a magazine article produce the evidence to counteract a premise so injuriously mistaken, but there is no doubt that evidence exists not only in tradition but in living practice to show that confidence rather than fear, — a confidence based upon religious intuition and primitive ratiocination, — is the major premise behind the ritualization and organization of religious feeling.

The Dawn Man's religion originates in the child's easy conviction of an animal in all nature, similar to the *anima* of man, because it is impossible to imagine unlikeness; and therefore amenable to man's persuasion, even to his command. Out of this belief grow rites and other practices designed to act favorably upon the

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Spirit resident in created things. This confidence shows itself as in the main untroubled to a degree that leads man often to bargain with his gods, or even to attempt to manage them by neglect and deprivation of the offerings they are supposed to desire. This happy confidence of response is particularly characteristic of Amerindian religions. Where fear enters into primitive religion, it can generally be shown to have an extremely factual basis, as in those countries where rites are paid and offerings made to active volcanoes, to annually flooding rivers, to the unmastered sea, or as against the terrible beasts and misunderstood diseases.

Nothing is more unintelligent than the practice of people who pride themselves on their intelligence, in assuming that because the rationalizations of primitive man are wholly primitive, they are not therefore rational in their origin. All the emotions,—awe, love, fear, the need of sacrifice,—enter into tribal practice, but also the primitive puts into it all the intelligence he has. To speak of primitive religion as a "mass of superstition" is exactly as stultifying as to speak of Christianity or any other modern religion in the same terms, for superstition is neither more nor less than ratiocination from which we have outreasoned ourselves. Thus the myth of the General Strike and the millennial Social Revolution which was so popular with our intelligentsia fifteen years ago takes its place with the World's End of Millerites and the Thousand Years of early Christianity.

What we need here is an Outline of Religion which will carefully dissect the evolution of the Religious Consciousness from the intellectual explanations which accompanied it, in the same manner in which Lynn Thorndyke, in his *History of Magic and Experimental Science*, has divided the roots of experimental science from magic. Wherever it is possible to-day to come into touch with an unself-conscious religion, it is possible to find religious impulses taking the lead, shaped but not controlled by tradition and sparingly rationalized.

Thus the religion of the Zuñi is much less absurdly rationalized, far more intellectual in our reading of that term, than many of our modern versions of Christianity. The Zuñi approach their gods with something of the child's instinctive movement toward propitiation, but for the most part in the spirit of the gentlemen's agreement, confident and courteous. They fear only the natural accidents of life, as we do, but not hell nor death. No primitive fears death, but most of them fear the dead and have some form

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of belief in what figures in almost our latest religion as "malicious animal magnetism". If there were ever any primitive tribes that were as fearful and as obsessed with sex as the new psychology prescribes, they have long since perished of those two disabilities.

Ourselves and the Primitive

These are but a few of the points at which the popular concepts of beginning society need revision as an index to possible reorganization of the primary impulses of mankind. On the problem of social reorganization I have but indirectly touched in relation to the origins of wealth. There can be no doubt that from the earliest date at which we know anything about them, types of social organization exhibit racial characteristics, which must as unquestionably be taken into account as cultural stages must be recognized in interpretation types of religious reaction. Fear as a concomitant of worship is more in evidence among black tribes than white. The numbers of supernaturals, giants, fairies, imps, and elves is more noticeable among forest-dwelling people than among people of the open.

Witch hunting is very largely a by-product of tribal amalgamation, whether by conquest or by peaceful alliance. Our magic is always white, but other peoples' ranges all the way from speckled to deep black. Such indices as these by which the careful folklorist finds his way about, can not be disregarded in the interpretation of modern dissatisfactions. It is highly probable that the phobias of our intelligentsia against much American practice are psychologically related to the causes which led to the self-destruction of the early American civilizations, just as the prevailing "give away" institutes and foundations of modern millionairedom are related to the Pacific Coast potlatch, and are indicative of a similar lack of adjustment between wealth production and distribution.

What is recommended here is to give over the modern practice of interpreting human nature in the light of what man is, — in laboratories and clinics, — hypothetically described as being; and to undertake anew the discovery of what man really was in order that we may illuminate the situation in which he at present finds himself.

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WHAT IS INSTINCT?

Forum Definitions — Eighteenth Series

INSTINCT is a slippery term which many contributors were unable to distinguish from its aunts, uncles, and cousins, — the Reflexes, Habits, and Intuitions.

The word has had a curious history in recent years. Not long ago Instincts were considered the rock bottom of the psychological world. Trace an action to an Instinct and you were supposed to have it nailed. There was no going behind an Instinct. If a man beat his wife, it was because he had a Pugnacious Instinct; if he was untrue to her, his Amorous Instinct was strong. Thus the Instincts became the grandfathers of our modern Complexes in the scientific patter of the day.

But before long, somebody discovered that to plaster the label "Instinct" upon an act was equivalent to explaining it with a question mark. Then the Behaviorists mounted their soap boxes and denounced the whole breed of Instincts as frauds and charlatans. Thereupon the defenders of the old psychological faith began to look to their properties, and answered that you might watch a young oriole building its nest as long as you pleased, and you'd never learn how it happened to follow the model of its parents without ever having taken a single course in architecture. As a result of this battle of the wits, Instinct ceased to be a label for the non-Behaviorists and was transformed from a first cause to a first effect of certain modes of racial behavior.

But the word still retains much of its first meaning in popular usage; and the Definitions Editor feels justified, therefore, in including among the prize winners several definitions of Instinct in its popular sense.

Contributors made many bright remarks *about* Intuition. Some hardly qualify as definitions but are worth saving from oblivion, such as:

> Instinct is a cronic hunch. (*H. E. Wilcox, Middletown, Connecticut*).

> Instinct, — an animal's reason, a woman's excuse, a man's justification. (*Genevieve H. Cheney, Mount Vernon, New York*).

> Instinct is that indefinable something which tells a girl whether or not it is necessary for her to take her roller skates when she goes for a ride. (*Wynne M. Gerou, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*).

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Instinct is that propensity, — or natural or acquired aptitude, — that causes a man to stumble over the only chair that stands between him and happiness, after an all-night seance at his favorite club. (*J. D. Lane, Clemson College, South Carolina*).

Instinct is the blindman's dog. (*Eva Warner, Northfield, Minnesota*).

Primitive and fundamental, instinct is the common denominator of man and brute. Enemy and master of reason, it is the chain that binds the disillusioned to life, the urgent impulse that drives him to perpetuate in posterity his own mediocrities. (*Inez Sachs Colby, Berkeley, California*).

Instinct, — the father of reason and son of emotion; the "missing link" in the chain of mental evolution. (*Bernard J. Reines, Boston, Massachusetts*).

Instinct, — a force that science decries, faith embraces, logic evades, and candor admits. (*Emily Holly, Portland, Oregon*).

Instinct, — a God-given or natural impulse without the process of reasoning, most marked in women, children and horses. (*Mrs. A. F. Stapleton, Washington, D. C.*).

Instinct is closely akin to "the will to live", the *élan vital* and the *libido*. It is the one thing, thank goodness, that prevents us from becoming pedants, mollycoddles, and morons. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

Instinct is that inner urge which withholds a man from the brink of Niagara to hurl him into the arms of Venus. (*H. G. Montillon, Buffalo, New York*).

Mr. Clement Wells (New York City) reminds us: "I do not expect to win one of your prizes, but I hope you don't give them to any of the mush and slush artists who think the deity causes them to sneeze." Whether we have escaped this grave danger we leave to the reader to determine from the following definitions for which prizes are awarded:

1 Instinct has been employed to designate a number of things, both real and imaginary. Divested of fiction, the word may be used as equivalent to an inherited necessity to respond in a definite manner to a given stimulus, or to given stimuli. Since this automatic reaction occurs in all organisms, to a greater or lesser extent, the word "instinct" is applicable only to *unlearned* acts of self-preservative nature, — i. e. the ability to adapt behavior to definite ends not previously known or experienced. Non-instinctive acts are those performed as a result of trial, error, and (finally) success. (*Maynard Shipley, President of the Science League of America, San Francisco, California*).

2 Instinct is the natural basis for behavior. It is a certain innate tendency toward a preorganized response. The nature of man's instincts is due to the physiological structure of the nervous system.

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Intelligence serves to conceal much of the instinctive character of man's behavior. The lower order of animals which do not have so complex an organization of the nervous system show more strongly the instinctive character of their behavior. Instinct is also modified by experience. Instinct pertains more closely to the brute element of man's nature. Because of this, instinct has been the cause for the development of many devices and institutions of civilization. (*Elwood D. Vaughan, Lynchburg, Virginia*).

3 An ever present help in trouble for the old-school psychologist. A half-way stage between reflexes and inborn capacities which is uncertain of definition and more uncertain of recognition. Translation of a concrete and specific act, which constitutes a scientific fact, into a generalized form which is merely verbal. A blind tendency to act, independent of instruction received by or of volition exercised by the agent, and yet, by definition, too complex to be merely physiological. Reduced to "the four wishes" by Sociologist Thomas, and to one dilemma (i. e. to be or not to be) by Sociologist Shakespeare. (*Edmund K. Moody, University of Texas, Austin, Texas*).

4 Instinct seems to have its habitat somewhere in the shadowland twixt the involuntary reflex and habit, which latter in the first instance originated in a conscious choice. Instincts, which as might be expected are more numerous in man than in the lower strata of animal life, appear to be humanity's common treasure acquired through heredity and may be regarded as the resultant of primal experience, added to and fortified by all the ages, which have followed. Actions repeated many times in the history of the race came to be performed without thinking or with the least possible exercise of conscious mentality. (*Reverend Edmund S. Middleton, D. D., Syracuse, New York*).

5 Instinct is the voice of age-old Experience crying in the wilderness of acquired conventional habits. It is the blind impulse toward certain specified action when given certain specified conditions. It is the common sense of our forefathers, acquired by bitter and sometimes bloody experiences, trying to rule our lives regardless of changed conditions. Like statistics, one may be found to support almost any theory you WANT to support. (*Alice Stevenson, San Bernardino, California*).

6 Instinct is the scientific term for original sin, a psychological blanket which covers as much even as charity, a label for whatever is inexplicable in our natures, an excuse for doing as we please, and a justification for battering against unreasonable conventions. (*Joyce E. Lobner, Berkeley, California*).

7 Instinct is that attribute of women and animals which, when found in the male of the human species, is enthusiastically hailed as common sense. (*Josephine Raisig, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

Next word to be defined: — RACE PREJUDICE. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than November 25. Prizes of five dollars, or of any book mentioned or advertised in the November issue (value not exceeding five dollars), for each winning definition.*

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WORDS OF TO-MORROW

Fourth Series of the New American Language

FROM William Hovgaard, Professor of Naval Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, comes a suggestion for this department which will wring cheers of approval from every one who has ever tried to give or receive a telegram over the telephone. Writes Professor Hovgaard: "Many of the present names of the letters in our alphabet are difficult to distinguish from one another, especially over the telephone. Most of them are ostensibly phonetic, or are at least intended to suggest the sound they convey; but in this some of them fail completely. On account of the scarcity of symbols in the English alphabet many of the letters, especially among the vowels, stand for two or more entirely different sounds, so that no single phonetic name can possibly convey the full meaning of the symbol.

"All this, of course, is well known, and the need of more distinctive names for the letters has long been felt in many ways; but the event of the telephone and its universal use have made it a practical necessity. In order to meet this deficiency the public and the telephone operators have between them developed a promiscuous, somewhat cumbrous system, saying, for instance, 'G for George,' 'B for Boston,' etc., substituting indiscriminately whatever names come to their mind. An attempt at standardization has been made by the Western Union Telegraph Company which has devised a code on this principle.

"Several other less important instances might be mentioned where a need is felt of more suitable names for the letters, not only in the English, but also in other languages. In a certain navy, for example, the signal flags which were first named by letters only, were given girls' names with corresponding initials in order to avoid mistakes. One might hear the watch officer roar out: 'What has become of Bertha? Why doesn't she get up?' Or, in a more composed moment he might call out in a calm dignified voice: 'Hoist Josephine!'

"In the Back Bay district of Boston, a certain group of streets are named Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, etc. In the German Navy the gun turrets of the battle-ships were named Anne, Bertha, Caesar, Dora.

"Of course, letters need not be given proper names. In fact,

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such a system does not seem without serious objections. The field is wide and it would not be difficult to devise a suitable nomenclature. Many of the names used in the Greek alphabet would seem very appropriate, were it not that they have already a definite significance. Suppose it is desired to spell the name Ball: instead of saying, 'B for Boston, A for Adams, L for Lincoln, L for Lincoln,' we might say, for instance: 'beta, alpha, lambda, lambda.' But probably it would be best to adopt names other than the Greek.

"The proposal here made is not an innovation but rather a restitution. Probably the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics had real names, and it is known that the letters of the Phenician and later of the Greek alphabets had specific names. Also the letters of the old Russian alphabet, derived from Byzantine Greek, had names, partly retained in the modern alphabet. A joint committee of philologists, operators, and business men would soon be able to solve the problem, which might well be taken up by the large telegraph and telephone companies. It is believed that a well conceived nomenclature adopted by several such companies would soon come to form an accepted part of the English language and would probably become international."

For each of the following suggestions, we shall award any book mentioned in this issue (value not exceeding five dollars), and remind our readers that similar contributions for our next published series should reach us not later than December 1:

Foruminate, — In honor of the policy of The Forum, let me suggest the new word, *foruminate*, meaning to discuss without prejudice. (*Jeannette Baker, East Cleveland, Ohio*).

Snivelization, — a meek, mild, flabby culture advocated by certain parsons. (*Henri F. Klein, Springfield, Massachusetts*).

Puritocracy, — rule of Puritans or reformers. (*Arthur C. Smith, Long Beach, California*).

Metooistic, — an adjective indicating that agreeable quality in some persons which inclines them, for the most part, to do likewise, whatever is proposed. (*Reverend Edmund S. Middleton, Syracuse, New York*).

Myobist, — in a world of meddlers, a word to describe correctly one who is not a meddler; a contraction of "Mind your own business". (*E. P. Hovey, East Quogue, New York*).

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

ON AN *UNCERTAIN* CONDESCENSION *TOWARDS* FOREIGNERS

THACKERAY in one of his *Snob* papers bluntly remarks: "By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is." To be sure, he was a great man writing for those incredibly stupid British; a mere footpad would hardly address an intelligent Forum audience in the same terms, but possibly he may be forgiven if, to explain the italics of his title, he reminds his readers of an essay with which they are of course thoroughly familiar, — "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," by James Russell Lowell.

Well, the certain condescension still goes on perhaps, but anyone who can look through the other end of the spy-glass, who is pedestrian-minded enough to try "to see oursels as ithers see us", must observe that we, on our part, also condescend. The main difference is that our condescension lacks the dead certainty of the Victorian foreigner. He knew we were inferior; we are not perfectly sure he is. This looks at first like a virtue. It permits the supposition that we still retain the vestiges of tolerance. But in point of fact, I fear, our attitude means nothing of the kind. Our condescension is not tempered with tolerance; it is merely distempered with uncertainty.

Three pictures keep recurring. First, our genuflections in the presence of distinguished foreigners. One can understand our rubbernecking when Queen Marie goes by, — or Renfrew, as our papers like familiarly to describe the Prince of Wales. After all, our own blooded swells are dubious, our great folk lack the *je ne sais quoi* of authentic royalty. For demonstration purposes, therefore, for sheer display of social altitude, shaking hands with Edison or dancing at the Wayside Inn with Ford leaves something to be desired. But the same sort of obeisance takes place in the presence of untitled foreigners, of mere writers and lecturers, who, corpuscularly speaking, are no better than Mr. John Doe.

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Some of them, of course, are so great that they deserve our attention. Dean Inge, for instance, is one who ought to be heard whenever he will give us a chance, for he has always something to say and says it well. What I am thinking of, though, is our disposition to give a hearing over and over again to foreigners who have nothing to say and who say it ill. It takes somewhat from our hospitality to Dean Inge when we accept him, as Bacon complained he was accepted for knighthood, "gregarious in a troop." In other words, I am cynical enough to wonder whether half the articles by foreigners in our magazines would pull their weight in the boat if they were unsigned and unsung in editorial blurb. Not that I question the excellence of many foreign authors. I am questioning rather the disposition of our editors and, still more, of our hostesses to accept almost anything from over the water, provided it has an imposing label.

But look at the second picture. No genuflections when the stranger is unheralded! In fact, the keen edge of our adoration of great ones is somewhat dulled by our contempt for the rank and file. This possibly is not a national trait, but merely a gesture of bureaucracy at our frontiers. Nevertheless, it must seem incongruous to foreigners, and ought to seem contemptible to us, that some of our people salaam to distinguished foreigners, while others appear to be peculiarly capable of welcoming the ordinary stranger with insults. The immigration inspectors, it is true, denied several charges in Miss Miller's indictment of Ellis Island. They inspected themselves and found they were not so bad after all. But even if only one-tenth of Miss Miller's article was true, the arraignment was serious enough. What, too, of similar stories one hears from other ports of entry? — of a married woman who, because she did not happen to have a marriage certificate, was greeted with the sneer, "How do you expect us to believe you are his wife?" Imagine, dear American lady, being yourself thus greeted by a horrid English official at Liverpool.

People are getting aroused about such immigration discourtesies. In course of time steps may be taken to remedy them. The question, however, is whether the rudeness and crudeness are purely a bureaucratic outgrowth. A good many foreigners suspect the outward sign to be one of inward disgrace. In any event, the composite picture of the editor and hostess bowing and of the immigration official booing is either contemptible, — or funny!

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Oh, well, you flat-footed fellow, say our boosters, don't judge our nation by a few exotics and burotics in New York. So we come to the third picture. It is true, I suppose, that the majority of Americans scarcely give a thought to Europe. In their consistent indifference they, too, add their bit to the uncertainty of the condescension. For Europe and European affairs are thrust upon us, willy-nilly, and if people don't know Europe, or think much about it, they must perforce judge it by their own standards; they must make up their minds about Europe as if its people were Nebraskans with Nebraskan problems. The result in international misunderstanding is serious enough. The result is perhaps equally serious in those citizens who, though "they don't give a thought to Europe", roam thither on vacation and perpetuate the saying, "Ain't these foreigners funny?" After all, to Gilbert and Sullivan our immigration officials would have been funny, too!

There doesn't appear to be much in favor of condescension distempered by such uncertainty. It is argued by some (André Tardieu, for example) that the disposition of Americans to consider themselves superior springs from the assumption that because they are richer they must be wiser. That would be real ground for a consistent and offensive condescension. But every one knows in his heart that material wealth is no mark of real superiority; hence the disdain punctuated by genuflections, hence the indifference stampeded into misjudgment, hence the uncertainty in the condescension.

There may be something in this explanation, but I am inclined to think the real reason lies deeper, — in an apparently common feature of high-speed civilization. Herbert J. Spinden, in an article on "Savage Virtues" in a recent issue of THE FORUM, points out that nervous excitation, accelerated in periods of great cultural advance, produces either asceticism or "the fevered demand for thrill". The history of our press and our silent drama, the rapid development of what I have called the flivverous mind, bear plenty of witness to such nervous excitation. The same process, presumably, is taking place abroad, and there as here, if Dr. Spinden is right, there should be growing up the tendency to move more and more in a sensational and largely imaginary world. But European peoples are still amateurs in acceleration compared to us. They are protected, moreover, by an uncomfortable proximity to one another. Their very conflicts and jealousies provide them with a salutary sense of fact.

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Over here, on the other hand, one has only to turn to the lurid foreign news which we get to realize that our people, in so far as they make up their minds about the debt question, or Mussolini, or Russian Communism, touch only the sensational features. After reading the news for weeks together, they are not really informed, they are only excited, in connection with problems of international importance. They are not only not better fitted to judge; they are actually *un*fitted to judge.

Of course both M. Tardieu and Dr. Spinden may be right, for they are not diagnosing the same ailment. My point, however, is that the cause of our curious mixture of condescension, genuflection, and indifference lies deeper than a mere sense of material power. The cure, therefore, lies deeper than a mere campaign of information. It implies a persistent effort to get out and to keep out of the mental flivver, to walk soberly and squarely on our feet. Information will do us little good so long as we can take in only the lurid side of it.

A rather hopeless situation it must seem, and it would actually be so if another generation were not coming along. A parent usually wishes his children to be better than he is; so our grown-up parents and school teachers, themselves debauched by civilization, may yet rear a race that will substitute the savage virtue of good-will for the civilized vice of condescension. Interest animated by good-will instead of bad thrill might accomplish much. We might, through courtesy to the *undistinguished* stranger, get inside his mind and heart, we might actually go the length of trying to see European problems from a European point of view. It would be a spectacle so far unmatched in history, — a great and powerful people so courteous and so interested that they were incapable of condescension. It would do more than leagues and conferences to abolish the resort to arms. It would turn war into a silly and hysterical joke!

Why not? Well, the answer to that is easy and ought to be unanimous. The real question is "How?" — if the newspapers persist.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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RIVER WITCH.

ROARK BRADFORD

(*Continued from page 664*)

on a bale of hay and "bassed hit like a bullfrog wid his haid in a crawfish hole". When the songs got too mournful, Urline would shout, and Big Bess would preach and read out of her Bible, just like a regular preacher.

On rainy days they sang all sorts of songs, — church songs, just plain songs, and regular bad songs:

When I wored my aprons low
You always hung around my do'.
Love, oh, love, oh, Kelly's love,
You pass my do' and you don't look in.

Of course a married woman had no business singing a song like that. It was a true love song. Big Bess wouldn't even sing "Johnnie and Frankie". Even Urline balked at singing "Soap and Water". But Ruby sang "Kelly's Love" and "Johnnie and Frankie", and when she and Diamond Joe got done singing that "Soap and Water" song there wasn't anything left to sing about.

Yaller Jack knew that the "Soap and Water" song was no song for any married woman to sing and he told Ruby it wasn't, — told her right before everybody.

But Ruby didn't care. She and Diamond Joe were singing and old Smokey was playing, and Ruby went right on, sending her voice into a high, quivering tremolo. Old Diamond Joe's mouth flopped open like a channel catfish after a minnow and he looked right straight at Ruby, — with the same kind of look that the commissary clerk had given her.

But Ruby felt devilish that day, and the look did not tell her to run off. She just looked right back at Diamond Joe and made the next note whine at him. She wasn't afraid to sing "Soap and Water" with Diamond Joe, or any other man. "Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd." The preacher had said it, and she wasn't afraid. She giggled and backed off, facing Yaller Jack:

Ruby and Diamond was a-singin' a song,
Yaller say, 'Don't, cause you know hit's wrong'.
Ruby tole Yaller, 'Ain't dat's a shame,
Cause you calls my singin' such a dirty name.'
'Soap and Water,' I said, 'Soap and Water.'

That was a pretty good pop-out to sing at your husband, Ruby thought, and she started to giggle again. But she saw Yaller Jack look mean murder at Diamond Joe and she knew what Yaller Jack meant by that look. And she knew what he meant when he grabbed her wrist and twisted her arm until it nearly popped out at the shoulder.

"Hit's all right, darlin'," she pleaded. "Hit's all right, Yaller. You knows I ain't studdin' nobody but you, darlin'."

"I got eyes," Yaller Jack said roughly, and he twisted harder.

"But darlin'," begged Ruby, "I ain't done nothin'. I couldn't ef'n I wanted to. De preacher done said on me, Yaller. De preacher said."

"Said which?" Yaller Jack demanded.

"When us got married," Ruby explained, "De preacher say, 'Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd.' He said right on me, — "

"Foolish," exploded Yaller Jack. "Dat's what dey say on daid fo'ks at de funerals." Lord, Lord, how that stout man could twist your arm!

Ruby looked panicky. She trembled before Yaller Jack's ugly frown. "Didn't

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de preacher said dat on me, sho' nuff, Yaller?" she pleaded. "He didn't said dat ashes to ashes charm on me when us gits married? Sho' nuff?"

"Co'se he ain't, Baby," Yaller Jack's anger was giving away to pity. "Co'se he ain't. Dat's a charm on de daid. Us ain't got daid when us got married, honey."

Ruby looked inquiringly at Big Bess. She had been married by a preacher.

"Dey says, 'Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd,' on de daid fo'ks on'y," she confirmed.

Ruby could hardly believe it. But Big Bess ought to know what she was talking about.

"What do hit mean, den, when you says hit on daid fo'ks?" she demanded. She couldn't see any reason in putting a charm on a dead woman.

Big Bess did not know what it meant. It was in the Bible, she explained, and that was all she wanted to know about it. Maybe old Smokey might know, but if anything was in the Bible, that was enough for Big Bess to know about it.

"Hit's a charm," Smokey explained, "which keeps off de ha'nts." She waited for that to soak in and continued: "When somebody wants to does you somethin' and you kills 'em, well, dey ups and ha'nts you." Everybody knew that, already. "But, — " and Smokey paused again, "when somebody else kills 'em or dey just dies, like f'm de yaller janders or a snake bite, well, de ha'nt come right on and tries to do you jest like de person was tryin' to do you befo' he dies. Onless," she paused once more to emphasize the exception, — "onless you says, 'Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd,' and dat puts a charm on 'em and dey can't ha'nt you. So de fo'ks got in de habit er sayin' de charm on all daid fo'ks 'cause you don't never know what's goin' on in a daid man's mind befo' he dies."

"But ef'n you kills 'em yo' ownse'f, hit don't put no charm on de ha'nt or nobody?" Ruby pressed.

"Naw, cause you got de blood on yo' hands and de ha'nt kin smell de blood, I don't keer how much you charms. Hit's on'y for a natchal death like when somebody else kills 'em dat de charm work."

Ruby could not see any sense in that. It sounded foolish and it robbed her of something. "Ashes to ashes, Lawd, — " Ruby did not realize what a protection that charm had been to her until she suddenly found it had been no protection at all. "Ashes to ashes, Lawd, and dust to dust, Lawd," — a magic spell to make a young married woman safe? Humph! Nothing but words that they said on dead folks. "Diamond Joe ain't daid. He's about de livest man in dis camp, dis day and time," she decided. "And yar Yaller Jack paid three and a half for dat pair er co't-house licenses and hired a preacher, — jest for nothin'!"

That night when everything got quiet and she could hear that old river witch out in the cane-brake pulling at her hair and making her feel mean, she cried and clung to Yaller Jack. "I don't keer ef'n hit ain't nothin' kin git me, Yaller," she begged. "I's skeered and I wants to stay like dis."

Yaller Jack felt sorry for her. "Hit's mighty hot to-night, Baby," he grumbled, "and I hits de levee at daylight. But ef'n you's sho' nuff skeered you kin lay agin me till you goes to sleep."

The next day Ruby hunted out Big Bess and made her read the Bible to her and sing and pray for her.

"Hit ain't no use in gittin' skeered when you's got de Lawd on yo' side," Big Bess consoled. "I got de Lawd on my side and I ain't skeered."

"Do de Lawd he'p you hold yo' man?" Ruby pleaded.

Big Bess had boundless faith. But she was a woman, — and she knew her Bible. "De Lawd," she explained, "ain't doin' nothin' for nobody, which ain't doin' dey part. A 'ooman got to do ev'ything she kin befo' de Lawd gonter turn His hands."

They prayed and sang some more, and Ruby went away feeling more secure in her relationship with her husband. But during the afternoon she got lonesome. It was one thing to know that the Lord was going to help you out, maybe, if you did everything you could to fight the river witch in old Diamond Joe. But it was better to see your own big, hard-working husband out on the levee, making a dollar and a half a day and saving his money. She walked to the edge of the clearing where the men were working and, half-concealed behind a willow bush, she watched them. Yaller Jack was driving

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the team of big mules up and down the embankment, dragging dirt up there and dumping it from the slip and then driving down and loading again. There were a dozen or so other teams just like Yaller Jack's, but he was doing it better than the rest, Ruby felt certain. He had a way of just reaching down and lifting the slip handle so slightly that it looked as if he barely touched it, and the mules would walk right on and turn the slip bottom-up. Then he just touched the handle again, and the slip jumped back right side up. It was so easy the way he did it, — and all the time, walking along lazily, burying his bare feet to the ankles in the loose, black dirt and singing as if he wasn't working at all. Singing about her:

Workin' on de levee,
Dollar fo' bits a day, —
Give my Ruby de dollar,
And lays fo' bits away.

Doggone it, it was something to have a man like that, even if you didn't have a charm on him! Fine-looking, brown-skinned man, singing about you and working for you! The biggest man on the job, too, — except old Diamond Joe.

"Diamond Joe! Humph!" she snorted. "I don't see how come I got to come thinkin' about dat scound'el."

She looked about for him. He was leaning against the handles of the big swamp plow that went through the dirt and roots and loosened things up so the slips could dig out the dirt. It was a big plow and took four big mules to pull it. But Diamond Joe was stout enough to hold on when it went bucking and jumping and jerking through the roots and under the stumps.

"Doggone ole Diamond," Ruby grinned, "he's a big man and he's a stout man. He don't need no river witch to git in him. Dat scound'el is a natchal-bawn he witch his ownse'f."

While Ruby stood there gazing fondly at Diamond Joe, she saw him reach down casually, pull a long cypress root from the ground, and strike with it.

"Snake," some one called, and immediately every one started gathering around. Ruby joined the circle of men and watched with them while a long cottonmouth moccasin squirmed and writhed in death.

"Blind," offered Yaller Jack, eyeing the snake's head closely.

"Dog-days make 'em like dat," Diamond Joe volunteered. "Dog-days puts scales on dey eyes. I bet dat sucker was headin' for de river to git him a drink. Whey dey gits dry and mad, dey bites ev'ything dat dey tech. And kill you? Mankind! I bet hit's enough pizen in dat snake's haid right now to kill ev'y mule on de levee, let alone de mens."

"I seed a man git bit by a cottonmouf," commented one of the workers. "He jest bent hisse'f double and moaned once. Den he stretched out, stiff as a poker. Didn't had to put him on no coolin' boa'd. He was cold."

"Hi, — you niggers!" It was the Walking Boss calling. "Get back to work. Get them teams started. We can't stop the job just because somebody killed a snake." Levees are built and repaired by the cubic yard of dirt moved.

The workers tore themselves away reluctantly and went to work, — up the levee and down again. Diamond did not belong with that circle. He handled the big plow, and when there was no plowing to be done, he rested. When he and Ruby were left alone, he looked at her and grinned, — the same way he had grinned over in the forage tent.

"What you sayin', Good Lookin'?" he asked.

Ruby knew she should have hollered for Yaller Jack when he looked at her like that. She should have run, too. But she didn't. Maybe the old river witch was in Diamond Joe. Maybe "Ashes to ashes, Lawd" was all a mistake. But what did Ruby care?

"Soap and Water," she giggled.

Diamond looked worriedly toward Yaller Jack, now back at work, fifty yards away. He wasn't afraid of Yaller Jack, but then, there was no use in taking any chances. He picked up the dead snake and stretched it, belly up, across the top of a stump. A man sleeps sounder when it is raining.

"Mo' rain, mo' rest," he grinned.

Ruby giggled. "You likes a heap er rest, don't you, Diamond?" she asked.

"I likes a heap er rain," said Diamond Joe. "I'm gonter watch out for disyar snake's mate. Hit'll come along de same route befo' sundown. And I'll hang hit up, too. And den, just watch hit rain to-night."

The words they were saying sounded harmless enough. But both of them knew

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they were just saying words with their mouths. Ruby's mind was on this big, stout black man. And Diamond's mind was on this skinny, fresh, big-eyed young woman.

"I got my bunk down under dat big cottonwood back er de commissary, Good Lookin'," Diamond Joe said.

Ruby burrowed her big toe into the ground and looked shyly up at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Hit ain't nothin' to me does you got yo' bunk out in de river," she giggled, and walked off. But before she got ten feet away she started singing a pop-out:

Diamond, Diamond, old black Diamond, —
Come on and git me, Diamond Joe.

She went straight to her tent and started supper, putting a double portion of side meat into the cabbage.

"Dat'll make him sleep heavy," she said.

Her supper boiling away, Ruby quit the tent and sprawled flat on the ground under the live oak outside. She lay there for a long time, motionless except to fan away a horse-fly or slap at a mosquito, listening to the silent rumbling of the young cane sprouting in the brake and breathing deeply of the alluvial odors that hung heavily on the still, steamy air. When everything got very quiet so that she felt her own veins and arteries throughout her body rising and falling with the rhythmic beat of her heart, she crooned a wordless little chant that sounded strange and weird to her.

"Wonder is dat river witch got in me, too?" she asked.

She sat up and listened. She heard nothing save the mosquitoes whining and an occasional chirp of a bird. There was no one in camp except the other women and they were sleeping as was usual in the afternoon. A hundred yards or so away the men were working on the levee, but the thick undergrowth screened them from view.

Ruby peered intently toward where she knew Diamond Joe was leaning on the plow handles, and she saw something black moving in the edge of the clearing. It wasn't Diamond Joe, she decided, and she looked again.

"Buzzard," she announced. Then she laughed. "Lookin' to see kin I see ole Diamond, and I sees a buzzard!" she laughed again. Buzzards were all right. They did not mean anything and they were funny, too. Yaller Jack could mock them to a fare you well with his buzzard dance. He just laid his hat on the ground for the carcass and danced around it charily, like the king buzzard sampling the dinner for the rest of the flock.

"I looks to see ole Diamond," Ruby repeated, giggling to herself, "and I see de king buzzard gittin' after his rain snake!"

That was it! The buzzard was after Diamond's rain snake. That was something else again, and Ruby did not laugh.

"When somethin' monkeys wid a sign," she recalled, "hit's de worst kind er luck." Granny Lou had taught her that. And yet, Granny Lou had taught her that a buzzard was neither good luck nor bad luck. What about that? It was too intricate for Ruby's brain.

"I'm gonter see kin I git me a sign on hit," she decided, and she closed her eyes and held her breath.

Almost as soon as she did this, a robin started singing merrily from a limb in the cottonwood, down back of the commissary, — singing in the tree right over Diamond Joe's bed! Ruby grinned triumphantly.

"Doggone!" she exclaimed. "Listen at 'at sassy scound'el. Jest like a answer to my prayer!" She knew a buzzard could monkey around all the signs that he wanted to. But the robin's song was brief. A jaybird heard him, the same as Ruby, and the jaybird went straight after that robin.

Ruby witnessed the brief flutter of leaves and she saw the robin flying for its life, straight toward the river. Then she heard the dry, cackling chatter of the victorious jaybird. Instinctively she dropped to her knees and began to chant over and over in a fervent monotone:

Jaybird, jaybird, hang yo' haid,
Flyin' on to hell wid a grain of sand.

That jaybird had sung over a bed, which meant Death was going to sleep in that bed! Death! That's what it meant. Granny Lou had said it. "When a jaybird sing over a bed," Granny Lou had told her time and again, "dat de sign Death gonter sleep in dat bed." That was what Granny Lou had said. But death for whom? Granny Lou hadn't said.

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Ruby was scared. "Lawd, I wish Granny Lou was here right now, Lawd," she wailed. "What do hit mean, Granny Lou? Lawd, what do hit mean, Lawd?"

Desperately she closed her eyes and held her breath for another sign. But none came. She tried to reason it out in her mind, but it just got jumbled up, and made her feel helpless and scared. She wished the Lord would help her, or Granny Lou, or anybody. Maybe Smokey would help her. She knew some of the signs.

Ruby dragged Smokey out of the bunk and bared her troubled soul to the older woman. Smokey closed her eyes and groaned mysteriously.

"Hit's yo' charm workin'," she explained. "Hit work slow and hard. But I don't keer what Big Bess say, ev' since dat preacher say 'Ashes to ashes, Lawd' on you, you been under a spell."

"But dat de daid charm," protested Ruby. "Yaller and Bess both say so. And Yaller say de preacher ain't said hit."

"Co'se hit's a daid charm," Smokey agreed, "and I don't keer ef'n de preacher didn't said hit, yo' gran'mammy said hit on you, didn't she? Well, hit jest means dat any man which come co'tin' at you besides yo' husband is gonter run into dat spell and he gonter die. Dat's all."

It was very clear to Ruby now. Diamond Joe had flouted that charm, and that was why the jaybird sang over his bed. Diamond Joe would die. Ruby was glad, too, because as long as Diamond Joe was alive he would witch her, and Yaller Jack never would believe anything about that charm.

"But on de yuther hand," continued Smokey, sonorously, "Diamond sho' got de river witch in him and he ain't gonter jest die by hisse'f."

Ruby's heart sank like a lump of lead. Then as suddenly it rose, and her eyes blazed.

"I got a mighty sharp razor," she said.

"And git Diamond's blood on yo' hands?" suggested Smokey. "He'll ha'nt you to de grave."

"Ha'nts is better'n havin' river witches stealin' you f'm yo' man," Ruby argued stubbornly.

"Worser," declared Smokey. "Besides, hit ain't yo' place to go cuttin' up ev'y man which makes eyes at you, is hit? Ain't you got a husband? Yaller Jack ain't lame."

Without another word Smokey dragged her bulky body back into the bunk and wrapped the mosquito netting around her head. Ruby knew Smokey had said everything she was going to say, so she went back to her tent, resigned to tell Yaller Jack and let him kill Diamond Joe.

"But what about Yaller Jack?" The question popped out of her head just like a devil song. "Wouldn't Diamond Joe ha'nt him, too? And maybe de white fo'ks puts him in jail and maybe hang him." White folks did that sometimes, when a man got to killing another man. It had all been so simple, and then suddenly it got all balled up again. Ruby could not straighten it out in her mind, so she closed her eyes and held her breath for a sign. The first thing she heard was Big Bess stirring around in her tent just below hers and Yaller Jack's. That wasn't the sign of anything. So she tried again. Then Big Bess started singing:

I'm gonter make my troubles easy,
On my knees.
I'm gonter make my troubles easy,
On my knees.
I'm gonter git down on my knees,
I'm gonter say, 'Lawd, he'p me please.'
I'm gonter make my troubles easy,
On my knees.

That was it! The Lord would help her. But before the Lord helped her, Ruby would have to do everything she could for herself. It was so simple again. Ruby grinned.

"I wonder is dat yuther moccasin come crawlin' along, yit?" she said. She went to the forage tent and got a big grain sack.

When Yaller Jack came in from work that night, Ruby sat by his side proudly, and ate the greasy, reddish-brown cabbage with him, dipping her hunk of fried hoecake into the "potlicker" just as he did.

"You better eat dat fat meat," she said, "so's you kin sleep heavy and keep yo' strenk."

Yaller Jack chewed a while and then swallowed.

"Yeah," he said, "I better had."

That was all the conversation they had during the meal. They had eaten many meals on less.

As soon as they finished eating, Yaller Jack crawled across the bunk. Before Ruby was through clearing the supper

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remains, he was sound asleep. As soon as she finished her brief dish washing and other chores, she crawled into the bunk and lay down by his side. But she did not sleep. She just lay there and listened.

She heard Big Bess and her man crawl into bed. Then Urline and Yancey in the next tent down turned in and fussed for half an hour. Finally they hushed, and everything got quiet. A bullfrog away back in the cane-brake croaked voluminously and was silenced by the screech of a hawk. Presently another frog croaked more timidly. Another answered, and another and another took up the song. Soon the whole cane-brake echoed with their throaty music. The night was young. Ruby waited.

Then suddenly, as if some sylvan maestro had lowered his baton, the jungle symphony ceased. A soft gust of wind, heavy laden with pungent odors from the cane-brake, pushed gently against the side of the tent and passed on to the river. Ruby wiped the perspiration from her face with the palm of her hand, and Yaller Jack stopped snoring long enough to open and close his mouth and swallow. Quiet again.

The moon climbed out of the river and over the levee. A katydid tried one squeaky, shrill note. A cricket answered, and another katydid tuned up. Then suddenly the whole place became alive with the wild, screechy fiddling of the insects, which lasted for half an hour.

When the katydids and crickets stopped, Ruby slipped noiselessly from the bunk and out of the tent. The moon was shining straight down through the tree tops. It was not very light under the trees, but it was light enough. She walked straight to the big live oak and from its low fork she gingerly picked up a grain sack, holding it well away from her body as she carried it.

As she made her way through camp to Diamond Joe's bunk, she tried to hum Big Bess's song:

I'm gonter say, "Lawd, he'p me please."

But the words got mixed up and it didn't go so well. Then she changed it about and it went just like a pop-out;

De Lawd say, "Ruby, he'p me please."
I'm gonter keep my skillet greasy,
Show's yow bawn.

It may be wrong to sing pop-outs at the Lord, Ruby figured. But it just popped out.

"I's doin' my part," she reasoned, "and ef'n I does enough, well, den, de Lawd don't has to he'p me 'less He wants to. Dat's His business and hit ain't none er mine. I's doin' my part, — all I kin."

"Dat you, sweetenin'?" Diamond Joe had been stretched out on his bunk, waiting and when Ruby approached, he sat up. "I thought you never was gonter git yar, gal."

Ruby could barely make him out against the dark shadow. She said nothing.

"Got yo' bundle wid you, too," he accused. "Gal, I ain't gonter run off with you. Come yar bringin' dat bundle er clothes." You had to be mannish with a gal like Ruby to make her love you.

Ruby edged up closer. "Hit ain't no clothes in dis bundle," she said.

"What is in hit, — give it yar!" Diamond Joe snatched the sack from Ruby's hand roughly, pulled the end of a string that loosed the slip-knot, and turned the sack up side down greedily. The mate to the cottonmouth moccasin that he had killed that afternoon fell squirming and writhing into his lap.

Ruby turned without a word and went racing to her tent.

"I done ev'ything I could do," she said, crawling into her bunk.

With elbows resting on her knees and her chin buried in her cupped hands, Ruby sat there in her bunk, listening and waiting. Her straining ears caught a faint groan, she imagined, coming from the cottonwood tree. "He jest doubled up and moaned once," the man had said that afternoon in describing a cottonmouth's victim.

Ruby waited and listened. Yaller Jack opened and closed his mouth and swallowed. A belated tree-frog called timidly, and its mate answered from a nearby tree. Quiet again.

Then, from away back in the cane-brake, came the mournful wail of a screech-owl. Ruby shifted to a kneeling position, as if in prayer.

"Ashes to ashes, Lawd," she mumbled ceremoniously, "and dust to dust, Lawd." And with a fatigued yawn she stretched out on her side of the bunk and slept like a tired child.

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DISRAELI

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A Biography in Six Instalments—II

TRANSLATED BY HAMISH MILES

Travels in the East

AT twenty-five, retirement is not a state to be tolerated. A dazzling return into London life would have to be made. But how? After careful reflection, d'Israëli felt convinced that a long voyage abroad ought to precede any attempt, and that for several reasons.

Society in great cities has a short memory. After a few months of absence, no one would recall the reverse of the newspaper or the scandal of the novel. Murray himself would be pacified. Lord Byron had set a fashion for the traveler's poem, its episodes linked with the progressive stages of the author. An example to be followed. In it a man stands to profit from the renown of the countries he traverses. At last he felt the need of plunging back into the lands which had seen the origins of his race. It was a hard handicap to be born a Jew, but perhaps it was also a source of strength. In any case it was essential to understand better what the fact meant. And further, he proposed not to follow the usual itinerary of the Grand Tour, — France, Switzerland, Italy, — but to go direct to Spain, where his ancestors had long lived, and then, by way of the Mediterranean, Greece, and Turkey, to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The difficulty was to obtain the consent of his father, who was shocked at the idea of a two years' trip. But the old man was assailed on all sides. Sarah had become engaged to a young Englishman, a friend of her brother, young William Meredith, and he was anxious to accompany Benjamin and to make his own grand tour before marrying. Mr. d'Israëli, who always preferred peace to victory, yielded, and the two young men set off toward the end of June, 1830. Arrived at Gibraltar, the first stage, d'Israëli astonished the young officers there by the variety of his waistcoat buttons and the calculated extravagance of his conversation. He was the first traveler to boast of having a cane for both morning and evening. At the stroke of noon, punctually, he changed them. All this of course by system, and laughing at himself the while.

At Malta, the next stage in the journey, a rival loomed up. This was an Englishman, James Clay, who beat the garrison at rackets, Prince Pignatelli at billiards, and the Russian legation at écarté. Obviously a remarkable man, but one could fight with other weapons. "To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them. Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day." When the elder Mr. d'Israëli heard of this incident, he shook his head. Why did this son of his, so simple and natural at home, become such a coxcomb in public? The boy left Malta in the garb of a Greek pirate, with blood-red shirt, silver buttons as large as shillings, a sash stuffed with pistols and daggers, a red cap, red slippers,

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wide sky-blue trousers heavily trimmed with embroidery and ribbons. The famous James Clay accompanied him, a fresh conquest.

D'Israëli was prostrate before the Turks, took to wearing a turban, smoked a pipe six feet long, and spent his days outstretched on a divan. These habits of idleness and luxury were in harmony with an indolent and melancholic side of his nature which Western activity had kept concealed, but had not completely suppressed. Mehmed Pasha told him that he was not a true Englishman because he was capable of walking so softly. He liked the movement of the Eastern street, the varied types and costumes, the flash of colors, the call of the muezzin, the barbaric drum announcing the approach of the caravan, the solemn and decorative camels followed by the frieze of Arabs. With such a background, ambition was lulled. The world appeared suddenly in an aspect more profound and more unreal. It was as if one had been living in a fairy-tale or in one of the *Thousand and One Nights*.

His impressions became grave and austere when, having passed through Syria, he turned his steps toward Jerusalem. His mood attuned itself without difficulty to those burning and arid landscapes. He fell in with some nomad tribes, whose sheiks made him welcome and opened their tents to him. Their noble simplicity, the finished perfection of their manners, their inborn courtesy, all enchanted him. He found a lively pleasure in imagining that three thousand, six thousand years earlier, his ancestors had been just such lords of the desert. What English family could point to such a past of civilization?

At Jerusalem he passed the most moving week of his life. His exaltation was supreme. He went to kneel in the Holy Sepulchre. He liked to think of Christ as a young Hebrew prince. He did not understand how a Jew could not be a Christian. In his eyes that was to stop half-way and to renounce the glory of the race, which was that it had given the world a God. Before the tombs of the kings of Israel he stood lost in dreams. After leaving Palestine, he rejoined his future brother-in-law, Meredith, in Egypt, where the latter had preceded him. He had just arrived there, however, when the young man caught smallpox, and died within a few days. The picture of Sarah's grief cast a cloud over the return journey. On board ship he shut himself up and worked. He brought back the drafts for two books. One was *Alroy*, his Jewish romance, the other, *Contarini Fleming*, — like *Vivian Grey* the story of a young man. *Vivian Grey* had expressed the political ambitions of its author; *Contarini Fleming* was a portrait of the young poet that d'Israëli sometimes longed to become. He was pleased enough with it: "I shall always consider this book," he wrote, "as the perfection of English prose and as a *chef d'oeuvre*."

A *chef d'oeuvre* it was not. Like *Vivian Grey*, the book opened brilliantly, but then lost itself in the sands. Obsessed by his own adventure, d'Israëli collapsed in his novels at the same point as in his life. But Contarini, like himself, did not lose confidence: "I believe in that Destiny before which the ancients bowed. Modern philosophy, with its superficial discoveries, has infused into the heart of man a spirit of skepticism, but I think that ere long science will again become imaginative, and that as we become more profound we may become also more credulous. Destiny is our will, and our will is our nature. The son who inherits the organization of the father will be doomed to the same fortunes as his sire. All is mystery, but he is a slave who will not struggle to penetrate the dark veil."

Such was the picture of the world which d'Israëli brought back from his travels in the East. He had seen the immense confusion of peoples, and their multiplicity of interests. He had understood how difficult it is to know fully, to foresee, to pass judgment. All is mystery. But he believed also that notwithstanding the shock of the waves, a strong hand can hold the rudder firm, and that Benjamin d'Israëli, after a rough passage, would steer his vessel to the longed-for shore, provided always that he remained firm and bold.

A Difficult Choice

During the whole of his journey, Disraeli, — he decided to abandon the prefix as having a foreign air, — had reflected much on life, on his past experiences, on the future. The longer he medi-

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tated, the more he came to feel that the career of a statesman was the only form of success that could give him true happiness. Formerly when he wondered which path to follow, he added: "To write? To be a man of action?" Now he knew that literary fame would not satisfy his desire: "Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write." So there could be no further hesitation about the road to be pursued: he must enter Parliament. This was a difficult undertaking. The electoral system, designed in days gone by for the accommodation of an aristocracy, allowed a young man of good family to become a member of Parliament on the day of his majority. But it seemed to be constructed with the special object of discouraging irregular beginnings like those of Benjamin Disraeli. In short, after full and careful analysis, it appeared that a candidate's best interest in 1831 lay in joining the Whigs. But the d'Israëli family was Tory. History showed the Tories as the partizans of these Stuarts so dear to the heart of Mr. Isaac d'Israëli. He had always taught his son that the Whigs were merely an oligarchy in revolt against a martyr-king. Moreover, the young Disraeli refused to show fitting enthusiasm for the liberal sentiments of the Whigs. He thought that the new electoral law had been carefully constructed to bring to the polls a whole class of tradesmen and manufacturers, cold and calculating men, the natural supporters of the Whigs against the Tory farmers, and not in the least for the sake of harkening to the authentic voice of the people. He had no taste for this alliance of the cynicism of great landlords and the greed of great spinners.

The fashionable doctrine among the Whigs and their allies was utilitarianism, born of a kind of antiromantic reaction of the middle classes. The invention of the steam-engine and industrial machinery, the astounding development of English railways and mines, had inspired in them a passionate belief in material progress. The new science of political economy had taught them that the relations between men are not moral relations or duties, but are decreed by laws no less exact and inevitable than the law of gravity or the movement of the stars. The law of supply and demand was their gospel, the locomotive their fetish, and Manchester their Holy City.

Disraeli, the painter of great parks and flowering gardens and glittering mansions, detested this reek of coal. Political economy bored him. He could not believe that men, men of flesh and mobile faces, his heroes, Retz, Napoleon, Loyola, were condemned to combine like so many crooked atoms in order to produce the cheapest possible calico in the richest possible world.

Moreover, would the Whigs have welcomed him? Their liberalism did not extend to the choice of their friends, and the love of liberty was for them the monopoly of a clan. One could, if necessary, become a Tory, but one had to be born a Whig. The kingdom, governed by the Whigs, thought Disraeli, saturated with his Venetian reading, would be the King transformed to a Doge and hedged in by a Council of Ten.

Ought he then to offer himself to the Tories? But this would be to adopt, in his twenties, a set of superannuated notions, to range himself under leaders who were booed by the crowd at the street corners, to accept the burden of the faults of the past fifty years, to condemn himself to refuse all reform, however reasonable. Was it not better to follow Bulwer's example and join the Radicals, and then, outflanking the Whigs, make ready to fight the latter with their own weapons? Whig? Tory? Radical? A difficult choice indeed! The simplest thing would have been to obtain a borough from some benevolent landlord. That was not impossible. But it was essential to be well known to those who had such seats in their gift and, before all else, to gain entry to the political world. In the England of 1831, this world of politics was indistinguishable from the world of fashion. The entrance into Parliament lay through the drawing-rooms. It was there that one had to win favor. One had to dine with the Duke of Wellington, with Sir Robert Peel, the Tory chiefs; with Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, the great Whigs; with Lord Durham, the great Radical. Round a table where the crystal threw back the soft gleam of the lights, where beautiful women mingled their smiles with the negotiations, — there was the fitting place to meet with those who held power in their dispensation.

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So, a touch of the frivolous still to acquire the right to be grave.

The Conquest of London

Absence had worked the expected effects. London knew nothing of Disraeli beyond that he was a writer of talent, a very handsome lad who dressed with an amazing extravagance, and that he had returned from the East with a wealth of stories which it was diverting to hear. It required only one invitation to set in gear all those that mattered. The invitation came quite as a matter of course from Edward Bulwer.

Bulwer, no less ambitious than Disraeli and better endowed than he by birth, had advanced considerably ahead of his friend during the past two years. At the time when they had published, one his *Vivian Grey*, the other his *Pelham*, it could only be supposed that they were setting off along much the same lines. But Bulwer had husbanded his youthful fame better than Disraeli. In April, 1831, he had had himself nominated a member of Parliament and sat among the advanced Radicals. His books had conquered a public. He was editor of an important review.

This imposing façade concealed grave domestic difficulties. Such fruitful prizes could have been won only by relentless toil, to which all else, — Mrs. Bulwer in particular, — had been sacrificed. Poor Poodle came to feel that she had lost her Pups forever. When she saw him alone, which was seldom, she complained. In society the couple appeared to be as one.

A few weeks after his return, Disraeli received a letter from Bulwer:

> My dear Disraeli,
>
> If I am not among the very first, let me, at least, be not the last, to congratulate you on your safe return. I only heard of it yesterday. . . . "Mr. Disraeli, sir, is come to town, — young Mr. Disraeli! Won't he give us a nice light article about his travels?"

A few weeks later Disraeli rented a bachelor's flat in Duke Street. Sarah knew that her brother was wretched the moment he was without flowers and sent him from Bradenham a few pots of geraniums, which were lovingly tended. Straightway he dined at the Bulwers'. The house and the table were absurdly and magnificently lavish. Mrs. Bulwer, prettier and more elegant than ever, had on her knee a dog "not larger than a bird of paradise, and at least as brilliant." Champagne was poured out in cup-shaped glasses; Disraeli had never seen this done, and it struck him as a detail of admirable refinement. The company was worthy of the setting: great names, great beauties, great talents. Especially did he eye the ravishing Mrs. Norton, one of Sheridan's granddaughters, and Count Alfred d'Orsay, who had lately arrived in London and won the position, unprecedented for a Frenchman, of Grand Master of the Dandies.

Many of the ladies requested that the author of *Vivian Grey* and *The Young Duke* should be presented to them. A certain Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, wife of a member of Parliament, was very insistent.

> I was introduced "by particular desire," — he wrote to his sister, — to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I convey no idea. She told me that she liked "silent, melancholy men." I answered "that I had no doubt of it".

He reaped an invitation from Mrs. Norton. He had pleased her; he had spoken little, but with brilliance, and she had need of conversationalists. The English at that period had the trick of replacing the essential verb of every sentence with a gesture. This young man with his few and perfect periods was cutting into that fashion of inarticulacy.

He went to Caroline Norton's in a coat of black velvet, poppy-colored trousers broidered with gold, a scarlet waistcoat, sparkling rings worn on top of white kid gloves.

The Nortons occupied a flat in Storey Gate so small that one large sofa filled the whole of the drawing-room. White muslin curtains were crossed over windows opening onto a flower covered balcony. It was from this same balcony that Caroline Norton used to greet her old friend Lord Melbourne as he passed every morning on his way to parliament. Norton tolerated this sentimental friendship, said rumor, because he found it profitable.

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The tiny drawing-room was filled with a tightly packed crowd of politicians and celebrated men of letters, and literally illuminated by the extraordinary beauty of the Sheridans. In one armchair sat the mother, of whom it was said that she remained more beautiful than any woman in the world except her three daughters. These were, the mistress of the house (Mrs. Norton), Mrs. Blackwood, and, loveliest of the three, Georgina Lady Seymour, beside whom even her sisters paled. Mrs. Norton's conversation was an enchantment to Disraeli. She had an exquisite way of telling free stories, modestly lowering those eyelids of hers fringed with their long, thick lashes. "Yesterday I dined with the Nortons," he wrote to Sarah. "It was her eldest brother's birthday, who, she says, is 'the only respectable one of the family, and that is because he has a liver complaint.' The only lady beside Mrs. Norton, her sister, Mrs. Blackwood, was very handsome and very Sheridanic. She told me she was nothing. 'You see Georgy's the beauty, and Carrie's the wit, and I ought to be the good one, — but then I am not.' I must say I liked her exceedingly; besides she knows all my works by heart, and spouts whole pages of 'V. G.' and 'C. F.' and the 'Y. D.'"

The three Sheridanic Graces were soon to play a charming rôle in the life of the young author. All three were very free and easy. Mrs. Norton, delighted to leave an intolerable husband, liked to have Disraeli as her escort for the theatre or ball. He found it agreeable to show himself in her company.

London in those days had a Watteau-like charm: dinners, balls, river parties. Disraeli shared in everything. He was amusing, he brought pretty women, he was fresh from foreign travel. He was sought after. "I make my way easily in the highest set, where there is no envy, malice, etc., and where they like to admire and be amused. . . ." The table of "Dizzy", — as Mayfair had nicknamed him, — was strewn with noble invitations, which he accepted with pleasure. In this brilliant, witty, and cordial world, he felt himself more at his ease and more in his proper sphere than among the middle-class people of his childhood. The free and fearless grace of these young women and young noblemen cast a spell over him. In their midst he met with the friends of his dreams, the fair-haired youths, lithe and splendid Englishmen, and with Englishwomen of high birth, the loveliest. He relished the luxury of the houses, the beauty of the flowers, the splendor of the women. On the surface at least, his dry pride was dissolved. He took confidence. He lived in a fever of joy. "I wish that your organization," his father wrote to him, "allowed you to write calmer letters." The beauty of life was intoxicating him.

His deep interest in history led him to seek out old people. One of his closest women friends was the aged Lady Cork, who still, in spite of her eighty-seven years, entertained guests every evening. She was the prettiest and most diverting of dowagers. The heroes and heroines of her youth, of her maturity, and then of her old age, — favorites, soldiers, poets, — had all vanished. She had seen revolutions in every country of the world. She remembered Brighton when it was a fishing harbor and Manchester as a village. But she still remained unaltered, alert and gay, thirsting for amusement and novelty. Finding both wit and curiosity in this young man, she accorded him her protection, a powerful one, in the social world.

"A good story!" he wrote to Sarah. "On Monday, I think, Lady Sykes was at Lady Cork's, and Lord Carrington paid her a visit.

"Lady C: Do you know young Disraeli?

"Lord C: Hem! Why? Eh?

"Lady C: Why, he is your neighbor, isn't he, eh?

"Lord C: His father is.

"Lady C: I know that. His father is one of my dearest friends. I dote on the d'Israëlis.

"Lord C: The young man is an extraordinary sort of person. The father I like; he is very quiet and respectable.

"Lady C: Why do you think the young man extraordinary? I should not think that *you* could taste him.

"Lord C: He is a great agitator. Not that he troubles us much *now*. He is never amongst us now. I believe he has gone abroad again.

"Lady C: (*literatim*): You old fool! Why, he sent me this book this morning. You need not look at it; you can't understand it. It is the finest book ever written. Gone abroad, indeed! Why, he is the best

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ton in London! There is not a party that goes down without him. The Duchess of Hamilton says there is nothing like. Lady Lonsdale would give her head and shoulders for him. He would not dine at your house if you were to ask him. He does not care for people because they are lords; he must have fashion, or beauty, or wit; or something: and you are a very good sort of person, but you are nothing more.

"The old Lord took it very good-humoredly, and laughed. Lady Cork has read every line of the new book. I don't doubt the sincerity of her admiration, for she has laid out 17s. in crimson velvet, and her maid is binding it."

A story for Sarah, no doubt. It would be rash to believe every word of it, for when Benjamin's success was in question, the family tolerated a rather garishly colored picture, and realized that Sarah, as she read it, shared Ben's imaginative powers. But to proclaim success gave him reassurance.

Feminine favor brought in its wake, but more slowly, the men. By some he had been invited to political luncheons, and this was his foremost desire. One evening, at Lord Eliot's, he found himself seated beside Sir Robert Peel, the great chief of the Tory party. The whole table seemed to be greatly intimidated. With hungry curiosity Disraeli scrutinized this stern and powerful personage on whom, from his adolescence, destiny had lavished everything which Disraeli, for his part, was coveting.

The son of a great manufacturer, owner of one of the seven largest fortunes in England, Peel had as a child been brought up to become Prime Minister. At the age of five he was hoisted on to tables and made to repeat his speeches. He had come down from Oxford with a "double first" in classics and mathematics, — a rare achievement. At twenty-one his father had bought him a seat in Parliament. At twenty-three he had been a secretary of state. For some time he had been reproached for his ingratitude toward Canning, whom he had fought savagely to the bitter end after having been his friend; but the political world had forgotten, and now at forty-three he had acquired an unbelievable prestige, even among his adversaries. He was the very symbol of English honesty and solidity.

Sometimes Disraeli would reflect: "But is it really essential to enter Parliament? This life of pleasure, idleness, literary work, is altogether delightful. At heart, I am indolent, like all men of high imagination. . . . I wish to be idle and enjoy myself, muse over the stormy past and smile at the placid present. Alas! I struggle from pride. Yes! It is pride that now prompts me, not ambition. They shall not say I have failed." Yes, without a doubt, the game must go on. But at times, when some evening party had been charming, when London at night gleamed dimly in the fog as he came out from some ball, when a pretty woman had lingered as she pressed his hand in farewell, he would tell himself that ambition was a vain folly, that this frivolity was wisdom too, that it would be delightful to live on forever at the feet of the three Sheridan sisters, a fond and indolent page.

Making God Choose

In June, 1832, the Electoral Reform Bill was passed by the Lords. Up to the last moment they had hoped to block it. They had even heroically overturned the Whig cabinet; but no sooner did the Duke of Wellington try to form a ministry than the country rose. The tocsin was rung from the church towers. Everywhere work was at a standstill. Lord Stanley, the most brilliant of the young Whigs, had leaped upon a table and proclaimed: "If the Lords resist, His Majesty can put coronets on the heads of a whole company of his Guards." The walls were placarded with posters calling upon Englishmen to withdraw their money from the Bank.

The Bank of England was the only national institution more respected than the Duke. The insurrection of depositors had beaten that of the peers. Lord Wellington could do nothing now but give the order: "My lords, about turn! March!" The Reform party had carried the field; the elections which were to be held under the new mode of franchise could only seal its triumph; the overwhelming of the Tories was a certainty.

It may be imagined with what interest Disraeli had followed these grave events. In a time of such commotion, the moment seemed to have come for securing a seat

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for himself in Parliament. As soon as the Reform Bill was passed, he set off for Wycombe, the borough near his father's property, and began to visit the electors. The constituency belonged to the Whigs, but Disraeli meant to stand as a Radical. In his innermost heart he liked the Tories better and better, finding that the old party of peasant landlords and of gentlemen farmers had a picturesque greatness which none other could equal. With a few of these he had made alliances. In his own county of Bucks, he was on good terms with the Duke of Buckingham, and more particularly with his son, Lord Chandos, — both of them great landlords after his own heart and generous to the point of folly. The old Duke had ruined himself by his extravagant entertainment of the French royal family and for economy's sake had been living for two years on board his yacht. These were traits that pleased Disraeli.

Furthermore, every time he found himself in a gathering of country gentlemen, he felt delighted. "Magnificent asses," he would say. And he said it with no trace of contempt! — on the contrary, with envy. He admired their strength and their calm, but he did not dare lean upon them. The formula was outworn; the nation would have none of it. What was to be done? He turned up fortified against them with letters of recommendation from advanced men like Joseph Hume and the dreaded Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, letters which Bulwer had procured for him. Bulwer had even made great efforts to bring it about that no candidate should put up against his friend, but he had failed. The great Whigs did not care for this eccentric and sonorous young man, better known for his waistcoats than for his love of reform. By the Tories he was made tolerably welcome in the county, first because the party, having no chance of winning the seat for itself, preferred to see it held by an independent, and further because the Tory sentiments of old Isaac d'Israëli were well known. Benjamin's opponents declared that he was nothing but a Tory in disguise; to which he retorted that the closest thing to a Tory in disguise was a Whig in power.

The local election happened to be put forward a few weeks on account of an unexpected resignation, with the result that it was still held under the conditions of the old electoral law. This being so, the borough could muster only about thirty electors. The ministry offered the official candidature to Colonel Grey, the son of the Prime Minister. "The Treasury," wrote Disraeli to Mrs. Austen, "sent down Colonel Grey with a hired mob and a band. Never was such a failure. After parading the town with his paid voices, he made a stammering speech of ten minutes from his phaeton. All Wycombe was assembled. Feeling it was the crisis, I jumped up on the portico of the Red Lion and gave it to them for an hour and a quarter. I can give you no idea of the effect. I made them all mad. A great many absolutely *cried*. I never made as many friends in my life or converted as many enemies. All the women are on my side and wear my colors, — pink and white. Do the same."

When the good people of Wycombe had seen this pale young man with black ringlets and lace cuffs appear on the porch of the Red Lion, carrying a gold-headed cane and carefully arranging his curls before beginning to speak, they had expected some childish oration. But a voice of astonishing power had suddenly flooded High Street with sarcastic eloquence, had attacked the Whigs with bitterness and vehemence, and Wycombe had yielded to an uneasy enthusiasm. As for Disraeli, he was intoxicated at the first taste of this new pleasure, of feeling himself master of a public, of becoming his own listener, of marveling at the strong and harmonious phrases dictated to the orator by the god within him. "When the poll is declared," he concluded, pointing to the tail of the large lion which adorned the porch of the hotel, "my opponent will be *there*, and I," — he pointed to its head, — "and I shall be *here!*" Never had Wycombe seen its old lion introduced in such a striking phrase.

On election day Disraeli made one more speech. He did not wear, he said, the badge of any party. The Tories had supported him, but the people had supported him first. He sought to better the lot of the poor, — a rare formula in electoral declarations at a time when the poor had no votes, — he was sprung, moreover, from the people, and had in his veins neither Tudor nor Plantagenet blood.

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Then, one after another, the thirty-two electors of Wycombe climbed upon the hustings, they announced their votes publicly, and the result was proclaimed. The timid and stuttering Colonel had twenty votes, the brilliant orator of the Red Lion, twelve. He was not at the beast's head.

He climbed on the platform once again, and said: "Good! The Whigs have cast off and they shall repent it." But he was sad and disappointed.

When October came, the general election with the extended franchise was proclaimed, and Disraeli returned to Wycombe. This time again he offered himself as an independent candidate. "I care not for party. I stand here without party. . . . Englishmen, rid yourselves of all that political jargon and factious slang of Whig and Tory, — two names with one meaning, used only to delude you, — and unite in forming a great national party which can alone save the country from impending destruction."

The Conservatives, on the advice of his friend, Lord Chandos, accorded him as on the first occasion a benevolent neutrality. They were reproached for this support of a Radical candidate. "I am a Conservative," he said, "to preserve all that is good in our constitution, a Radical to remove all that is bad." He declared himself happy to see that, in this constituency at least, the Tories were reverting to the great tradition of the party, which formerly, under men like Bolingbroke, had been a popular party. Attempts were made to drag demagogic declarations from him touching the Corn Laws, but he maintained an attitude of reasonableness: "If we have recourse to any sudden alteration of the present system, we may say farewell to the county of Bucks, farewell to the beautiful Chilterns. . . . You will ask, 'Is bread, then, always to be dear?' By no means, but it is surely better to have dear bread than to have no bread at all." But all this sound sense passed unrewarded: Grey, 140 votes, Disraeli, 119. All over England the Whigs won a prodigious triumph and came back with a majority that bade fair to keep them in power for many a long day. Having lost this opportunity, Disraeli would no doubt have to wait a long time for another.

Soon after, when the new Parliament had met, he went to hear his friend Bulwer, who had been reelected. In the evening he wrote to Sarah:

> Bulwer spoke, but he is physically disqualified for an orator; and, in spite of all his exertions, never can succeed. . . . Macaulay admirable; but between ourselves, I could floor them all. This *entre nous;* I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come."

In his diary he noted: "The world calls me *conceited.* The world is in error. I attribute all the blunders of my life to sacrificing my own opinion to that of others. When I was considered very conceited, indeed, I was nervous and had self-confidence only by fits. I intend in future to act entirely from my own impulse. . . . I am only truly great in action. If ever I am placed in a truly eminent position I shall prove this. I could rule the House of Commons, although there would be a great prejudice against me at first."

Just as he had felt the desire to write a novel after the reverse of the newspaper, so after two political reverses he wanted to write a poem. He had gone into retreat at Bradenham, where he lived closeted in his room or walked in solitude under the beeches of the park, meditating a great theme. It was a subject he had first turned over in his mind during his travels in the East as he gazed upon the plains of Troy: "Homer . . . ," he had murmured, "and why should not poems yet be written as great as Homer's?" To Disraeli that meant: "Why should not *I* write . . . ?" It was only a question of finding the subject for the modern epic.

Napoleon seemed to him the obvious one. At the beginning of the poem the genius of feudalism and the genius of democracy would make their appearance before the Deity. Each would eloquently defend its title to the governance of mankind, for if Disraeli admired feudalism in the past, he believed democracy to be inevitable in the future. The first canto, then, was a dialogue between Disraeli and Disraeli; the difficulty was to make God choose. But the Almighty prudently declared that a man of supernatural stature

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had just been born and that the party chosen by this genius would triumph. This man was Napoleon, and the Italian campaign was to form the subject of the second canto: "What do you think of it?" he wrote Mrs. Austen. "The conception seems to me sublime."

When the first canto had been completed, he went to read it to her one evening. A few friends had assembled, and they found the scene irresistibly comic. This tall young man leaning against the mantelpiece, toying with his curls, glancing complacently at the rosettes of red ribbon adorning his pumps, and proclaiming himself the Dante and Homer of his time, excited such merriment as could hardly be checked. Soon the first two cantos were published. Their public welcome was cold. Disraeli had never felt very strongly about being a Homer. The poem was beginning to weary him. He flung it in a corner and thought no more about it.

Feminine Favor

To the disappointed man of ambition the world offers sure and sweet revenge. Frequently, if he be amiable, it treats him better than a great conqueror or a minister. In the eyes of women, the very idleness of a man without occupation is a merit, since it places him at their service. To this delicious bondage, Disraeli gladly submitted. He was happy to be restored to the incomparable sisters, his three lovely Sheridans. His circle of fair women widened. He had a mistress. He loved her and composed a love story in her honor, *Henrietta Temple*, quickly succeeded by a novel on the life of Byron and Shelley, *Venetia*. The real Henrietta was married, but free in her ways. She belonged to the brilliant little circle beloved by Disraeli, so that it was easy for them to gather round themselves the best company in London.

Bulwer had introduced him in a new house, that of Lady Blessington. Disraeli had already heard many tales of its hostess's life. Margaret, Lady Blessington, was the daughter of a small Irish magistrate, who had forced her at the age of fifteen to marry a madman for the sake of money. Lord Blessington, a great landlord and man of property, an eccentric, a widower, and the father of two daughters, rich to the tune of thirty thousand pounds a year, had discovered this young beauty hidden away. He offered to bring her to England, obtain her a divorce, and make her his wife. Lord and Lady Blessington had set off for Italy accompanied by a young Frenchman, Count d'Orsay, a model of beauty, brilliance, and culture. No one doubted but that he was Lady Blessington's lover, and no doubt he really was. Lord Blessington had conceived an incredible affection for Alfred d'Orsay, and had made a will leaving him the greater part of his wealth, conditional upon his marrying one of the testator's daughters, at choice. The daughters, thus formally and bindingly bequeathed, were then eleven and twelve years of age. Four years later, in 1827, Count d'Orsay, true to his signature, had married the second, Lady Harriet, a pale slip of a girl of fifteen, who was taken away from school for the marriage. The world added that Alfred d'Orsay had given his word to Lady Blessington never to make Lady Harriet his wife in the full sense of the word, and that this arrangement had been respected. Then Lord Blessington had died suddenly. D'Orsay and his young virgin wife had returned to England to enter upon the inheritance, accompanied by Lady Blessington. The schoolgirl had grown up, had become very pretty, and soon, suffering under the polite scorn of her husband and the presence of her stepmother, she had left the house in Seymour Place, never to return.

Such was the tale accepted by London; but Bulwer, as he brought Disraeli to Lady Blessington's, added lights and shades to the portrait: "Lady Blessington was essentially sympathetic, and admired with enthusiasm. She had all the Irish cordiality of manner, and a peculiar grace of her own. She was benevolent, kindly, and generous to a rare degree. She understood her critical position and never tried to force herself on female society. She commanded the best male society and her house was agreeable. Whatever her faults, she was undeserving of much that scandal has laid to her charge."

Disraeli was enchanted by the house. One passed through a drawing-room in gold and ruby, filled with beautiful amber vases which had belonged to the Empress Josephine, to enter the long, narrow library

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with its white walls on which mirrors alternated with panels of bound books. Through the tall window at the end could be seen the trees of Hyde Park. Round the room were sofas, ottomans, tables of enamel covered with bibelots, and in a yellow satin fauteuil, Lady Blessington, dressed in a gown of blue satin, cut extremely low. Disraeli admired her beautiful shoulders, the full and firm curves of the bosom; he liked the hair drawn tightly back from a centre parting, the turquoise clasp on the brow. With her first words he was conquered.

But Disraeli liked still better to see Lady Blessington alone. She had become his confidante and a counselor in his amorous adventures. He told her everything, how he had loved Henrietta, how he had had her received at Bradenham by his parents, simple-hearted people who had seen no harm in it, how he had felt remorse for that, how she had got him deeper than ever into debt by her zest for parties and suppers, how this liaison was threatening to compromise his career, and also how ambition in his heart was a stronger sentiment than love. Later he had told her of the breaking of his liaison. She understood everything. He asked her advice, which was sometimes childish. He had her explain men to him. He inquired of her about the latest French books and took counsel regarding his reading. "What of Balzac? Is he better than Sue and George Sand-Dudevant? And are these inferior to Hugo?" He even confessed to her his shyness and the weakness of his nerves: "Indeed, I know not how it is, but I am never well, save in action, and then I feel immortal. I am ashamed of being 'nervous'. Dyspepsia always makes me wish for a civil war. . . . I am dying for action, and rust like a Damascus sabre in the sheathe of a poltroon."

Sometimes in the drawing-room of his feminine acquaintance, he met the politicians in power. For a moment he raised his dandy's mask and spoke with fire of affairs of state. Ah, how he envied them, occupying those posts where words are turned to action! One evening at Caroline Norton's, he was presented to Lord Melbourne, the great Whig minister, who continued to come there regularly and stretched himself with nonchalant air upon the divan, spoke little but listened with pleasure. Melbourne was allured by the originality of this young man's ideas and the boldness of his eloquence. Abruptly, with his surly good nature, he offered to help him. "Well now, tell me, what do you want to be?" — "I want to be Prime Minister." Melbourne shrugged his shoulders and sighed. "No, no," he said very seriously, "no chance of that in our time. It is all arranged and settled. . . . The next Prime Minister will be Stanley, who is like a young eagle over the heads of all his rivals. . . . No, go into politics, you will be right; you have ability and enterprise, and with patience I dare say you will do very well. But you must put all these foolish ideas out of your head."

"Out of your head," — easy words for a Lord Melbourne, who had known everything and tasted everything. But this young Disraeli wished to live, and could not conceive of life without glory. In his hearing the three lovely Sheridans were arguing with spirit on the sovereign good. "What is the most desirable life?" And serious of a sudden, young Dizzy, from the depths of his divan, answered with fire: "A continued grand procession from manhood to the tomb."

The Badge of a Party

At the elections of 1833 the victory of the Whig party had been so startling that one might have believed them in power for half a century. But a sense of security will destroy everything, even coalitions which appear invincible.

Among the victorious Liberals, if there were some genuinely reformist spirits like Lord John Russell or bolder still, like Lord Durham, there were also men who were Conservatives without knowing it, like that Lord Stanley in whom Lord Melbourne described the future Prime Minister. Before long a split became inevitable. Stanley and his friends left the party, and the Tory scale jumped up with a bound.

The amusing thing was that the Tory ranks were likewise fighting under a leader who kept a constant eye on his opponents' side and seemed to prefer the approbation of the latter to that of his own partizans. Sir Robert Peel's ambition was to dominate all parties, — the sole ambition left to a man who has dominated his own.

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Under his direction the Tory party had taken the new name of "Conservative", and he meant this word as opposed to "reactionary". Thus a conservative Liberal like Stanley and a liberal Conservative like Peel resembled each other to such a degree that it was no longer easy to distinguish between them. And of the two, no doubt, the more liberal was the Conservative.

Such changes of position were bound to make the personal political evolution of a Disraeli distinctly easier. This return to the fearless and popular traditions of the old-time Tories was exactly what he had desired from the beginning of his career. He saw clearly that eventually he would have to join hands with one of the existing groups. He had tried to fight as a free-lance; he had been beaten, and beaten again.

In a country possessed of an old parliamentary tradition, and especially in a country which, like England, has a respect for loyalty and a contempt for systems, it is all but impossible to slip in between the parties. From within a party, it is possible to prepare to hive off; new ideas can be imposed only under an accepted label. The moment had arrived for Disraeli to make his choice and his submission.

If he still hesitated to offer his services to the Conservative party, this was not simply a question of personalities. For Disraeli, the lover of a flashing figure and a picturesque character, the cold Sir Robert Peel was hardly attractive. The Duke, it is true, was more picturesque, with that brusque straightforwardness of his, but the Duke had retired from the scene. The insult at the moment of the Reform had been too much, — he did not like to compromise himself with the populace, and had chosen the more agreeable part of being the old national hero. Young men in the clubs would get him to tell the stories of his campaigns. "At Salamanca I was kneeling behind a low wall when I saw the left wing of the French giving way. 'By God!' said I, 'that will do . . . I'll attack them at once.'" When he passed along the streets on horseback, the crowd raised their hats to him. He was satisfied and was fully decided to take no further hand in battles that brought no glory.

About this time Disraeli dined one evening beside Lord Lyndhurst, the Tory Lord Chancellor. Lyndhurst's father, the story ran, had said to him one day: "Jack, you'll be a boy all your life long!" It was a true prophecy. At sixty, the Lord Chancellor retained a taste for the imaginative in human affairs, was more amused than outraged by the weaknesses of his fellows, and used to learn poems by heart in order to train his memory. His wide indulgence was shocking to sober spirits. It was a delight to Disraeli. Here at last was some one who talked to him of politics and parties as he thought of them himself, — not as a religion but as an art.

He never tired of hearing the tale of all the great events of the century and especially of those small and precious details which bring history back to life, — of learning for instance that on the eve of Canning's death the sky was blue but the wind cool, that Canning had wanted to drive out, that Lyndhurst had seen him shiver. The Lord Chancellor, yes, he too had admitted this young Disraeli to his friendship and given him his advice. One day he asked him to dine with a young under-secretary named William Gladstone, and gave wise lessons to both of them: "Never defend yourself before a popular assembly, except with and by retorting the attack; the hearers, in the pleasure which the assault gives them, will forget the previous charge." A serious man, this young Gladstone, of the Peel type. He could not be very pleasing in Disraeli's eyes or in Lyndhurst's either, and the dinner was rather dreary. But they were served with a swan, very white, very tender, and well stuffed with truffles, and that in itself was good company.

Thanks to Lyndhurst, Disraeli began to penetrate behind the scenes of the political world. For still a little while longer he coquetted with Lord Durham and his Radicals. The two extreme parties were both seeking a constituency for him. He let things take their course. But these incompatible flirtations were known in London and made a bad impression: "From Durham to Wellington . . . ." people said, "Devil take him! This Disraeli must be a very impartial soul." "Altogether the type of friend one expects of a Lyndhurst," added the peevish Greville.

A fresh reverse at the polls succeeded in curing him. Three hard lessons sufficed.

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Independence stood condemned. Disraeli had himself elected to the Carlton Club, the heart of the Conservative camp, and decided to present himself henceforward as a Tory candidate. At last he wore the badge of a party.

A man's variances are always explicable enough to himself, and Disraeli, although he had been a Radical and had turned Conservative, prided himself in all good faith on his consistency. To an outside observer, the continuity was less evident. When the exigencies of the political campaign led the new-made Tory to attack O'Connell, from whom he had formerly solicited a letter of recommendation, the Irish tribune burst into a tremendous fury. At a meeting in Dublin a few days later, he spoke of this attack, and of his letter, concluding amid laughter and applause: "The Jews were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, however, and it must have certainly been from one of them that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died on the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

Every newspaper in London reproduced this vivid harangue, which afforded amusement to many people whom Disraeli irritated. For his part, sentiments forgotten since his childhood surged up in him when he read these insulting phrases. Ah, how he would have liked to thrash this man as he had thrashed the insulting schoolboy in days gone by! He hastened to d'Orsay's, and asked him to arrange a meeting. But O'Connell had already killed a man in a duel, and had taken a vow never to fight again. Disraeli threw a challenge to the son, Morgan O'Connell, who replied that he avenged insults offered to his father, but could not accept responsibility for all that his father said. Whereupon Disraeli wrote a violent letter to O'Connell:

> Mr. O'Connell,
>
> Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilization, still I am one who will not be insulted, even by a Yahoo, without chastising it.

He passed harsh judgment on the double refusal to fight of the father and the son, and concluded:

> We shall meet at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have been not altogether unproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon
>
> Benjamin Disraeli.

After this letter he recovered his calm and his self-contentment. He donned his most dazzling costume, his most richly broidered waistcoat, appeared at the Opera, and was widely complimented on his courage.

Sarah and old Isaac wrote that they did not care for this unpalatable hubbub around their name and expressed disapproval of so much ferocity. Benjamin checked them: "There is but one opinion among *all* parties — viz., that I have *squabashed* them. . . . It is very easy for you to criticize, but I do not regret the letter. . . . Critics you must always meet. W. told me the last letter was the finest thing in the English language. . . . One does not like the Yahoo as coarse, others think it worthy of Swift, and so on. . . . The general effect is the thing, and that is, that all men agree I have shown pluck."

It was true. His friends, and society too, disapproved of the rather low form of O'Connell's attack, and did hold that Disraeli had shown courage. But society does not make up public opinion. In England the opinion that counts is that of tradesmen behind their counters, of clergymen in their villages, of that immense, suspicious, unimaginative mass which composes the English nation. And for this mass the picture that was beginning to take shape, through the newspaper accounts, of this young author-politician was one of a kind most distasteful to the English spirit. It was that of a noisy, showy fellow, devoid of political faith, ludicrous and insolent. No doubt O'Connell had been brutal. "But Mr. Disraeli," as the "Spectator", for example, remarked, "chose to commence a war of abuse with the greatest master of

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abuse; and then finding himself worsted, pretends that he is an injured person. He reminds us of the puppy yelping under the pain of a kick from some strong-limbed horse, at whose heels he had been snapping and snarling for miles."

This offensive portrait was still only a weak and ill-defined shadow; but, associated with an almost unknown name, how dangerous such an image can be! It is the "character", a fictitious being, but no less real than the true man. Once it is formed, all the facts that fit in with it are seized upon by public opinion, all the others ignored. The young Disraeli would have been greatly surprized if he had met himself as an Englishman in the City might have imagined him at that time. He would have kept the creature at arm's length, with horror and scorn; he would not have doubted that he had just met the most redoubtable enemy he would henceforth have to fight.

Political Favor

The season of balls came round again. Once more Mrs. Anson, with flowing hair, was the loveliest of slaves, and Mrs. Norton a marvelous Greek. Once more Benjamin Disraeli was the brilliant and frivolous dandy, whose silhouette, hung with gold chains, stood sharply out against Lady Blessington's windows. But how weary sometimes he was of this mask; how tiring it was to be Disraeli! His silences became longer and more frequent, heavy too with gloomy meditation which he suddenly broke off with a burst of sarcasm. The years were mounting up; thirty-two, — that is old, — for a page.

Only through his friendship with Lord Lyndhurst was he brought remotely into touch with real power. This cynical and charming old man consulted him as an equal. They united in deploring the oblique direction which Peel was giving to the party. Under his orders the Conservative party was an army without a faith, because the chief himself was not a believer. In practice, Peel found himself brought to the defence of the country's traditional institutions, the monarchy, the House of Lords, the Anglican Church. In theory, he was tempted to think they were indefensible. The Conservative party was rich. It counted among its adherents the owners of forests, of country mansions, of factories. It had neither genius nor doctrine. Peel spoke frequently of Conservatism, but he had no idea of what he wanted to conserve.

On the other hand, the more Disraeli reflected on the political life of England, the more did it seem necessary in his eyes to face things squarely and courageously. For him, to be a Conservative was not just to uphold with an apologetic smile a constitution known to be out of date; it was a proud and romantic attitude, the only intelligent one, the only one which loyally took into account the authentic England, — those villages grouped round the manor-house, that vigorous, obstinate breed of small squires, that aristocracy at once ancient and open, — the England of history. "This respect for precedent, this clinging to prescription, this reverence for antiquity, which are so often ridiculed by conceited and superficial minds, appear to me to have their origin in a profound knowledge of human nature." What was needed was to set up, against the theoretical doctrines of the liberals and utilitarians, a doctrine of realism.

To him the whole issue of modern politics was between an historic school and a philosophic school; he chose history. A country is not an abstract being whose rights can be deduced by a plain mental process. A nation is a work of art, and a work wrought by time. It has a temperament like that of an individual. The greatness of England in particular is sprung, not from its natural resources, which are mediocre, but from its institutions. The rights of Englishmen are older by five full centuries than the Rights of Man.

Such was the customary turn of the young doctrinaire's ideas. In 1835 he published his *Vindication of the English Constitution in a Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord*, by Disraeli the Younger, a work of political philosophy; and its perfection of form and maturity of thought were recognized by the best judges. The existence of a House of Lords might seem absurd to minds which did not admit of representation without election; Disraeli showed that the greater danger was that of election without representation. It was possible for an oligarchy of professional politicians to secure their own election, and rule the country without being the

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reflection of its will. The House of Lords, on the other hand, represented real powers. It represented the Church in the person of the Lord Bishops, the Law in that of the Lord Chancellor, the counties in the Lords Lieutenant, the land in its hereditary proprietors. As for the House of Commons, he desired, on the contrary, that it should be much more widely recruited than it had been under the very limited Whig reforms of 1832. It seemed to him that the duty of a Conservative leader was to have the courage to defend the past in so far as it was living and likely to live, but also to sweep the party clean of prejudices and outworn principles; and above all to guide it boldly in the direction of a generous policy, inspired by love of the ordinary, common people and capable of winning leadership from them.

The book had a great success. "They'll have to find a seat in Parliament for this young man," grumbled the Duke. Peel wrote a letter that was almost amiable. As for that old Tory Isaac d'Israëli, he was delighted. "You have now a positive *name* and a *being* in the great political world, which you had not ten days ago. You never wanted for genius, but it was apt in its fullness to run over. You have rejected the curt and flashy diction which betrayed continual effort. All now flows in one continuous stream of thought and expression, — at once masculine and graceful." It would be infamous, wrote Lyndhurst, if Disraeli were not now placed in a position to give the party the full benefit of his talents, his activity, his untiring zeal. From now onward the fruit was ripe; it could not be long in falling. And what is more, it was high time. Creditors were yelping louder than ever. Bailiffs were seen sometimes wandering to the very doors of Bradenham. Four appearances as candidate, an extravagant mistress, an expensive dandyism, had tripled Disraeli's debts. He willingly lent his friends money borrowed for their benefit, which they never returned. Only once, hard-pressed, he reminded d'Orsay of a debt, and received the answer: "I swear before God that I have not sixpence at my banker's now." It was perfectly true.

King William IV died like an old lion, on the evening of the anniversary of Waterloo. He was succeeded by a girl Queen, eighteen years old. At eleven o'clock the next morning Victoria called her first Council. Disraeli went to Kensington Palace with Lord Lyndhurst, who was going to pledge fealty to his sovereign. On his return, Lyndhurst, deeply moved, described to Disraeli this assembly of all that was most illustrious in England, the sea of white plumes and stars and uniforms, the doors suddenly flung open, a silence deep as that of a forest, and the young girl advancing to her throne in the midst of this crowd of prelates, statesmen, and generals. Disraeli was spellbound by the recital. There he saw united all the things he loved: the pomp of ceremony, a glittering gravity, the chivalrous homage to a woman of all the strength of England. How he, too, would love to kneel before his Queen, to kiss that youthful hand. But he was nobody, and the years were passing.

The accession of a new sovereign brought with it the dissolution of Parliament and a general election. This time Disraeli, well backed by Lyndhurst, received numerous offers of safe constituencies. Among others Wyndham Lewis, the husband of the flirtatious little chatterbox he had formerly met at Bulwer's, asked him if he would like to be his fellow-member for Maidstone, a constituency with two seats where the Conservatives were bound to win. It was to Mrs. Wyndham that he owed the offer. During the campaign she played the part of his electoral godmother. Disraeli wrote her affable letters, telling her of his pleasure in seeing their two names side by side on the placards. He had completely forgotten his first antipathy. Nobody, not even Sarah, was more adept in praising him than this lady. "Mark what I prophesy," she wrote: "Mr. Disraeli will in a very few years be one of the greatest men of his day. His great talents, backed by his friends, Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Chandos, with Wyndham's power to keep him in Parliament, will insure his success. They call him my Parliamentary protégé."

Her good opinion of the candidate was shared by at least one man, and that was the candidate himself.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Chautauqua

It would be interesting to know how many of the seventy-seven thousand members of THE FORUM "family" have, in one Summer or another of their lives, sat under the flapping brown canvas of a Chautauqua tent, and cheered (or maintained a discreet silence) on occasion. Chautauqua lectures, hot Summer evenings, Chautauqua music, rain, — linger in mind long after the Summer is over.

This July THE FORUM's editor drove a little car through West Virginia, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, stopping to lecture here and there as the Chautauqua called. He was editor of a magazine of controversy and it was only natural that he should bring to an audience the question that FORUM readers have heard asked from time to time in these pages: "Are Americans Intolerant?" And as he promised, he spoke "one hour, one evening, one tent, one town," with a forum afterward, — fifteen minutes of questions.

And the questions that were asked by audiences seated in a truly "open forum" outside under the Summer stars, or in a tent pitched in the hollow of the hills, were very like those which FORUM readers send in to the Rostrum: "What do you think of Russia?" "Was Jesus tolerant?" "Was not Thomas Jefferson intolerant in his attitude toward his political opponents?" "Was not Roger Williams intolerant?" "Do you not think the present extreme tendencies of youth should be met with intolerance?" "Is it intolerant to segregate racial groups?" "Do you recommend *Elmer Gantry* to the clergy?" "How many Nicaraguans can the United States kill in one week without being intolerant?"

And of course, always from any human adventure, crowd memories of quaint, interesting, or particularly stimulating characters one met along the way, — the proprietor of a hotel, former teacher of agriculture, who played old English airs on an ancient fiddle of fine tone, for example. He had built a sleeping-porch for his daughter out of prizes won in fiddling contests over the radio, in which he competed to show that his "fiddle had some value". On through surpassing mountain scenery, chestnut-trees in blossom, through a hardwood lumber camp to a sturdy little Maryland town. There, a meeting with the oldest veteran of the Civil War, eighty-three years old, still wondering wistfully if the United States, with more Tolerance, could have avoided its war of '61. And the happy encounter with a Jew who shook hands on the street and remarked, "I'm a merchant here. I liked what you said, but your magazine still more." Later, in a small town in Pennsylvania, a similar adventure sitting in a park looking across the river with a working-man: "What's your line?" the latter asked, "My line is lectures." "What's your subject?" "Tolerance." "Well," — looking across the river, — "I guess the Jews are the only tolerant people. Probably that's why the Lord makes them rich."

Rain, rain, rain, beating on a tent drained by rivers christened the "Ohio", "Allegheny," and "Monongahela", with the lecturer roaring above the elements about Americanism and American ideals, — subjects as elemental as the thunder-

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storm itself. The cordiality of these communities, their invitations to "come again", their encouragement and conviction that *in* THE FORUM America has something as fundamental as the Chautauqua itself, as their own hills and valleys, was an inspiration that will carry the editor through as many months to come as — there were questions asked!

Editor of THE FORUM:

Unlike the reader whose letter I read in the August Rostrum, I am selfish, in that I am thinking of myself first, when I buy my FORUM direct from the publishers; I am impatient, in that I want my copy as quickly as it is ready for the public, this without any reasoning at all.

After reading the letter in the Rostrum columns I began reasoning, for and against, and I have come to the conclusion that my way is good even though it is selfish and impatient.

Would the publishers be able to produce a magazine which readers would want to buy from the newsstands if there were not some who had furnished the money to pay for the interesting pictures and the important articles and furnished the money to pay the editor and his staff for their energy and time in collecting the material? Would the publishers be able to put out a magazine if they had no idea of the size of the market? As for the postman, he has a hard job, but is that not what he is paid for? Even though, at times, he makes remarks which a born lady does not care to repeat, does that mean he is dissatisfied with his job, or is it just a momentary relief from irritation?

Now for the part of the story where one rubs his hands together with much gusto and uses the accompanying gestures which denote great joy. Being a subscriber to your magazine, I received a letter from the editorial offices telling me that on a certain day, at a certain place, the editor of THE FORUM, Henry Goddard Leach, would give a lecture on "Intolerance". Is it necessary for me to say I took advantage of the opportunity? We drove fifty miles to hear him and of course we came back home. Even after I was home again, tired and sleepy, I was glad, glad, that I was a subscriber.

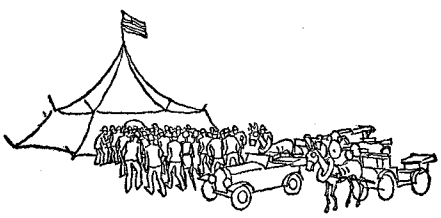
In a letter from a friend, one not only reads the written words, but sees the writer, and between the lines one reads the thoughts and expressions that went to make up those written words. In a similar manner the value of THE FORUM, to me, has been doubled. A keen bit of humor, or maybe it is satire, in the magazine might have passed me by, but having seen and heard the editor, having a definite picture in mind, his personality will carry it home to me.

I feel I have been well paid for my selfishness and impatience.

I think the magazine's staff should be complimented in applying one of Elbert Hubbard's mottos, "Folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do!"

AGATHA MCGIVERN

Kittanning, Pa.



From Missouri

Mrs. Blair, in "Why We Live Beyond Our Means" in the June FORUM, *will have to answer this gentleman from her own skeptical state.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

With all due respects to Missouri, Mrs. Blair's explanation is fine, but it does not explain. Had I asked her, "Why do people with small beer salaries, have champagne appetites?" and she had used her prerogative and said, "Because," it would have been exactly as illuminating.

EDWARD C. WITTWER

Mountain Grove, Mo.

Children

Is the modern woman becoming restive under the burden of sentiment imposed on motherhood by the male? Two interesting letters, placed as question and answer by the Rostrum editor.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Why is it considered the duty of every married couple to have children? Fifty years ago public opinion made it every

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woman's duty to marry if she could possibly capture a man. It made no difference whether she was fitted for cooking or for painting, she must, if she were to occupy a place of honor in the community, settle down to housekeeping, giving up all other inclinations even though she might have real talent for business or for art. Otherwise she was "poor Aunt Sophie", — an old maid. That day, thank heaven, has passed. It is no longer considered a woman's duty to marry unless she happens to want to do so. The world has yet to be convinced, however that it is not every married woman's duty to have children. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that for generations the tradition has grown up that all women just because they are women love all children just because they are children. Even to-day it takes a courageous person to admit that she is not fond of children. Yet there are many of us who, while we may have a certain instinct to protect and cherish our offspring, would, if we were honest, say that we lack that characteristic with which poets have endowed us, an unflagging mother zeal.

MRS. J. H. CZOCK

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The greatest distinction that democracy has conferred on education is in making it general. In doing this it has relieved the parents of numerous children from the fear that the early education of their children will be neglected. Society, for its own protection, now assumes that burden for the family.

The presence of children, instead of being an economic pressure to deter parents from having large families, is a psychological stimulus for parents to make more of themselves in order the better to provide for their children. It is this struggle that keeps the world moving and society wholesome. No children means social stagnation. The eagle gets under her eaglets to assist them in their first erratic flight from the craggy nest. In the same way and to a nobler purpose, parents are spurred to give of their best to their offspring. What comparable spur has the childless couple of the leisure class? Or what comparable contribution to society?

RAYMOND MCFARLAND

East Aurora, N. Y.

A Critic's Compliment

The story to which Mr. O'Brien, editor of the "Best Short Stories of the Year" refers, appeared in the January issue of the magazine.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Let me congratulate you on your fiction. I consider "The Lock" by Edward Sackville-West the best story by an English writer published anywhere last year.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

London, Eng.

Gentle Sarcasm

Editor of THE FORUM:

Referring to Mr. Van Loon's article on page 308 of the August FORUM, permit me to quote the following statement of Nietzsche:

"Whenever the arbitrating power falls into the hands of the masses, genuineness becomes superfluous, disadvantageous, and a drawback."

The truth of Nietzsche's statement is evidenced clearly by the conditions existing to-day as a result of the facility with which divorces are obtained. Regard the petty reasons which are meant to justify them.

Mr. Van Loon advocates leaving to the individual the decision as to how he prefers to live. That is a magnanimous theory. Individuals are not yet fit to inherit Utopia, and unfortunately they show a marked tendency to abuse privileges which grant them the right to choose the sort of lives which they prefer to lead.

It would appear that Mr. Van Loon would defend the individual who might choose to evade his responsibilities to his family; or who might choose to perpetrate crimes; or who might choose to indulge his whims and fancies, regardless of how detrimental the result may be to the common good.

As far as I can see, choosing one's breakfast food or one's house is being done mostly according to the advertisements in women's magazines. That there is a similarity in the choices of individuals proves that the average individual is swayed by public opinion rather than by his power of discrimination. Self-control,

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not birth control, is what we need to learn. Is it not strange that discriminating individuals are still governed by fifteen hundred year old ideas?

Who could have been the person who accused Mr. Van Loon of having created this world?

E. K. Saloomey

Milford, Conn.

Editor of The Forum:

I do not know when I have had a greater surprize than when I read in the August Forum the definite admission on the part of Dr. Hendrik Willem van Loon that he did not create this world. I had attained from some of his earlier writings the distinct impression that he had done so. It still seems incredible that any one could know so much about *The Story of Mankind* and *The Story of the Bible* which no one else ever knew without having had a large part in the creation of the world. Perhaps after all omniscience is possible without omnipotence and the trouble is merely a natural confusion that arises when one stands in the presence of omniscience. But to think that Mr. Van Loon did not create the world! Who could have done it? We are left entirely at sea again!

Cleland B. McAfee

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Van Loon's reply:

Editor of The Forum:

I wish that I knew. For there are all sorts of things which need improvement and I should be delighted to offer a few humble suggestions. Now I have got to write them down in articles for the magazines and the newspapers. The other method would be so much simpler.

Hendrik Willem van Loon

Westport, Conn.

Our Nellie

We've had a landslide on "Nell", for apparently it is debatable whether she's "been done right by". Scores of letters commenting on the poor girl's dilemma have been received by the editor. From them we have only "lifted a line".

Editor of The Forum:

In regard to Albert Carr's plea for the instruction of young women in charm, under the title, "Doing Right By Our Nell," in the August issue, the educational department of the Young Women's Christian Association wishes to add its approval to what Mr. Carr says. Teaching charm we have long regarded as a valuable open door to all types of education. After nearly six years experience of giving classes in charm a place in our educational curriculum in Associations in all parts of the country, we may well voice our faith in it.

Margaret Flennicken
Education & Research Division
National Board Y. W. C. A.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of The Forum:

Is the fact that Nell can talk, act, and look like Queen Marie going to take her into any higher stratum of society? No, it is not. The fact that Nell works at the soap factory or tack works is going to keep her right where she is now socially. Will the banker's daughter take Nell into her home to meet her friends because she has charm or has acquired charm, or will the banker's daughter and her mother and friends remember that Nell works in the soap factory or tack works? Even Jane Addams would admit that they would think of the factory and sniff at the charm.

You are not helping Nell when you enhance her charm and do not at the same time improve her mind so that she can go from a job to a position, — and generally positions are not secured on looks only or as to whether or not the applicant eats peas with a knife or calls a musician a "musicker". She might do these things and still be a good filing clerk. She might even rouge and paint her lips and get by; and if she is a good filing clerk, she will learn other things through environment and meet young men in her "station of life" or men whom she will prefer.

The way to help Nell is to make her more efficient, so that she can secure employment of a higher character in a better place, meet better people, and marry better. These things all follow each other. No one will deny that a saleslady has better opportunities of choice in marriage than a factory girl, and that a stenographer has better opportunities than a saleslady. Why not put the proper tools in Nell's hands, training her for a higher type

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of work? Everything that Mr. Carr desires follows this.

I've noticed just as much rouge and lip-stick work performed by girls who have had every opportunity, graduates of finishing-schools, etc., as I think you will be able to find among our Nells.

I am sure you will not find as many cigarette-smoking Nells as you will find cigarette-smoking society belles in proportion to numbers; and I'm not sure but that a prospective benedict would rather have his "Frau-to-be" say, "Quit your kidding," than carry a flask in her sock, which I am informed is one of the gymnastic stunts being indulged by many of our girls who have had every opportunity. I don't believe many of our Nells carry flasks. One can hardly do it and be on the job at anywhere between 6:30 and 8:30 A.M.

EDWARD W. COX

Chicago, Ill.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am heartily in accord with Mr. Carr in improving, beautifying, and adding charm to the girls of our time. There is nothing more deadly to romance than finger-nails in mourning, a rasping voice, and a bad breath. How many times has youth been attracted to a figure at a dance or an outline on the beach only to leave in despair upon closer acquaintance.

In our cry for the beautiful, however, I am reminded of two brothers in the wool business. One was very religious and spent most of his time singing and praying. One day he said to his brother, "Why don't you join the church? You don't know how wonderful it feels to know that you are in the way of the Lord." The brother pondered a moment, then replied, "You may be right, *but somebody has to weigh the wool.*"

H. N. BRUNN

Chicago, Ill.

The World in the Ending

Editor of THE FORUM:

Why should the Malthusians rage, and the birth control league imagine a vain thing? Why must war be declared among nations, in order that generations a thousand years hence may have enough to eat? Are not automobiles successful in dealing quick death, and bootleggers free to hand out liquid poison to the great and free American?

Motors, driven by intoxicated morons, take the intelligent and the stupid with calm impartiality. Bootleggers seem to specialize in intelligentsia hunting "kicks", and these can be spared, even by sheltering Alma Mater. Except in China, where war is considered a menial job, the nations accept only the best for the killing line, — men of the best intellect, best breeding, those whose courage is finest, whose living is cleanest. In private life, our women of the same class are learning, — know even in adolescence, — the methods of birth control, so that they may gratify desire and pay no penalties, a "labor" saving device almost as disastrous as prostitution, and with similar results.

Presto! Motors are impartial, taking the best with the worst, the good with the bad. Bootleggers are world benefactors, in effect if not in intention. War and birth control are conspirators with Malthus and the frenzied scientist of to-day, in their terror for descendants of the distant future; and truly, saith the prophet, they too shall pass away. War, — because only morons who will not bother with birth control methods will propagate; and as succeeding generations cease to have brains to fight or to care properly for their young, the high infant mortality will end the story happily for our fair earth. When the morons pass on, leaving no descendants at the end of a thousand years, generous nature will soon cover the scars of occupation, obliterating the iniquity of man. Is not this a more beautiful picture than the one projected by those who statistically outline a human scheme for running the universe, — the earth plotted out, so many humans, so many vegetables, the one scientifically eating the other, neither increasing, world without end?

MARY W. GRISCOM

Philadelphia, Pa.

The above letter, "written on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean during a recent professional trip to India, was inspired by the reading of many books about the world in the beginning, during the past millions of years, with predictions as to its happy future under the able direction of the authors of said books."—Dr. Griscom.

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Up in a Balloon, Boys!

And they keep coming in, delighted exclamations and enthusiastic demands, "Where do you buy those Hoppin' balloons?"

Editor of THE FORUM:

Whoever invented the mechanics for "Balloon Jumping", as Mr. Hoppin so delightfully describes it in his article in the August FORUM, must have enjoyed those childhood dreams in which we had only to give a slight push to the fence to go skimming along without walking, or by catching hold of a swaying branch we were swung up into the air and went sailing along above the tree tops. Or perhaps the inventor was inspired by that game of piling up the hands of the company, one hand of each at a time, until all were stacked, when the hand at the bottom was drawn out, clapped on top, then the next lowest, and so on, by all in turn, speed increasing until a general scramble finished the attempt to keep on top. What I'd like to know is: was balloon jumping a second story man instinct, or a policeman complex, or did they rise as one, like the Kilkenny cats, and is there hope of their similar disappearance into space? If balloon jumping should rid us even of policemen we could accept the horrors it threatens to what was once known as "private life".

ELIZABETH YOUNG GEORGE

Siskiyou County, Calif.

Rostrum Ballooning

Editor of THE FORUM:

I still maintain that Our Rostrum is the best part of your magazine. The writers of leading articles are striving for effect and a cheque, — not always expressing their real thoughts and opinions, which might prove too commonplace to be acceptable. But when a man jabs his pen in ink and writes to Our Rostrum we may be quite sure that he is in earnest, whether we agree with him or not. If some way could be devised to make your magazine nine-tenths Rostrum and one-tenth leading articles it would be vastly improved.

R. D. BOCK

Corning, O.

Problems of Psychiatry

Dr. John A. Ferrell is one of the associate directors of the Rockefeller Foundation, International Health Division.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read in the July issue of THE FORUM the article by Dr. Frederick Allen entitled "Psychiatry and Health". It proved to be exceedingly interesting.

Dr. Allen's definition of psychiatry is made very clear, and he indicates the broad and important scope of the field directly or by suggestion. The impression remaining with me is not clear as to how organized society is to solve the problem. Wealthy communities can establish special clinics or employ trained personnel to devote themselves to the special field of psychiatry and, of course, well-to-do individuals can employ specialists to deal with family problems. From a national standpoint, however, involving counties, towns, and villages, the health machinery is inadequate to deal even with basic health problems for which clear cut and effective procedures have been developed. The average town or county of from twenty thousand to thirty thousand people may have a medical health officer, a public health nurse, a sanitary inspector, and an office assistant. They must protect the community against transmissible disease, supervise sanitary measures, promote personal hygiene, infant and child hygiene, and a multitude of other activities. Mental hygiene undoubtedly is extremely important, but I am not perfectly clear as to how an organization such as I describe, — which is more or less typical of the non-urban communities, — is to apply existing knowledge in this field.

I wish Dr. Allen might have discussed this phase of the problem.

JOHN A. FERRELL

New York City

Editor of THE FORUM:

Fear is one of the primary causes of mental troubles. Nurses are the chief sinners in instilling fear in infants. Mothers need educating. It is a pity Dr. Allen did not make a concrete suggestion.

GEORGE M. CALLEN

Selma, Ala.

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Lindeberg and the Tax Collector

Proving that it takes all kinds of kisses to make a cow.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read a good many silly stories in my time, but your "hog's eye" story in August FORUM certainly gets the cake. It seems a pity to fill half a dozen pages with stuff like that when they might be filled with really worth-while reading. Surely a majority of your readers do not endorse such rot as that story.

JOHN H. CULLOM
Tax Collector

Dallas, Tex.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Have just read "Hog's Eye and Human" in Aug. FORUM. The story is fine & wish that I might have written it. It is a splendid story for snobs, hypocrites, and Pharisees. The lesson it teaches is more direct than many a sermon. . . . Not to be afraid to be human, to be willing to lose a heart to gain a soul, to understand that we can not be saved by words alone. That it is the spirit & not the matter that counts. "Not to worry over the next world" but to do the best we can in this one. The philosophy is good, — no cant. Just a few plain lumbermen with no *culture* but they understand the things which are eternal. They (the lumbermen) have really more self respect in their lack of book knowledge than the trained preacher. To read this story is to make one think of Abe Lincoln and his simple greatness. Not wishing to be presumptuous, may I congratulate Miss Montague?

ELLA C. LINDEBERG

South Norwalk, Conn.

Trends

"*As the wind blows the cradle shall rock.*"

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am an economist and not a medico or a theologian, and I believe the shoemaker should stick to his last. But I do not hesitate to say, in the discussion of Birth Control, that while I am not a member of Dr. Ryan's communion, I am in substantial agreement with him and I am of the opinion that this agitation, begun as a money making proposition in this city a few years back, has contributed to a loosening up of public morals and does tend to moral degeneracy.

Personally I am not of those who make pretense to possessing more morals than are good for me. Nor am I fearful that this or other "bugs" of the moment will make very great headway.

What I am concerned with is this: Unless I am greatly mistaken and wholly inaccurate in noting trends, we are not very far distant from a reaction that will spell Puritanism as those of our generation have never known it. As I view them the straws surely indicate a wind in that direction.

That would be something to regret. But, — what are we going to do about it?

JOHN J. LEARY, JR.
Staff Correspondent N. Y. World

New York, N. Y.

Mayan Cogitation

After reading "Maya Civilization, — 100% American" in the August FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Secure in my innocence, I had never taken it as a personal matter when informed that America had no distinctive art. I have not felt mortified or humiliated. But now that we are authoritatively told by Dr. Sylvanus Morley that there is proof of the existence of a great civilization on this very continent which our ancestors chose for their home, I am certainly interested, — almost enthusiastic, — as I should be at getting at the truth in any really scientific investigation anywhere.

Ought I to shout out an exultant "Yah!" to the world not fortunate enough to live in the western hemisphere? I must admit that I feel no overweening pride, perhaps because I belong to a generation to which 487 A.D. and Central America were remote in a sense in which nothing is remote now.

Being a full-blooded descendant of the colonial settlers and therefore ever on the *qui vive* to discover what the parable teaches, my principal reaction can be guessed. In spite of a genuine effort to con-

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fine my thoughts within strictly scientific channels, I find myself wondering, — now that we Americans have reached the present high pinnacle in civilization, — whether it is not possible to temper our excesses, so that we can keep on climbing to still greater heights instead of toppling over the peak we have reached and sliding down on the other side as did the Maya race.

ANNA MERRILL FOSTER
Long Beach, Calif.

Daddy Knows Best

DADDY says
I'm too old
For bibs
For my
Chin,
Says when he
Was my age
He kept
His food
In.

DADDY says
I'm too old
And he knows
Best,
But
Yesterday
Daddy spilled
Gravy
Down his
Vest.

— *Lysbeth Boyd Borie*

Animal Intelligence

"The more I see of people the better I like my dog."

Editor of THE FORUM:

Do animals think? Do men think? I sometimes doubt the latter but as to the former, I give an emphatic affirmative. The jackal will fight for a piece of carrion; the white man for an oil concession. Love, hate, fear, an inferiority complex, and so on down the list of emotions and reactions; any or all can be applied with descriptive force to either class.

The animate and the inanimate world are caught up together in a chain with unbroken links. I claim brotherhood to the cur dog that sneaks up the back alley; I have a fellow feeling for the Coolidge angle worm which, the scientist tells us, has a sensitive spot on its anterior end which enables it to sense a great light; and I recognize the coyote as being the equal of any go-getter of Babbitt-town.

THE FORUM article, "Do Animals Think?" by Reid Blair, will go far in destroying the megalomaniac egotism of the average man. It will help to break down one of the many walls of ignorance that have been raised by the cunning to enable them to prey on the weak and it will make for broad-mindedness, something that we as Americans sadly need.

MARCUS W. ROBBINS
San Diego, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Do Animals Think?" They do. I cordially agree with the conclusions of Mr. Reid Blair in his article in the August FORUM. My observations have had more to do with domestic animals than with those semiwild and untrained. Horses, dogs, and cats are the most intelligent, and there is manifestly a subconscious communication between the mind of man and the mind of an animal. I am familiar with the careers and characters of three dogs which did real constructive thinking:

"Box" was a well-bred Collie, dainty and sensitive, manifesting joy, sorrow, or anger, when his emotions were stirred.

"Pronto" was an Airedale, very intelligent and reliable as a watch-dog, except on occasions when a periodical trip was due. About once a month he would take a few days off and go to the city six miles distant. His habit was to "bum" his way in by stealing a ride on the running board of an auto. He would select his car with rare judgment and make a successful jump at the opportune moment.

"Chink" was a good-natured, genial mongrel, homeless, and a tramp by choice. About once a month he visited my home, renewed his acquaintance, picked up what food he could find, and then went to the next place on his schedule of calls.

These dogs represented three distinct human types. The first was a refined gentleman, the second a faithful servant, but eccentric; the third was a wandering vagabond, good-natured but disreputable.

GEORGE B. WINSHIP
San Diego, Calif.

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Notes on the Negro

Mr. Bradford, author of "River Witch", the short story in this issue, sends us leaves from his "private note-book".

Editor of THE FORUM:

For my own personal study of the black race, I have divided its members into three groups. The groupings are imaginary and overlap. The first group I call the "nigger". He is the shiftless, ignorant laborer type, the steamboat rouster, and the field hand. He is the man who came to America two hundred years ago, a savage and a slave, with neither language nor religion. He found the white man with a harsh, inarticulate language and he adapted this into a purring, gentle series of sounds that suited him to perfection. He can say more with an ungrammatical phrase than our orators can say in ten thousand words. His casual expressions ring with a rhythm that would cause a Poe or a Milton to turn green with envy. Yet when one undertakes to reproduce it with the twenty-four letters of our alphabet, it loses so much that it tends to sound ridiculous. His songs in weird discord and impossible tempo arouse one's emotions more quickly and more deeply than a trained, high-salaried choir could hope to do with Gregorian chants and a fifty thousand dollar pipe organ. His dances are uncouth and sensual, yet in their very awkwardness there is more beauty of motion than any Russian ballet can hope to achieve. His master's religion was a harsh, vindictive, cruel thing that in practice had led to strife, bitterness, and even wars among mankind so that the white man could pursue a hope, a will-o'-the-wisp, that he called everlasting happiness. The nigger took this religion and adapted it into a simple, childlike game between two very human, rather likable beings called God and Satan, threw in some of the mystic, much of ceremonial, and considerably more of a friendly gentleness that they best express in braggadocial terms, and actually achieved what his master pursued.

The second classification of mine I call the "colored person". He is, so to speak, the next step up the ladder of the white man's civilization. He is neither fish nor fowl, but because of his atavistic tendencies that can so readily send him back to the "nigger" classification, or his unsatisfied longings that may send him still further up the ladder, he is pretty fair red herring. He is, as they say, race conscious. He is ashamed of his color. Mentally, he is capable of sensing and feeling the injustices that befall his race, but he is incapable of arriving at an intelligent solution. So far, he merely has magnified these injustices. His blood is mixed, usually, and he adds to his other objectionable points that of the tendencies common in mongrel blood. He is vicious in his heart, he hates the white man and loathes the black. He wants to equal or outdo the white man at the white man's own game. And when his two hundred years of experience fail him before the white man's thousands of years of experience he is all the more embittered, his hatred for the

Should the Negro be Encouraged to Cultural Equality?

Drawn by Winold Reiss for THE FORUM

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white and disgust for the black is intensified. He is, to his race, what our "white trash" is to us. And the two, — the colored person and the white trash, — are the ones who provoke lynchings and race riots.

If there were a hard and fast dividing line between the classifications, the colored person would be truly a tragic figure. Even his friends who are eager to help him serve only to retard him. This is best illustrated, I believe, in the present vogue for the colored person. As this is being written, he is being made much of. He has gone through college. He is dabbling in the art of poetry, letters, and paintings, — the arts developed through centuries by the white man. He dabbles according to the white man's rules, and he is awkward at it. His best is only fair and his worst is impossible. Yet there are balanced critics of sound judgment who, because of an overenthusiastic desire to discover or because of a consciousness that there is an art of high emotional beauty stowed away somewhere in the negro race, seizes upon the most mediocre efforts and proclaims to the world that it is great.

On my piano are several books of "negro spirituals" arranged by negro musicians who were trained according to the white man's idea of music. In these books are critical reviews by recognized musical authorities. The arrangements are praised highly; the critics go into ecstasy, for instance, over the arrangement in five sharps of a song called "Deep River". I happen to have heard that song sung by a congregation of ignorant negroes in Baldwin County, Alabama, last Summer. There were about forty men and women in the church. The "lead" did not know the song, nor did more than half of the others. The "woman lead", a bell-like soprano, knew it, but the preacher whose voice was a deep bass, would not allow a woman to lead it. He led with his own rumbling bass and the others chimed in at intervals, most of the time a half beat late. The soprano, perhaps a trifle peeved because she wasn't allowed to lead, occasionally rushed ahead of the preacher's bass. The result was a majestic sweep of sound that lasted for an hour and fifteen minutes by my watch and left me so stirred up for days that I was actually ill. To compare the piano arrangement of "Deep River" with the song that I heard in Baldwin County would be even more absurd than to compare Bach's most profound work with a popular song hit by Irving Berlin. They are in different dimensions; there is no basis for comparison. And to praise the mediocre stuff of the colored person is to set a mediocre standard and to make it more difficult to get at the real thing.

My third classification is the Negro, — capital "N". The specimen is all too rare. He is, so to speak, the real thing. He is not ashamed of being black; he is proud of it if he is too black to show a mixed breed strain. And he knows. He knows that his race has done pretty well, all things considered, in the past two hundred years. He hopes it will do better in the future. He knows that, considering the time it has been at it, the white civilization isn't such a howling success along every line and he hopes his race can avoid some of the mistakes of the whites. He knows that his government guarantees him civil equality and the right to pursue happiness, just the same as it grants the white man these rights. Usually, he only pursues civil equality and falls far shorter of obtaining it than does his white fellow citizen. But he can achieve happiness while the white man is pursuing it. He is sorry for the colored person but he knows that one must suffer through this state of being before one can achieve the high estate of Negro. He dislikes "white trash", but he suffers them because it is from the white trash that some of our greatest men have sprung, and will continue to spring. He is not embarrassed because men of his blood can not outdo the white man at the white man's games. The Negroes have games, too. The Negro can imitate the white man, but at best, it is an imitation. The white man has a convenient thing called "dignity" that estops him from leading a mule or carrying *flambeaux* in a Mardi Gras parade. Carrying *flambeaux* and leading mules is such a trivial thing, anyway. But still, the major carnival organizations of New Orleans, after spending thirty or forty thousand dollars on floats, designs, costumes, colors, and favors for the arrival of Momus, Proteus, and Comus, still cling to the niggers and mules for moving their gorgeous floats along the avenues.

ROARK BRADFORD

New Orleans, La.

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Can We Absorb the Negro?

Negro equality, cultural, social, was the topic of debate between Alain Locke and Lothrop Stoddard in the October FORUM. *"Should the Negro Be Encouraged to Cultural Equality?" has elicited replies fairly evenly divided in point of view.*

YES

Theodore Roosevelt decided the question when he invited Booker T. Washington to dine with him at the White House, and most of us north of Mason and Dixon's Line approved his decision.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

New York, N. Y.

I am personally in favor of encouraging the Negro to cultural equality. The coexistence of the White man and the Negro in the United States is fixed for all time to come. Christian forbearance and mutual strife for the best interests of both races alone can prevent miscegenation and degeneration.

LAWRENCE F. FLICK

Philadelphia, Pa.

There is no democracy quite so free as the cultural democracy, and products of culture produced by the Negro must of necessity attain their just reward, for the world has always been indifferent to who the artist was, so long as his art was interesting.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK
(*President of The Business Bourse*)

New York, N. Y.

The Negro and White are in this country destined, it would seem, to dwell side by side, in approximately their present proportions, as long as foresight can reach. It is to the advantage of both races that they dwell in amity, and amity is not compatible with the assumption that one of the partners is incurably and eternally inferior to the other.

C. H. GRANDGENT

Cambridge, Mass.

Frankly, I am out of sympathy with any form of paternalism, particularly when it assumes a kindly patronizing attitude toward any set or sect. In short, it is my poor opinion that the Negro needs no more "encouragement" than you or I or Will Rogers's family, and that he may be safely left alone to work out his own destiny.

JOHN GOLDEN

New York, N. Y.

I believe that the Negro should not be encouraged to cultural equality, he should be encouraged to cultural *superiority*. Is culture so abundant that we can afford to scrutinize its origin in order to satisfy our minds as to whether it is acceptable? Would we have turned Raphael's Madonna to the wall had it been the work of a black hand or would we have turned deaf ears to the creations of a colored Mendelsohn or Handel?

PAUL P. HARRIS
(*President Emeritus Rotary International*)

Chicago, Ill.

NO

Social recognition is a matter of traditions, taste, and personal qualifications. And I should say that the person or race of people who clamor for such recognition are by that very circumstance distasteful and disqualified for social recognition regardless of their culture. The bounder's instinct is a confession of conscious inferiority which is offensive to properly bred people.

CORRA HARRIS

Rydal, Ga.

But for race prejudice there would be no difference in races. It is a law of nature to keep them separate.

E. P. BEADLES

Norfolk, Va.

Social recognition is not a proof of cultural equality. Many men of genius have been culturally superior to people who would not recognize them socially. Why should Negroes be privileged in this respect? It seems to me that before White Americans decide this question, colored Americans and their white friends had better do a little objective thinking on the subject of cultural equality where that expression means something. In other words, they must cease listing Harlem cabaret dancers and Negro poets, singers of Spirituals and educators, all together as examples of identically important artistic achievement. Do Mr. Walter White and Mr. James Weldon Johnson, for example, encourage and admit, say, Miss Ethel Waters and Miss Josephine Baker, to social and cultural equality? And if so, why? In analogous circumstances that is not the general practise of white Americans.

ERNEST BOYD

New York, N. Y.

There's something too deep in the White man's being ever to root out aversion to social equality with the Negro. Even the Christian religion hasn't been able to remove it. When it comes to giving a daughter to a black man, the most extreme Negrophile balks.

H. R. HUNDLEY
(*Principal of Doane Academy*)

Granville, O.

To me this discussion is a good deal like debating the question whether we should grant the moon the same privilege of shining on one side of the earth that it has to shine on another part, or like granting the strawberry the privilege of selling in December at the same price for which it sells in June.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN, DIRECTOR
(*Institute for Public Service*)

New York, N. Y.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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A Brace Of Biographies

IT is a stroke of good fortune which brings to American readers two contrasting studies of Hawthorne, each of which needs to be supplemented by the other. HAWTHORNE: A STUDY IN SOLITUDE (Doran, $2.00) by Herbert Gorman, is brief, keen, and critical. THE REBELLIOUS PURITAN: PORTRAIT OF MR. HAWTHORNE (Harcourt, Brace, $4.00) by Lloyd Morris, is lengthy, discursive, and vastly entertaining. Mr. Gorman gives us an able analysis of Hawthorne's work. Mr. Morris mentions the books as he mentions the children: so many children, so many books,—incidents of admitted importance to the father and author, but apparently of no great concern to the biographer. His skilful use of Emerson's words: "I thought him (Hawthorne) a greater man than any of his works betray," would seem to indicate agreement with this verdict.

Now, to say of a writer that he is greater than his books is at once the most civil and the most damning of dispraise. It was never further afield than in the case of Hawthorne. The man was languid, inert, self-conscious, self-centred, with no understanding of foreign countries, no great love for his own, no revivifying interest in any cause, big or little, and no more initiative than a bedpost. Strong convictions gave him, as they gave Coleridge, "the cramp." He was pushed by friends into one civil position after another. Always he grumbled at the drudgery of the work, and at the inelegance of his surroundings. A charming and negligible figure, with his beautiful head, his gentle manner, and his impenetrable silence, the one supremely important thing about him is that he wrote a great and deathless novel, which must endure until the bright dream of Germany is fulfilled and the "barbarous English tongue" sinks into desuetude and decay.

Nothing could be more enlightening than Mr. Morris's account of Hawthorne's solitary boyhood, his introspective youth, his first sad failure in literature, his early perception of life as "a moral experience with a tragic meaning". Nothing could be more lightly or more acidly sketched than his surroundings: the society of Salem where "recreation was a serious pursuit and culture an exacting obligation"; the "transcendental picnic" of Brook Farm, with Hawthorne the most bewildered and

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unhappy of its inmates; the half-way philosophers who thought to emulate Emerson by confusing the indefinite with the infinite. The sage of Concord was a magnet who drew to his side, whether he willed it or no, a strange assemblage of reformers who were busy setting the world to rights, founders of fresh cults which nobody but themselves understood, and lay preachers of every known variety. His amazing patience in listening to them can be accounted for only on Mr. Brownell's hypothesis that he was at heart so independent of friendship, so indifferent to companionship, that he never troubled himself to distinguish between the able and the inept. Alcott's innocent prattle, Hosmer's oracular commonplaces, Margaret Fuller's unwarranted airs of superiority, — Emerson endured them all with a passivity which seems to have been mistaken for appreciation.

Hawthorne was as alien to the solemn New England of his youth as he was to the vivified New England of the Civil War, as he was alien to old England and to Italy. He never fitted into any spot but his own fireside, with his wife and children by him, with plenty of books within reach, and no disturbing newspaper lying on his doorstep. It was natural that Latin civilization should have left him cold. He had no key to its splendors, no knowledge of its art. He was not even aware that art had a language of its own, and could not be interpreted by the pure light of reason. But that he should have remained untouched by the great traditions of England is harder to understand. "Its ancient foundations brought him no message," says Mr. Gorman. Four years of residence left him in "the rôle of a tourist".

If Mr. Morris's picture of "The Rebellious Puritan" (he was not really rebellious; one has to be very much alive to rebel) is clear-cut, faithful, and sympathetic, Mr. Gorman's criticism of the Puritan novels is as keen as kindness will permit. If he does not differentiate sharply between the one towering masterpiece and its less vital successors, this is because he recognizes in all of Hawthorne's work the power to probe the human heart, sick with the malady of sin. I can not help wishing that he had said a few discriminating words anent the short tales which are among the best and worst in our letters; which range all the way from the sombre potency of "Goodman Brown" to the fantastic nonsense of "The Minister's Black Veil".

Mr. Gorman's comment on Hawthorne's loss of his post as surveyor of the Salem Custom House, — "He was cast forth a second time from the meager bosom of a thankless country," — seems to me a bit unkind. The country did pretty well by Hawthorne. When his invaluable friend, President Pierce, gave him the consulate at Liverpool, it was arranged that no consul should be appointed to Manchester during his tenure of office. Consequently, all the Manchester fees were diverted into the Liverpool consul's pocket, — an arrangement very profitable to him and very inconvenient to his countrymen. Hawthorne saved thirty thousand dollars, — a respectable sum in those days, — in his four years of office-holding. This was as it should have been. It is pleasant to think that the rank and file of Americans parted, — however reluctantly, — with their dollars for the enrichment of the man who gave to American literature the priceless heritage of *The Scarlet Letter*.

AGNES REPPLIER

Shovels and Men

WHEN a hobo breezes into a new town, he promptly asks some other wanderer "where de main stem is at, buddy". The main stem is the most important street in Hobohemia. Here employment agencies are to be found; here are cheap "flop houses" and hash houses; here, best of all, the wanderer finds company.

In THE MAIN STEM (Vanguard, $0.50) William Edge has given us a brilliant panorama of the itinerant proletariat and of industry during the World War. This young writer spent the year 1918 working in munitions plants, on railroads, on hastily erected war buildings. He moved scenery, drove spikes, shoveled tons of dirt and coal, handled T. N. T., "wrasseled" with two-hundred-pound boxes of gun powder. This picturesque account of his experiences betokens an observing, impersonal eye and an ear that is at once sensitive and hardy for the manners and speech of his fellow workers.

Besides describing realistically how the

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other half lives, the writer has created a living personality in Slim, intellectual hobo and revolutionist. This forceful, whimsical, educated, futile person stands out as an irresolute idealist. His mind revolves between the ideology of Herbert Spencer and the science of the last two decades. He hesitates, as so many proletarian idealists do, between the slave philosophy of Marx and the strong-man philosophy of Nietzsche. The reader will like Slim.

The book, however, has its flaws. The writer, under the name of Blondey, sometimes intrudes too prominently. The wit, good on the whole, is here and there strained. A few incidents and a few oaths omitted would have helped. Charlie, the Lepidus of the triumvirate, is a sounding board rather than a character. But the reader will pardon these faults, for the book is vivid and absorbing throughout.

JOHN S. GAMBS

Democracy's Handicap

MR. Albert Edward Wiggam has several things to tell us in his NEXT AGE OF MAN (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00), and he tells them at considerable length. He labors for some one hundred and fifty-odd pages to invite us to the conclusion that "both heredity and environment are profoundly concerned in the development of intelligence and character". As a statement of fact this announcement is faultless, but it rather lacks the element of surprize. Not that this element is wholly absent from the latest strokes of Mr. Wiggam's pen. For on page two hundred we are confronted with a caption in italics, — "Beauty and Brains Go Together"; and we have hardly recovered from the shock of this revelation when the next heading informs us: "Average Woman Not Beautiful".

The text details the information further. Here he stirs our real interest and genuine astonishment. The evidence is furnished by an investigation conducted by Dr. David Wechsler. Intelligence tests on a large number of chorus girls brought, we are informed, the following results: By way of comparison let it be noted that the average score among army draftees was 61; the average for "actors generally" was 75; for business men 86; college women 130; college men 127. *Average for chorus girls 128.* But this is only a beginning. Here is the cream of the intellectual group: Marion Gillon of "Countess Maritza" scored 159; Dorothy Wegman of the "Ziegfeld Follies", 166; and so on up to Elizabeth Davis of "Naughty Riquette", who rang the bell with 184, — "probably above the average college professor", as Mr. Wiggam somewhat invidiously remarks.

Two thoughts of fundamental importance are somewhat deeply submerged in Mr. Wiggam's book. Our present generation suffers from two malignant diseases. First, as Mr. Wiggam puts it aptly enough, "the amazing spectacle that *our leaders do not lead.* While this scientific civilization is chiefly the product of a few men of supreme genius, nevertheless much of it is under the management of second-class men. . . . One investigation has shown that fifty per cent of (our American) legislatures have never had a high school education."

The second point is perhaps of even greater importance. Democracy gives the ablest an opportunity to rise from the ranks. As soon as they have established themselves and their progeny among the more favored classes, they adopt the custom of their new environment, and restrict their offspring. Thus "the rewards of free opportunity constantly drain the best ability from the masses; the vortex of human ambition constantly bleeds the masses whiter and whiter."

Incidentally, Mr. Wiggam has made a notable contribution to English style. He has introduced the super-superlative, and the super-super-superlative. It had been our fond illusion that nothing could be more supreme than just simply supreme. But Mr. Wiggam has discovered the "supremest". He has found at least two objects of contemplation that are, each in its field, the "very chiefest".

Mr. Wiggam has had some good things, and some important things, to tell us, even if most of them are at second hand. What a pity that he irritates his reader by the nauseating repetition of the first personal pronoun, and that he has chosen for his medium of expression the over-statement, exaggeration, and misplaced emphasis characteristic of ephemeral writing.

ALFRED J. LOTKA

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The Wells of History Un-Belloc(k)ed

A Companion to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History", by Hilaire Belloc (E.S.A., $3.50).
Mr. Belloc Objects to "The Outline of History", by H. G. Wells (E.S.A., $0.75).
Mr. Belloc Still Objects to Mr. Wells's "History", by Hilaire Belloc (E.S.A., $0.75).

THOSE who mean well by this world object to Mr. Wells's objecting to the objections of Mr. Hilaire Belloc to the objection of Mr. Wells's objections to Mr. Hilaire Belloc's objections to Mr. Wells.

There must have been great consternation in the Vatican.

I can almost see it.

The private secretary of His Holiness has finished his task. He has put away his goosequill, for the daily chores have been done.

He tarries a moment, for the good Pope is a kindly old gentleman and likes to gossip for a moment or two about the less serious affairs of this wicked world.

"And now, my son," he remarks, with a melancholy glance at a small vegetable garden that was once an empire, "tell me the news from distant lands."

"Alas, Most Holy Father," answers the discreet dignitary, "and it is very bad news indeed."

"Bad news again. . . . My heart is heavy with its burden of grief."

"Oh no, Most Holy Father. It is not bad in the usual sense of the word. It is merely annoying. It is disturbing."

"Then, tell me and have no fear."

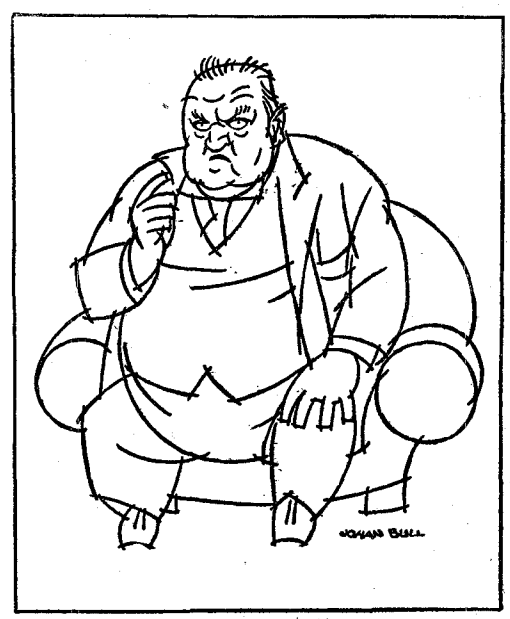
"Most Holy Father, Signor Belloc has written another book. He is quarreling again. . . ."

"*Madonna mia* . . . that is sad, very sad . . . and just when there was peace among the nations and among the men of letters . . . most disturbing . . . and yet . . . Signor Belloc is a most faithful son of Our Most Sacred Church. . . . He exasperates me. . . . Yet I can not help but love him and must send him my blessing. . . ."

As for the *Companion to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History"* composed by Mr. Belloc and the "Objections" and the "Objections to the Objections" that have been born of this regrettable conflict, perhaps the less said the better. It would be easy to use this foolish row to start a bonfire of one's own ingenuity and raise a flame six columns high about "what he said" and "what he answered". But somehow or other, I feel that it would do no earthly good.

Those who, like myself, believe that Mr. Wells is one of the most useful prophets of a new and sensible humanism, and those who regard Fra Hilaire as a sort of modified Roland, holding the imaginary Ronceval of the True Faith against hordes of scientific pagans, have little or nothing in common. We are like people who employ different metric systems, nations devoted to the decimal and the duodecimal system. We may both of us do useful work in our respective fields of endeavor, but we shall never be able to reach exactly the same conclusions. We shall forever talk past each other whenever we try to convince each other, and it would be a waste of time, and therefore foolish and slightly wicked.

If Mr. Belloc wants to take this confession of *non possumus* as an expression of defeat (as doubtless he will), he is welcome



Hilaire Belloc

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to our surrender. It is not so much a question of being "too proud to fight" as of being "too sensible to fight". When people make war upon each other, they usually do so in the ultimate hope of obtaining certain material and spiritual rewards. But if Mr. Wells defeated Mr. Belloc, he would not get anything that would be of the slightest possible value to him, and vice versa.

So the less said, the better; and peace be upon the house of Belloc and peace be upon the house of Wells. They can not be friends. They may, at least, be decent neighbors.

Meanwhile, those who mean well by this world, who believe in a reasonable future for the human race, who believe that man can shape at least eighty per cent of his own destiny, sincerely hope that Mr. Wells will never again try to answer Mr. Belloc or any of that gentleman's friends.

Herbert Wells must be well over sixty. Encounters with the ghost of the late Ignatius Loyola are bad for the arteries. Whereas with a little care, we may have twenty more years of Wells. And God knows we shall need them.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Meanwhile Here Is Wells

H. G. WELLS, it appears, has foregone most of his familiar Utopiates, but he still regards Utopia with a loving and hungry eye. The thing keeps him awake at nights, and he earnestly desires company in his dog-watch over the spinning world. So he writes another book to appease his melancholy, millennial thirst, — MEANWHILE (Doran, $2.50).

If Mr. Wells had intended no more than to write a story, he would have written a better one, — as he has and can. *Meanwhile* is not much of a yarn to unravel; not much of a goad to interest or attention so far as plan and material are concerned. Its elements of action are like the general strike of last year's English history, which is the dusky background to the book. They do not come to much, though their threat weighs heavily on the characters involved. Their importance is principally what you and the actors and Mr. Wells make of them.

The characters in this small drama are chosen with care and affection. There is a charming lady and others not so charming, a bright young man and a philosopher and a fool and a number of stupids. They are entertaining, though not particularly unfamiliar. Several of them are new versions of the Protean Wells himself, and they talk somewhat lengthily in true Wellsian. They say some awfully good things, — the sort of things that you and I wish we had said, as we recall our inadequacy in the moment of conversation, — the sort of scintillations that occur to a man while shaving. They are, perhaps, somewhat preoccupied with their individual and ingrowing intents and purposes, but without such preoccupation there would be no book. There are also pleasant panoramas of setting, and long-distance glimpses of social tragedy that are not so pleasant. There is shrewd wit, also, as though Mr. Wells leaned back occasionally from his intense purposes and breathed more easily and was himself again.

The meat of the book is the Wells philosophy, faintly sugared by this tabloid of current life. It is worth the attention it demands, for Mr. Wells thinks a lot, even though it usually be on the same matters. His thoughts revolve around the hope and hypothesis that the world makes progress, through laboratory analysis and scientific synthesis, toward a state where happiness is to every man's hand. Yet he is now further oppressed by present necessities. There may yet be "men like gods", even though he has not much delineated these anthropomorphic deities. In the "meanwhile" what can we do?

Reaction to the Wellsian speculation depends upon your estimate of man's cosmic relationships. The individual is either a pawn in the long-drawn game of the superman, or he is the product of creating Divinity who still has some regard for his welfare and destiny. If you are essentially a fundamentalist, you may prefer "meanwhiling" in terms of present responsibility to yourself, to immortality, and to your personal version of the Deity. If, with Mr. Wells, you contemplate a New Jerusalem that is amorphous enough and yet singularly unlike its familiar prophecy, you may try with him to lay its foundations and envision its environment. You may defy the ungainly Juggernaut of apparent necessities, — either with or

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without trumpetings. You may insist on "meanwhiling" with your eyes focussed far ahead. You may plan and work and build, — something.

Occasionally, also, you may recall with some alarm the Tower of Babel and its final confusion of tongues.

DONALD F. ROSE

Freud and Beyond

RECALLING a student's conviction that the purpose of Caesar's invasion of Gaul was to complicate college entrance examinations, one faced with the formidable pages of Dr. Trigant Burrow's SOCIAL BASIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS (Harcourt, Brace, $4.00) inclines to the belief that this disquisition was prepared to make the way of the transgressing reviewer hard. Dr. Burrow resents the imputation that he is a mystic; he must accept the objective finding that he is a mystifier. Whatever may be said to indicate the trend of his ingenious combination of the suggestive and the hopeless, must leave much more unsaid and ununderstood. Freud began with sex as the central motive power of whatever normal and neurotic consciousnesses there be; Jung moved it toward the dynamo of power, mastery, the will to prevail; Adler enlarged it to the total works of the ego; Burrow makes it the social system of control. Yet each successive stage of this kaleidoscopic progression whirls or gyrates with intricately intertwining orbits, making man a fearful wonder to behold, as the psychoanalyst's vivisection reveals him.

In Dr. Burrow's volume, which is edited for the International Library of Psychology by C. K. Ogden, M. A., of Magdalen College, Cambridge, a confusing juxtaposition of the cleverly intelligible with the still more cleverly unintelligible awaits the intrepid reader.

> Through the device of the motion-picture there is reflected the social drama that comprises our day, just as through the device of the dream there is reflected the individual drama that is our night. It is in this illusory *bidimension* of the photoplay that we are so much at home. . . . The same narrative would appear too utterly obvious and banal to pass muster in the solid perspective of the spoken drama. . . . We like moving pictures because we are moving pictures. . . . For in the active motor images of the social mind with its manifold gestures of a self-reflective actuality, there is inherently no less unreality than in the passive sensory images of the individual mind in the private theatre of its self-reflective phantasy-building.

It is in this strain that, for two hundred and fifty arduous pages, the thesis is maintained that all is vanity, because we are in the shadow of our own light; because we interpret by the insanity of our own (alleged) sanity; because we confuse our own socially imposed projection as sources of illumination; because until by Freudian reconstruction the world is pulled inside out like a sleeve through its own lining, we can not attain to the revelational clarity of "the social basis of consciousness". Like a psychological Einstein, recognizing our actual world of time, space, and energy as only one of a score of equally valid, inclusive systems, Dr. Burrows contends that we must await a Freudian salvation of our whole psychic universe, substituting the social solar cosmos for our prejudiced terrestrial dwelling-place of a shadow consciousness. And if this is not clear, a direct consultation of the original will remove any vestige of clarity that remains.

Writing as one brother to another, William could ask Henry James whether, if he found utterance so painfully laborious and involved, it would not be better to remain inarticulate. Dr. Burrow has a mind and a message that is to be taken seriously, however unlike other minds and other messages. It has something of the spontaneous glow of the William with the impenetrable artificial fog of the Henry James, both authentically derived from the mystical trend of the Henry Sr. Those acquainted with the peculiar optical vertigo that results from long watching the gyrations of the Japanese dancing mouse, may have a similar response to the restless mazes here presented, with a key that is more puzzling than the lock, which, we are assured, it opens. The biologist informs us that the mouse's ceaseless activity results from a hereditary disturbance of the semicircular canals, by which

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normals (mice as well as men) retain stability in an unstable world. Dr. Burrow's three-dimensioned psychic canals seem to us disoriented.

Dr. Burrow owes it to his readers to attempt a statement of his views that falls within the horizon of the limited psychic dimensions of the ordinary professorial and medical mind. There is something here of moment; there is a concept that has carrying power to affect theory and practice. For it all arises out of the actual clinical contacts of psychoanalysis. It out-Freuds Freud, yet there finds its fulcrum and motive power. Who would have thought that from the psychic symptoms of one distraught hysterical maiden in Vienna, there would grow within half a century a cosmic reconstruction of the entire universe of consciousness? Yet who would have thought that within a shorter period, the salivation of one dog in Petrograd would have inspired the equally comprehensive behavioristic assurance that there is nothing in all this mental mystery to explain, except a simply conditioned reflex? It isn't men, so much as psychologists, who are fearfully and wonderfully made.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Tom Paine, Martyr

BY his contemporaries and their posterity Thomas Paine has been awarded little of the praise he has deserved. Commentators like Leslie Stephen and Theodore Roosevelt have relied upon fictitious documents and personal prejudices for their evaluations of the great libertarian. Therefore, Mary Agnes Best has accepted it as her task in THOMAS PAINE — PROPHET AND MARTYR OF DEMOCRACY (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) to resurrect the public man, — the valorous antagonist and the passionate protagonist, — from the entanglements of unjustified accusations. She has diligently investigated the documents of his time and the public history of the man himself to give his valor and passion immediate meaning for us. Her research has vindicated his contribution and invalidated the censures. Her carefully gleaned documents reveal Paine's unselfishness and devotion to freedom. She is pugnacious and vigilant in his defense and writes with her sleeves rolled up; but at the same time she is shrewd in her recognition of his limitations as a controversialist and tactician.

Miss Best spares her own pen wherever documents are more revealing. This may be a form of creativeness, but it does not make for the best appreciation of the entire man. A biographer must view the individual less from the evidence of documents than from the evidence of his own conduct, and for this the biographer must acquaint himself with his subject's private life even more than with his public life. In Miss Best's biography of Paine we miss the private man, — the man as an active unit. That we glimpse as much of his personality as we do from this succession of quotations is a result of Miss Best's diligence and judgment. Nor does she give us the real significance of Paine's martyrdom. Paine, unlike his compatriots, was no mere rebel; he was a revolutionary.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Let's Write a Romance

HOWEVER shallow, deep, prudish, or frank the main trend in contemporary fiction may be, publishers always maintain an inconspicuous, steadily beating pulse of swashbuckling romance. Sometimes a romance, refusing to be passed by, will wring unwilling recognition from the sophisticated, as Conrad's novels did. TALL MEN by James Stuart Montgomery (Greenberg, $2.00) is part of this year's output of romance, written very much in the tradition of Jeffry Farnol and John Buchan, although feebler than anything these two have ever put forth.

Being laid in Civil War times, it might be interpreted as an added symptom of reviving interest in the conflict that is just now getting remote enough to captivate our imagination. It might be called the romantic counterpart of such soberer books as *Marching On* and *Forever Free*. It deals not with pitched battles and faithful slaves, but with the English blockade runners who, in those times, coined a kind of piratical gold by supplying Lancashire mills with Confederate cotton.

Johnnie Holt, the hero, having drunk too much for an Oxford undergraduate (extraordinary lad!), signs as supercargo

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on a blockade runner outward bound from London. The commander, a captain in the Royal Navy who runs blockades for the sport of it, appeals to his young imagination. The plot is eventful enough. It involves an introspective traitor who philosophizes in Socratic vein, a lovely lady on another vessel, and at least one stern chase. But the lady, promising enough in the preliminary skirmishes, fails to deliver. The golden-bearded captain savors smartly of brine and tar (as all sea captains should) until he begins to rhapsodize about the old Elizabethan sea-dogs and tosses off a remark about "old Francie Drake". Then comes that fatal shiver down the spine.

The chief reason we are so sensitive to these faults lies, I believe, in Mr. Montgomery's having chosen to begin this novel, — his little firstling, — with a chapter of *hors d'oeuvres* that whets the reader's appetite for considerably more than the author is prepared to give him. It is evident that his intentions were of the best. Indeed, they were entirely too good for what is set before the reader, for they merely store up disappointment. From the time the young hero is disclosed chatting sardonically with a jolly comrade, down to the tacked-on epilog of the Kearsarge-Alabama fight, we are made to feel that Mr. Montgomery has said in his heart: "Go to now; let us write a romance."

But then, — the Literary Guild has picked *Tall Men* as one of the twelve best books of the year.

JOSEPH C. FURNAS

American Art When, As, and If

WHATEVER else it may be, the pageant of American art is not precisely a bold, colorful spectacle. It can in no sense be likened to an army with banners. Its tempo is mild, its prevailing tonality drab.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN ART (Yale University Press, $5.00) comprises volume twelve in The Pageant of America Series, which claims, — not unadvisedly, — to be a pictorial history of the United States. As in the previously issued volumes, so in this, the copious illustrations have been culled from manifold sources. The letterpress of this tome has been supplied by Professors Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. and Charles Rufus Morey of Princeton and the veteran musical critic of the metropolitan press, Mr. W. J. Henderson. To Professor Mather has been allotted the major portion of the text, and hence the current issue bears the stamp of a substantially Mather production.

Scholarly and sympathetic in his survey of the traditional aspects of American painting, antipathetic and equally scholarly in his attitude toward later endeavor, Professor Mather gives us a typical example of the academic approach. A decade or more ago, it might have been pardonable to characterize the program of the modernists as "crazy" or "cranky"; but at the present moment, such a position seems to indicate temperamental insensibility. It is true that when confronted with what he is pleased to term the "anarchistic individualism" of the newer artists, Professor Mather naively regrets the "limitations of his experience and sympathy". But the die has already been cast. On this point one can not help comparing the attitude of Professor Mather with that of his collaborators. The ever verdant and virile Mr. Henderson recognizes in jazz the elements of a genuinely national folk-music, while Professor Morey's chapters on sculpture are refreshingly luminous and stimulating.

Abounding in illustrative material, *The American Spirit in Art* performs a dual function. It shows at once what we are and what we are not. One meets here in profusion that specious eclecticism which, with us, has too long passed current for serious artistic attainment. In American art, as shown in these pages, one notes above all the lack of that fecund substratum of peasant effort which, in Europe, continually replaces the delicate flowers of an enfeebled social consciousness. The mere multiplication of museums, millionaire collections, academies, ateliers, and art publications does not make for art. We are not going to become an artistic nation by virtue of our boasted capacity to assimilate and acquire. We shall have to go beneath the surface, and strive to foster that primitive creative urge which seeks to manifest itself in every phase of life and activity.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

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Hundreds of words you use are almost the same in French, Spanish, Italian *and* German

Here are over 50 from a page of a New York paper:

reaction	eminent	demonstration	element
conservative	national	brutal	constellation
illustrate	class	police	conspire
contraction	energetic	capitalist	conference
theory	industrial	administration	delegate
absolute	interest	inspection	historical
dictator	organization	problem	consequence
political	department	commissioner	ideal
social	creature	naturally	action
ethical	confiscate	liberal	agitation
practical	character	aspiration	imperial
ignore	person	aristocracy	situation

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as children learn it!

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Yet, amazing as it may seem, the fact is that you do actually know hundreds of words in French, Spanish, Italian and German, which are almost identical with words in English. Over 50 of them printed above were taken from a single New York newspaper page.

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"I have been over to France and have given your method a thorough testing. On no occasion was I compelled to give up because of my inability to express myself — thanks to your excellent course."

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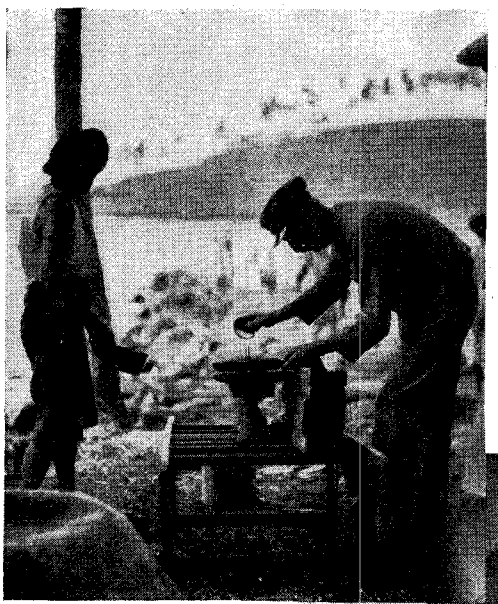
DEVIL'S ISLAND

French Penal Colony in Guiana

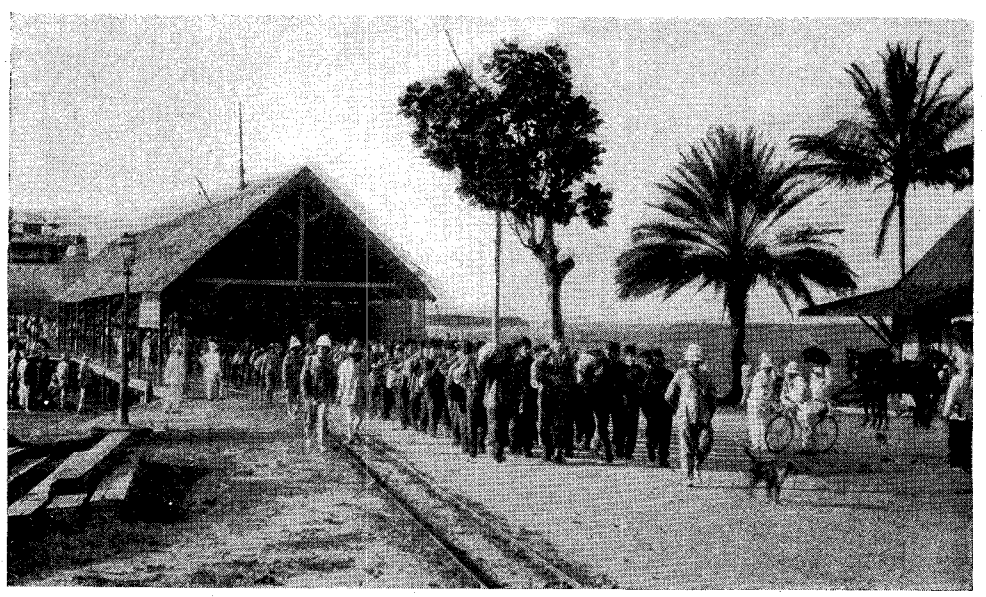
Expedition organized by Blair Niles, photographic record made by her husband, Robert Niles, Jr., and all photographs copyright by him



Above. Distribution of rations on the Island

Right. Convicts working in the Guiana jungle often meet this fatal snake

Below. Convicts marching from the Martinière, the last convict ship afloat, to the prisons of French Guiana



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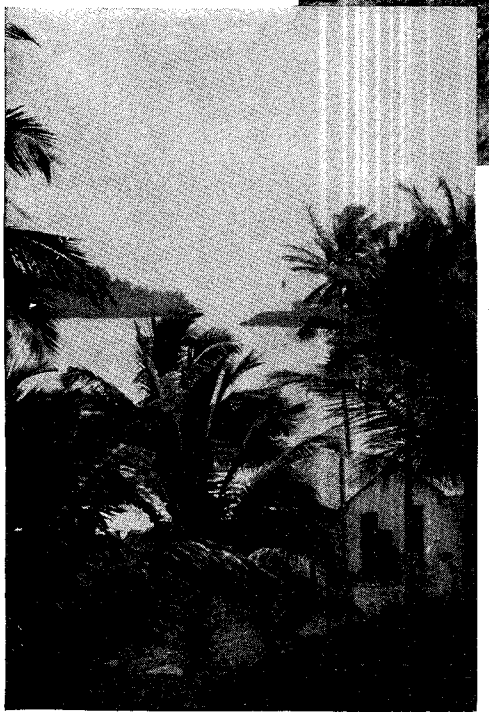
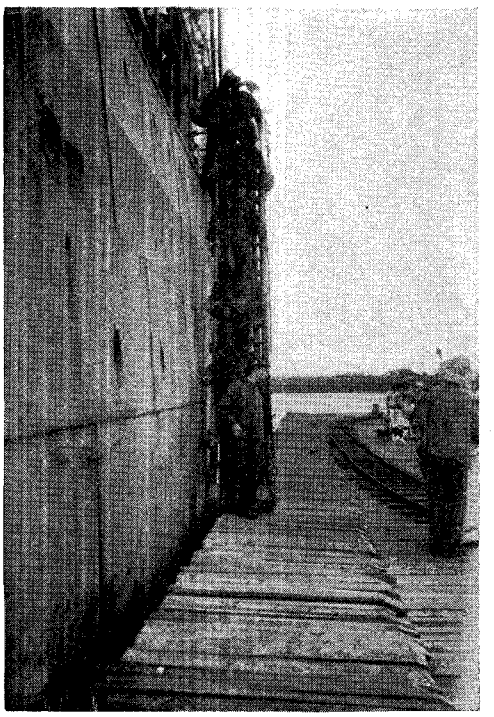
Right. Blair Niles in the Guiana jungle, where she traveled by hand-car from one jungle prison to another, with two Arab convicts propelling the car



Above. The house where Dreyfus was confined on Devil's Island



Right. Convicts leaving the ship in French Guiana. Mr. and Mrs. Niles saw nearly seven hundred of them arrive in the Penal Colony in April of this year

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Photograph by Bachrach

Blair Niles

The first woman to make a study of prison life of the famous Devil's Island Penal Colony in French Guiana. Mrs. Niles is secretary of the Society of Woman Geographers, and one of its founders. She is author of numerous books which are the outcome of her expeditions to Ecuador, Colombia, Haiti, and Dutch and French Guiana.

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